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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no Human Shrine, seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only asks a hearing.

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Mysteries and Enigmas of Science.

The Popular Science Monthly, for July, has two articles which are alike in the fact that they concede a state of absolute incapacity, on the part of men of science, to explain certain very ordinary but entirely inexplicable mental phenomena. Under the title, "A Zoological Enigma," Dr. Oswald narrates the experiments adopted by some physicians in Ohio to determine whether the faculty of returning to a particular place or house, from great distances, which is present in some animals and absent in others, is the result of an exercise of scent, or of memory or, indeed, of any other known faculty.

A dog was made insensible with ether at Cincinnati, put into a wicker basket, started on a train of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, first southwest to Danville Junction, thence east to Crab Orchard, and finally northeast to a hunting rendezvous near Berea in Madison County. This circuitous route was taken because, on a former occasion, when the dog had returned from a point 100 miles distant from his home, it was suspected that he might have found his way back by simply reversing his course on the railway by which he had come. At Berea the dog was shut up securely over night and well fed. The next morning he was taken out to a clearing, on the top of a grassy knob at some distance from the railway, and was let loose. Without any preliminary survey he slunk off into a ravine, scrambled up the opposite bank, and struck first on a trot and then a swift gallop, not toward Crab Orchard, *i.e.*, south-east, but due north, in a bee line for Cincinnati. He ran not like an animal that had lost its way, but "like a horse on a tramway," straight ahead with his nose well up, as if he were following an air line toward a visible goal. He made a short detour to the left to avoid a lateral ravine, but further up he resumed his original course, leaped a rail fence and went headlong into a copse of cedar bushes, where they finally lost sight of him. The report of the experimenters was forwarded to the owner by rail, and on the afternoon of the next day after receiving this report the owner met the dog on the street in Cincinnati, "wet, full of burns and remorse, and apparently ashamed of his tardiness." Dr. Oswald says:

"That settled the memory question. Till they reached Crab Orchard the dog had been under the influence of ether, and the last thing he could possibly know from memory was a misleading fact, *viz.*, that they had brought him from a south-westerly direction. Between Berea and Cincinnati he had to cross two broad rivers and three steep mountain ranges, and had to pass by or through five good-sized towns, then centers of a network of bewildering roads and by-roads. He had never been in that part of Kentucky before, nor ever within sixty miles of Berea. The inclination of the watershed might have guided him to the Kentucky River, and by and by back to the Ohio, but far below Cincinnati and by an exhaustingly circuitous route. The weather, after a few days of warm rains, had turned clear and cool, so that no thermal data could have suggested the fact that he was two degrees south of his home. The wind, on that morning, varied from west to northwest; and, if it wafted a taint of city atmosphere across the Kentucky River Mountains, it must have been from the direction of Frankfort or Louisville. So, what induced the dog to start due north?"

Upon the question of scent he suggests: "A nose that can track the faint scent of a rabbit through thickets of aromatic herbs might easily distinguish the atmosphere of a reeking manufacturing town at a distance of ten miles. At fifty miles it might be barely possible under the most favorable conditions of wind and weather; at one hundred and fifty miles it seems impossible under all circumstances."

"Similar causes have produced similar results in other species of animals, for the sense of orientation is not confined to the genus *Cavia*. Horses and goats show traces of the same talent; pigeons, crows, falcons, and all migratory birds possess it to a transcendent degree; also all migratory fishes and reptiles, shad, sturgeons, tunnyfish, and marine tortoises. Now, there is no doubt that in most birds the olfactory sense is very feebly developed. Eagles, falcons, and sparrow-hawks hunt by sight, and even condors and other vultures have been decoyed with sham carcasses, hidden stuffed with straw or stones. Pigeons and chickens are very sharp-sighted and awaken at the slightest sound, but a noiseless thief can surprise them in any dark night—the sense of smell does not warn them. Von Haller went so far as to assert that birds can not smell at all, and that their nostrils are only respiratory apertures.

"How, then, could carrier-pigeons find their way from Cleveland to Philadelphia? Belgian pigeons have carried letters from Paris to Namur and from Geneva to Brussels, in fourteen and twenty-two hours; and a gull-falcon, which Henri Quatre presented to the commander of a Mediterranean brigantine, returned from Tangier to Paris in a single day. Did they steer by sight? However telescope their vision might be, the incursion of the globe would preclude the idea."

"The bird-of-passage instinct is much less wonderful. Cranes and geese might steer due south by the aid of the noonday sun, and return by inverting the process till they come in sight of familiar scenery. A Northampton swallow, flying at the rate of two miles a minute, could well afford to roam at random over the State of Massachusetts till she came in sight of the Holyoke range and Mount Tom. A sturgeon, too, might find his spawning grounds at the mouth of the Ottawa by following the St. Lawrence upward till he reached the Chaudières of St. Anne. In short, the art of retracing a self-chosen route appears much less enigmatical. But even reptiles have crossed unknown seas by the aid of the same geographical second-sight which guided the Philadelphia pigeons to their native roost. According to a well-authenticated report, the crew of a British East Indianman caught an enormous tortoise near St. Helena, marked it with the brand of the company, and quartered it in the cockpit, but in the English Channel their captive crawled on deck and plunged overboard. Two years after, the same tortoise was caught in Sandy Bay near Jamesport, on the south coast of St. Helena. No ocean current could have carried it there; it must have navigated by its inner compass a distance of seven thousand English miles."

No explanation whatever of this enigma is undertaken by the Popular Science Monthly. Nothing but the overwhelming evidence that such facts occur, could outweigh the equally overwhelming conviction that out of courtesy to men of science they ought not to occur, because science has no explanation whatever to offer for them. That they are phenomena of mind and betray intelligence of the highest order, cannot be doubted. Certain animals, such as lizards, are said to be almost wholly destitute of the faculty.

In another article, in the same number, on "Hysteria and Demonism," Dr. Charles Richet describes mesmerism as a species of "somnambulism produced by passes" and as a disease, though it is a disease which is "not disagreeable," and is "also without danger." No accidents, "either grave or light," have been noticed as consequences of it, and "it is even possible that in certain cases it appears the over-excited nervous system."

Now to describe mesmerism as a condition of "somnambulism produced by passes," is very much like describing church-membership as a condition of pecuniary independence produced by baptism. Somnambulism, or walking in one's sleep, is a disease, because it is not voluntarily superinduced and cannot be voluntarily controlled or limited, and because the action of the faculties while it is pending, are unnatural, disagreeable and dangerous. Mesmerism is just as little like somnambulism as is the orientation or faculty of finding localities previously under consideration.

Dr. Richet admits the phenomena of mesmerism or animal magnetism as facts, *i.e.*, he admits that the mind and will of one person may control the mind, will, sense, imagination, belief and judgment of another by means of "passes" and other "bewitchments" for which medical science has only the abusive names "hysteria, demon

disease," and the like, in some cases there is torpor and muscular and fibrous contractions; in others none of these. In some cases the subject becomes insensible to pain or touch, and may be pricked or tickled without provoking any sign. In nearly all cases the judgment and beliefs of the subject are under the control of the operator. At this point, Richet commits the most deplorable misrepresentation by attributing to the somnambulism "caused by passes" *i.e.*, to mesmerism, a phenomenon which he well knows never occurs in genuine somnambulism, and which, in fact, clearly distinguishes mesmerism from all somnambulism, as well as from ordinary sleep. He says:

"A fact which marks the difference between somnambulism and ordinary sleep is that the dream, which is only spontaneous in ordinary sleep, may be produced in somnambulism. It would be very hard, for example, to make a man who is sleeping quietly in his bed dream of a lion. If we should say to him aloud, 'Look at the lion' one of two things would happen: he would not hear us, or he would wake up; but in either case he would not dream of a lion. On the other hand, I once said to one of my friends whom I had put into the condition of somnambulism, 'Look at that lion!' He started at once, and his face expressed fright: 'He is coming,' he said, 'he is coming nearer, let me run away—quick, quick!' and he almost had a nervous crisis under the influence of his terror."

We have seen numerous cases of genuine somnambulism. If Dr. Richet has ever seen them, he well knows that if any instances ever occur in which outside persons can give direction to the thoughts, purposes or action of a somnambulist, they are the rare exceptions. The degree of control is totally unlike the control of a magnetizer over his subject. It is as imperfect and accidental as the alleged control which a person awake can exert over a person in an ordinary sleep or dreaming, by pinching him or talking to him. In the above instance, while the writer begins by asserting that the person whose "dream" he influences, is a somnambulist, he ends by explaining that by the word "somnambulist," he means a mesmerized subject; *i.e.*, one whom he has thrown into somnambulism by "passes."

The fact is that if Richet had presented facts bearing on mesmerism, without abusive epithets, such as "disease," "hysteria," etc., his article would have been rejected as unscientific. An allegation that one person could influence the will, judgment and belief of another, by "looks and passes" merely, is in itself an unqualified endorsement of mesmerism in its essential claims, and therefore it is unscientific. But if the writer couples his endorsement of the essential fact with dyslogistic epithets speaking of it as a "disease" this restores its scientific standing, though disease ordinarily means something, that is involuntary, and produces pain or inconvenience, while this is a phenomenon which is at all times controlled by an intelligent will (of the magnetizer) and produce no pain or inconvenience whatever.

The word "disease" being thus deprived of its meaning, may be used as a shield and buckler, behind which a scientific man may state to other scientific men that he has produced and witnessed genuine mesmeric phenomena without inducing mesmerism. Such scientists are the Nicodemuses of today who save their standing in the regular schools of science by denouncing all "isms" that have not a purely materialistic origin, and yet send for Jesus by night, get an inkling of the very truths which they denounce, and investigate them surreptitiously. To admit they do not know how a dog finds its way home, is scientific. They need not charge the dog with being diseased. But to admit that one man's will can influence another's by looks and passes, is unscientific, unless the admittance is coupled with the statement that the person so influenced is for the time being in a state of disease. This can safely be done by redefining the word "disease," so as to make it mean a "psychologic influence, impossible upon, and removable from, one person at the will of another, attended by no pain, curable by no medicine, having no perceptible deleterious consequences, often accompanied by great benefit, indeed a curative power. Under this new scientific definition not only mesmerism, but eloquence, prayer and music, and possibly the reading of the Popular Science Monthly are diseases."

Dr. Richet admits the phenomena of mesmerism or animal magnetism as facts, *i.e.*, he admits that the mind and will of one person may control the mind, will, sense, imagination, belief and judgment of another by means of "passes" and other "bewitchments" for which medical science has only the abusive names "hysteria, demon

Hudson Tuttle and "Christian Spiritualism."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In your excellent issue of June 5th, there appears an article from the pen of Bro. Tuttle under the heading of "Christian Spiritualism," inquiring of Brittan, Buchanan, Kiddie and myself (the might have extended the list to Crowell, Watson, Fishback, Fishback, Harter, Seaver, Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Hyzer, and many others) "what they desire to convey" by the phrase "Christian Spiritualism." Doubtless Dr. Hyzer, Prof. Buchanan, and Mr. Kiddie will answer each for himself, and the brave, independent JOURNAL I am confident, will publish their responses.

But to the subject matter: I have never called myself a Christian Spiritualist. Others have thrust the honor upon me, if it be honorable—the dishonor if it be dishonorable. Only a few times in the multiplicity of my writings have I employed the phrase Christian Spiritualism, and for the reason that I preferred religious Spiritualism, as a phrase of broader and deeper significance.

"Most earnestly" does Bro. Tuttle inquire, "What I desire to convey by the term Christian Spiritualism?" The question, though rather non-important, is courteously put. This, generally speaking, is characteristic of friend Tuttle's style. I say it to his praise. If it were otherwise I should pay not the least heed to his inquiries or criticisms.

Answer: I mean by "Christian Spiritualism," a Spiritualism truly enlightened, rational and consecrated—a Spiritualism whose phenomena and philosophy are from the heavens rather than from the hells. But is not all Spiritualism—the word including the phenomena and the philosophy—truly enlightened and rational? By no means. Voudou Spiritualism with its weird spells, charms, orgies, distorted visions, demoniac trances and pitch-dark practices, is neither enlightened nor rational. Some of the African Voudous or Obi-men, to my knowledge, give good tests, and they all believe as firmly as does Mr. Tuttle in the fact of spirit converse.

Again: Mormon Spiritualism, in my estimation, is neither enlightened nor rational. And yet; none intimately acquainted with the early history of Mormonism, will dispute the clarity, the visions, in a word the mediumship of the founder, Joseph Smith. Touching the claim or grade of spirits that influenced him, that is another question!

When in Utah last winter, conversing with a Mormon quite famous for his gift of healing, I was referred by him in language more Western than classic to the "spiritual gifts" among Mormons as a proof of the truth of Mormonism. He had three—only three wives! Does not such a phase of Spiritualism admit of an adjective?

Am I told that the above is "not Spiritualism"? Pardon me—but who made you judge infallible? and by what authority do you assume the position of Pope?

If belief in present converse with spirits and the exercise of the spiritual gifts constitute the sum, the essential factor in Spiritualism, then the polygamic Mormons, the black Voudous of Africa, and still more objectionable specimens of humanity may lay as good claim to being Spiritualists as Mr. Tuttle.

After soundly berating Christian Spiritualism and seeking to belittle such advocates of it as Kiddie, Buchanan and others, Mr. Tuttle says:

"By calling Christianity and making a 'corner-stone' of Jesus, they set themselves directly across the path advanced marked out by great thinkers and scholars of the past. Myself and others of the Independent Christian Church, that is to say, the original Disciples of Christ, have given up the privilege of a Christian minister. What did he mean by taking this step? and what understanding did he entertain of the word 'Christianity'?" Dr. Cooper, and other speakers and writers, if I mistake not, obtained their certificates of the Ohio state Association of Spiritualists.

The history of the Alliance—Independent Christian Church is briefly this: the original was Disciple, or what some would call the "Independent Christian Church" that he joined, which Christian Church gave him a certificate conferring upon him the privileges of a Christian minister. What did he mean by taking this step? and what understanding did he entertain of the word "Christianity"?" Resolved, That we form ourselves into an organization of Independent Christians with the Bible as our foundation, granting to all men their right of choice in baptism and all matters pertaining to Christianity.

Such is the platform of the Independent Christian Church of which Hudson Tuttle voluntarily became a member—and became so by vote. I believe, rather than immersion or any form of baptism.

Now, then, I have one or two important questions to ask:

1. In joining this Independent Christian Church, which has the Bible for its foundation, what signification did Mr. Tuttle attach to the word "Christian"? Will he answer?

2. Saying nothing of the right, would it not be consistent on the part of Mr. Tuttle to disown himself with that Christian church in Alliance before "running another tilt" against Christian Spiritualism?

But I must close—let us do it in "due form," speaking masonically. Bro. Brittan passed the hymn-book; Bro. Buchanan selected the hymn; Bro. Kiddie is so kind as to read it... Will Dr. Watson give the key and "lead off"? Bro. Tuttle ever faithful as a Christian co-worker in the Independent Christian Church, will stand with us. In union there is strength. Will Bro. Crowell, A. E. Newton, Harter, Fishback, Fishback, Barrett, Sisters Hyzer, Brigham and others, join in the singing. Listen to the dear old words:

"How sweet the love that binds our hearts in Christian love."

Behold the tableau! Let us hereafter have peace.

J. M. PEZZELLA

Hannington, N. J.

The Fargo, Dakota, Republican says:

"Prof. Denton commences his course of six lectures on geology Thursday evening, June 24th, and we know whereto we write when we say that all who can enjoy listening to one of the best scientific lecturers in America should attend. Tickets for the course, \$1.00 each, with reserved seats, may be secured at the post office. Don't fail to hear the opening lecture, and after hearing that you will not want to lose the rest."

If men considered the happiness of others or their own; in fewer words, if they were rational or provident, no State would be depopulated, no city pillaged, no barns would be laid in ashes, not a farm would be deserted—Loveday.

2
Sicors and its People as Independently Described by
Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WM. F. DENTON.

(CONTINUED.)

It never crossed my mind that this was a description of another world and its people, as I am now satisfied that it was. I thought it possible that some dark skinned people might have lived in Northern Ohio, and that their influence had been communicated in some way to the specimen, for I felt confident that what the psychometer says was related to the specimen, since on trying it subsequently Mrs. Foote saw the whole vision in exact order again.

About nine months afterwards, Mrs. Denton examined another specimen from the same mass and said:

"This has a good deal of the lunar feeling. I am in a region of rocks, all dry; I do not feel the heat of the moon, but the dryness is similar, as if all water were absent. I see large masses of rock with veins of iron all through them, forming quite a network, with here and there large pure masses of iron."

With another specimen, known by me to be meteoric, but unknown to her, she said:

"I am at the foot of a mountain or high hill, I can easily see into the inside of it, but with difficulty the outside. * * * I see a great deep chasm; what terrible depth! It must have been dreadfully disturbed. I see a billy country now. The landscape is beautiful, delightful; all in at perfect rest, like a calm summer's day. The climate seems to be that of continued spring, without the heat of the tropics, or the cold of this climate."

With another meteoric specimen she said:

"The slope or inclined plain that I saw is covered with short green vegetation, different from all I have ever seen. It looks more like moss than grass, though I never saw anything covered with moss to such an extent. The soil in which it grows seems very thin."

Other psychometers have recently described to me the thin soil and moss-like vegetation found on many parts of the same world.

With another meteoric specimen Mrs. Denton said: "I have traveled for many miles over the surface of that world, for world it is, with plains and seas." I became satisfied that some of the meteorites were fragments of worlds on which vegetation had existed, but beyond this I could arrive at no definite conclusion. I had the Palisville meteorite moved to Wellesley, and thus the matter remained for nearly twenty years.

DEAR RIVER METEORITE.

A few months ago Alfred Denton Cridge, the son of my sister, Anna Denton Cridge, who made many of the examinations recorded in the Soul of Things, visited us, and finding that he possessed remarkable psychometric power, I gave him for examination a piece of a meteoric iron found near Bear River, Colorado, by miners washing for gold. He had no idea as he subsequently said, and as I think, that it was a meteoric specimen. He said:

"I see a very dark, mountainous, tossed-up country. There seems no order about it. It must be a long time ago (for I have got too far back). There are no very high mountains, but it is very rough and precipitous. There are no valleys of any size here. There is no life, no verdure. It looks dark and forbidding. By following a chain of mountains more marked than another, I come to the ocean. It is not pure water. It is warm. There is no life on the shore at all. The water is dark, but not as salty as the ocean."

"There are great earthquakes; at times I can see the whole earth quiver and toss; there are also volcanoes. A large promontory runs into the ocean and there is an island a mile or two off, a continuation of it, torn off by water after an earthquake. The ground is rising all the time."

Can you see any clouds?

"Yes, and they are pretty high. The sun shines once in a while. The clouds are very dense."

"Near the shore there is plain ground, but most of the surface is rough. I can see for hundreds of miles by glancing up."

Come still nearer the present.

"I come to where the bay is gone and the land has advanced. I see greenish rocks that have vegetable matter on them and masses of jelly on the shore; sometimes spread out, and sometimes in lumps of a darkish blue color."

Come still nearer the present.

"Now there are trees; they are ferns. The ocean is gone from there. I see a river now. I see no animals on the land; there are some I think in the ocean. I see no reptiles."

"There are large fish in the water; they have a bony covering on the outside. One is rather round and has a bone that projects from its snout like a sword with which it charges other fish."

"Rocks are covered with verdure and trees are hanging over them. I see thick, leathery, blue leaves and plants that are of different colors, red, light green and other shades. As I come forward in time I see mammals and different trees and coarse grass. Now, I see no clouds in the sky; more grass and better soil. There are large dense forests and marshy ground. The mountains have different colored rock in them, not so black and forbidding. There are trees on them like places. The climate is colder."

So far the description might almost apply to our own planet. If a man could take occasional glances at our globe during the ages of its development, he would probably see a very disturbed world with no very high mountains, destitute of verdure and animal life, and curtained by dense clouds. At a more advanced stage, he might see jelly-like forms in the water and simple forms of vegetation carpeting the rocks. In the Devonian period he would see ferns upon the land and bony-plated fishes in the water. In the carboniferous period trees and verdure every where; and, nearer the present, mammals, various species of trees and grass, and a colder climate. But what followed was so foreign to all that I knew to be connected with the specimen and even with our globe, I was utterly unable to account for it. It seemed impossible that he could have been describing another world, and yet totally unaware of it. He continued:

"I get an influence of human beings. I see blue mountains at a distance and a long valley, stony as you approach the hills. The hills have the same metal as this specimen, lower hills the most."

"I get the impression of a town; it is circular, built of stone. It is not an American town. They have tunnels in the mountain and carry rock out in baskets. They are dark people, and make cloth that is darkish brown. Some of the men have beards; their hair and eyes are black, and they look something like Arabs. I think they have very few, if any animals."

"I see furnaces where they melt ore. The furnace is twenty feet high. They go up rock steps and throw the ore in. I see on the opposite side where they put the wood in. I see also places for the metal to run out. There is a large quantity of black, cinder-looking stuff all around."

"These people are not tall but muscular. They understand making arches. They trade with some other people to whom they sell their metal. Their clothing is peculiar—a kind of blanket over the shoulder and around the waist, and breech-cloths. They did not wear hats. Some

had curly hair, but most of them straight. I see no square houses, though they have corners."

"I go into a large circular house with an arched door and several windows. There is a stone bench all round inside. In the center is an iron rod; round which the people creep. It is a kind of ceremony and some do not like to do it. It does not seem to be a religious ceremony."

"Now, I go into house. It is rather round, but has two corners; it is small and dimly lighted. It has a queer looking fire place without a chimney; the smoke is driven out. I come where I see the town knocked into chaos; it has destroyed it."

I saw at once that this did not agree with any country or people upon our globe. We have no where bodies of native iron on the earth, or near its surface, unless they have dropped from the heavens; and such people as he describes, digging tunnels in the mountains and smelting out metal, and living in towns that time has destroyed, have, it is safe to say, had no existence upon our globe. Could these be the people of another world? Could they so closely resemble human beings on this planet, as hardly to be distinguishable from them? After some time I thought of the examination of the Palisville specimen, made so many years before, and published in the first volume of the Soul of Things, page 70. Here are dark people mining, and, therefore, digging; smelting metal from the ore in furnaces, from which smoke must have arisen "one cloud after another;" both see that the diggers are bare-headed, and curly headed people were seen by both. One sees a city with a mound around it, and the other a circular town. Both see a large circular building with people in its vicinity. Though there is considerable difference between the descriptions, I was struck by the agreements, and determined to investigate the matter more thoroughly.

TEXAS METEORITE.

I had in my possession a small piece of native iron, from a large meteor found in Texas, and now in the Peabody Museum in New Haven; this was next examined by Mr. Cridge, he having no knowledge of its character:

"I see high, dark looking mountains; there is a canyon at the foot of the highest. I think there is iron in that mountain. The mountain rises perpendicular; I see nothing growing upon it. At its foot is a plain, fifty or sixty miles wide; something grows there. The plain looks black with dark rocks that have fallen from the mountain; some near it are very large; even as much, I should think as ten miles off, some are as large as the stove."

"There is something terribly strange about this place; it is dark, gloomy and forbidding. It does not seem as if there was any animal life here or could be. I see grass in clumps here and there among the rocks. There are no trees. The plain seems to be rocky all over; the farther from the mountain the smaller the rocks."

"I think it rains at times in perfect torrents; the water does not seem pure, however. The climate is generally warm, but the wind is at times cool and disagreeable. I get no impression of animal life of any kind, no insects, no lizards. I see no trail even of any living thing."

"Now I see a gush where water runs, and I get the impression of a large body of water at a distance (this is the strangest specimen I ever examined). I am there now. It is a black, dismal looking place; coast is high and rugged; the water is dark; it holds a great deal of mineral matter in solution. It has a very disagreeably bitter and yet acid taste. It is warm."

The bitter taste may have been produced by an excess of sulphate of magnesia and the acid taste by sulphuric acid, a common product of volcanoes on the earth. Sulphur is one of the elements found in meteorites. "I went through the entire earth very quickly, more quickly than I ever went through one before." [He had before this passed through our globe, and I think some other bodies in space.] "The other side has a great deal of rough, tossed up land. There is more land than water on this world. There is no snow or ice. I cannot stay under the surface of this world. I find no life on the ocean, except some pulpy forms of life attached to the rock beneath the water. I never disliked any place as much as this. I see now small green bulbs that float through the water, from the size of a pin's head to a thimble. They are changeable in color. I think this water would weigh more than ours." [On account probably of the minerals it held in solution; their specific gravity being greater than that of water.]

"By going far out, I see some plants growing that look like sea-weeds. The rocks are in some places covered with them. The atmosphere is a horrible one, charged with poisonous gas. I cannot find any fluid in the interior of this globe, till I go down a long way, and yet this world seems very primitive. This seems to be the one sea of this world, I can find no other, but it has gulfs of considerable size. It is miles deep in the centre."

"Nearly the whole of the world is rocky, there is very little sand and the sand is dark; some of the rocks are red in patches, but there is but little of that kind. In many places there is not a sign of vegetation. The clouds do not seem like our clouds. I think the sun appears larger at one time than another, and the climate is hotter at one time than another; but the climate all over this world is alike at the same time."

"I notice it in the night now. I go above the clouds; I see no stars that I recognize; one looks four or five times brighter than any that we can see. When I come forward in time I seem all blank, and there is a feeling of horror, such as I sometimes have in dreams, when I feel as if falling. I go back in time and find the ocean larger, and to go back to molten matter is the largest time that I have ever noticed. I think a day is a great deal shorter than our day, yet I do not think it goes a thousand miles an hour. It is much smaller world than ours. I do not think it is over a thousand miles through. I sense now that it is in this system, for I can feel the influence of stars, with which I am familiar."

There was much seen in this examination that resembled what was seen in the previous one. In both the country was dark, broken up, rocky, forbidding and unfavorable to life. The salt water was different from that of our ocean. A stony valley is seen in the one, more stony near the hills, and in the others a stony plain, more stony near the mountains. But there were very strange statements in this last description that seemed inexplicable; a world in which the sun appeared larger at one time than another must be a world with an eccentric orbit; this is also indicated in the statement that the climate was at one time hotter than another, while the climate all over the world was alike at the same time. Were these meteoritic fragments of some cometary world, whose axis was nearly perpendicular to the plane of its orbit? But where could have been the path of such a body? Could human beings have lived upon it, if it went far beyond Jupiter? We can hardly suppose that at such a distance from the sun, the diminished temperature would allow of the existence of human beings upon a world depending on the sun, for its heat. What body could that be in its sky that looked four or five times the size of the brightest star in our firmament?

To be Continued.

Let all the sins that have been committed fall upon me in order that the world may be delivered.—*Judson*.

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

DEAR SIR.—The life of a strong man is a great lesson for all. In strength of will, in persistent industry and unfailing courage, in executive capacity and business ability, honor and sagacity, in breadth, and grasp, and power of intellect, this man stood eminent. In private and in public life he was not, and could not be, petty or mean. He was a firm and true friend and co-worker, or a frank and strong opponent, respected by those he felt obliged to oppose. He had deep and intense convictions, and stood for them unflinchingly. In the darkest hour his courage was highest, and his conquering will most royal in its sway. On the day set apart by the United States Senate for addresses on his life and public services, after his decease, I sat in the gallery and heard Hon. T. F. Bayard, of Delaware, give his testimony. He spoke of their long and decided political differences and antagonisms, and said that the great Michigan Senator was a fair, and open and sincere opponent, whom he ever esteemed as a friend, in whom there was no duplicity or want of personal integrity; and that, outside their political differences, it had been a pleasure and a privilege to have his aid and counsel in practical affairs which he so well understood.

This valuable and highly interesting book is the joint production of the gentlemen in the editorial staff of the *Detroit Post and Tribune*, and their task is well done. Senator Blaine closes his introductory letter as follows: "It is fitting that Mr. Chandler's life be written. It is due, first of all, to his memory. It is due to those who come after him." It is due to the great State whose senator he was, whose interest he served, whose honor he upheld. I am glad the work is committed to competent friends, who can discriminate between honest approval and inconsiderate praise, and who with strict adherence to truth, can find in his career so much that is honorable, so much that is admirable, so little that is censurable, and nothing that is mean."

The life opens with a sketch of his ancestry and his birth-place, at Bedford, among the New Hampshire hills, fifty miles north-west from Boston. His father was of the good Puritan stock, a man of solid standing.

His mother, whom he resembled, a superior woman, of Scotch-Irish descent. They lived simply on the farm and Zachariah had his schooling in the old school-house yet standing, with two or three terms at an Academy. He was full of vigor of mind and body, mastered his studies and was the best wrestler in town. His coming to Detroit in 1833, is chronicled, and his early and late daily industry, his vigor and sagacity making the retail store grow to wholesale, how he slept on the counter, and travelled over the State, and won friends by square dealing and was ever lenient to honest men and swift against knaves. Twenty-five years of this steady work found him man of ample means, not won by tricks or speculations, but earned by sagacity and persistent effort.

He was one of the raw boys whose manhood comes late and whose qualities enlarge and ripen to the last, and so came to be known and sought as fit for public trust. His lecture in Detroit, for a lyceum, on The Elements of Success, glimpse of his family life, his election as Mayor, his defeat as candidate for Governor, his election to the United States Senate, his valuable work there, his great services, as one of the committee on the conduct of the war and his career as Secretary of the Interior, his speeches made a few short months ago, so terse and strong and full of intense feeling, that thrilled over the land like electric shocks, and his last great speech in Chicago, the very night of his sudden departure, are given to us in these instructive pages, illustrated and made vivid by personal incident and anecdote. The fit close of the volume is an appreciative and eloquent memorial address at the Fort Street Presbyterian church, Detroit, Nov. 27th, 1880, by Rev. A. T. Pierson.

Mr. Chandler's business experience gave him broad and practical views in regard to the industrial and financial interests of the country. He believed in the development of our resources and the fair protection of home-industry, in such way as to lift up and benefit the workman, to make the employer's business solid, and to benefit the people all over our broad land. His ready services for the material interests of his constituents were of great value. His earnest patriotism, his love of liberty and justice for all, his great strength, and courage and constant labor in the trying years of the civil war, and his words of power and heroic faith in the last and greatest of his ripe years, are to live long in history. I was one of thousands that filled the streets around his house and stood through the funeral service amidst the pelting of a snow storm, and the feeling of regret at the loss of a great man swept away, for the hours, all distinctions of party or class.

This book should be in every household, for it is a gospel, telling of the priceless worth of industry, earnestness, fidelity to honest convictions, heroic courage and firm will. The solid volume, with its clear type, fine paper, handsome and substantial binding, and fit engraved illustrations, is an excellent sample of the best book-making.

G. B. STREIBINS.

Detroit, Mich., June 22nd, 1880.

* Zachariah Chandler, an outline sketch of his life and public services, by the *Detroit Post and Tribune*, with an introductory letter from James G. Blaine, of Maine. Detroit, Michigan: The Post and Tribune company, publishers. \$10.00 by subscription. 480 pages, with illustrations.

An Open Letter to Mr. Chas. H. Miller, President of the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society.

DEAR SIR.—Pardon my addressing you in this public manner. But the case is an urgent one and imperatively demands your candid and immediate attention. You have in private conversation and in public conference meetings in this city, expressed your high respect and esteem for Mr. William R. Tice, your brother in a common cause, and have also expressed your most implicit and unbounded confidence in his integrity and honor as a man, and in his loyalty to the great spiritual movement. You do not for one moment believe that he brought with him to the James seances, the trumpery so readily found upon and taken from the perjured, alleged materializing medium, Alfred James. You are well aware that no one in Brooklyn, Spiritualist or non-Spiritualist gives any credence whatever to the grossly false charges of one Jonathan Roberts against your Brother Wm. R. Tice. You are most fully aware of the coarse tone, vindictive spirit and general unfairness so pre-eminently characteristic of the professedly spiritual paper called "Mind and Matter," in its libelous attacks upon some of the best friends of the spiritual cause. You have in a public assembly at Everett Hall, intimated a belief on your part that the spirits may have told Alfred James to provide himself with the scarf, turban, gown, mustaches, slippers, etc., in order that they might have starting point or nucleus to work from and thus duplicate or produce, evolve, materialize an indefinite number of suits in which to appear in presence of the circle assembled to witness materialized spirit-forms.

Between yourself and the writer exists the most friendly and cordial feelings. We are old time friends. None rejoiced more than I at your recent re-election as President of the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society. The Society and its Conference have both unmistakably manifested their entire disapproval of the course pursued by "Mind and Matter" towards Messrs. Wm. R. and Thos. S. Tice, and have an unmistakably manifested their indignation therat. The editor of the professedly spiritual journal alluded to, is apparently destitute of the spirit of a gentleman and possessed of the instincts of a grouch; and evidently alarmed by the fear of legal proceedings against him by the man against whom, he has sought to prejudge the Spiritualists of the country, now makes haste to say that apart from the James affair, the Messrs. Tice may be men of integrity, although he cannot and will not forgive their successful and thorough exposure of one of the most disgraceful frauds to be found in the annals of modern Spiritualism; thus most fully illustrating the idea of a small class, I hope, of Spiritualists who seemingly believe the exposure of fraud on the part of alleged

mediums, to be the one and only unpardonable sin—the sin against the Holy Ghost, which hath never forgiven, neither in this world nor in that which is to come. In view of all known and sold by yourself concerning the James exposé, I ask you in the name of Spiritualism and humanity, aye, of ordinary fair dealing and common courtesy, to place yourself on record before the Spiritualists of the country, or of two of the staunchest and noblest friends of Spiritualism, to be found here or elsewhere, against the vile attacks of as unprincipled a sheet as ever disgraced the field of journalism.

W. C. BOWEN.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 10th, 1880.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISM.

Hudson Tuttle to Henry Kiddle.

I asked Mr. Kiddie among others, to plainly state the meaning he attaches to the term "Christian Spiritualism," and he replies at length in the JOURNAL of June 10th. It may not appear so "strange" to my brother, that I should ask such a question, when I state my reason therefore. It is incontrovertible that the current of spiritualistic thought has divided into two streams, one accepts all truth wherever found; the other has a partiality for that contained in the Bible, or as modified in what is known as Christianity. Now shall we be true to the catholicity of our cause, and not narrow its field by an adjective, or shall we confine it to a certain religious field by the descriptive "Christian?" If we are asked, what is our faith? shall we say Spiritualism, meaning thereby the essence of all religions and the science of life; or shall we say, "Christian Spiritualism," meaning a Spiritualism which is content to go back and revive "Primitive Christianity"? Primitive Christianity was good enough; so were the teachings of Christ and the Fathers. What of it? What if modern Spiritualism agrees or disagrees

JULY 8, 1880.

Woman and the Household.

BY MARY M. POOLE.

Metuchen, New Jersey.

TRANSGURED.

Almost afraid they led her in—
A dwarf more pitiful none could find—
Withered as some weird leaf, and thin!
The woman was, and wan and blind.

Into his mirror with a smile—
Not vain to b. so fair, but glad—
The south-born painter looked the while,
With eyes than Christ's alone, less sad.

"Why bring her here?" he paled surprise.
He whispered. "What am I to paint?"
A voice that sounded from the skies
Said to him, "Raphael, a saint!"

She sat before him in the sun,
Her scarce could look at her, and she
Was still and silent. "It is done,"
He said: "Oh, call the world to see!"

Ah! that was she in veriest truth!
Transcendent face and haloed hair!
The beauty of divinest youth,
Divinely beautiful, was there.

Here's into her picture passed,
Herself, and not her poor disguise
Made up of lime and dust. At last
One saw her with the master's eyes.

Seller M. B. Pratt.
Ah! who among us has the blessed gift
that genius of the heart—to see the soul
in all its loveliness or distortion, beneath
the trappings of the flesh! State custom
binds us to her shallow judgments, the gaud
of fashion, the glitter of position; intellect,
with its diamond sheen; the winsome and
magnetic attractiveness of beauty; those
make up the garments wherewithal humanity
is clothed. Oh! for the eye that sees the
real within the ephemeral, that even within
the real, beholds the germs of the yet to be.
But, so some angel, either here or beyond
the stars, each one is transfigured, at some
moments of life. Toward that likeness let
us aspire even though it be through ages of
toil, till, at last, the ideal shall become the
real.

GENERAL NOTES.

Gen. Garfield is declared to be a friend of
Woman Suffrage. So long ago as 1867, Lu-
cy Stone heard in Washington, his family
expressed conviction of the equity of the
representation of all classes, in a republic.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Un-
ions of Essex county, New York, selected
Mary F. Davis to give the address of wel-
come on the part of the society at Orange,
where the meeting occurred. It is needless
to say they selected their best speaker.

Miss Rosina Emmett received the first
prize of \$1,000 for the best design for Christ-
mas cards, by Prang & Co. of New York
City. Miss Nourse received the fourth.

Mrs. Stone has given \$100,000 to Wellesley
College for a new dormitory, which is
now complete. At last women are thinking
of devoting some of their spare capital to
the education of their daughters, as well as
their sons.

Survivors of the terrible wreck of the
Narragansett declare that women exhibited
the utmost coolness and courage during the
fearful scene. One grey-haired old lady,
while floating about and holding a table, was
approached by a rescuing party in a boat. "I
can hold on a while longer," said she, "save
the younger people; my life is worth less
than theirs," and they actually obeyed the
word of this heroine. Young women were
generally self-possessed and quiet. The higher
qualities seem to depend, not on strength,
but on the power to dominate the simply
primal, by the intellectual and moral man
or woman. Such occasions are stern tests
of selfhood.

At the eleventh annual commencement of
the Woman's Medical College of the New
York Infirmary, nine students were graduat-
ed. Some of these we have occasion to
know, are women of superior cultivation and
of charming presence and character. It is
a matter of congratulation that those who
have every allurement to grace home and
society, should also be dowered with so
much tenderness that the sick and the af-
flicted may yet be blessed with their min-
istrations. Generally these are attracted
to be physicians to women and children.

Alice Bennett, M. D., has been elected by
the trustees as physician to the Woman's
Department of the Insane Asylum in Nor-
ristown, Penn. It is gratifying to see that,
though tardily, the press are generally re-
cognizing the decency and humanity of such
a proceeding. In many cases, the attention
of the public has only to be seriously and
continuously called to a great evil, in order
that it shall be doomed. Those who oppose a
righteous innovation are either incurable
conservatives, who should be compelled to
live in a community where no change is al-
lowed for the space of one century, and look
over their walls at the growing world out-
side, or those whose selfish interest blinds
them to the truth. But they must all stand
aside, for we shall surely "make haste slowly."

There have been 250 students at the
Woman's Art School at Cooper Union, N. Y.
City, during the School year. Mrs. Susan
N. Carter, principal, estimates that the
amount earned by the pupils during that
time, has been \$20,000. This has been divid-
ed among classes in drawing, wood engraving,
pottery and china painting, studies from
still life, ornamental and lace designing. All
classes have been full, and recent additions
have been made to the building, so as to ac-
commodate more pupils. The example of
the good and venerable Peter Cooper is a
notable one.

Mrs. A. B. Doniway of the New North-
west, Portland, Oregon, is known as one of
the most energetic and able of our pioneer
women. She has done almost everything,
and done it well; she has begun a series of
press and literary reunions in Portland, in
which representatives from the western
coast are present. At a recent gathering of
that kind, at the Dunaway residence, J. J.
Owen of the San Jose, Cal., Mercury, gave a
handsome toast to the "organ of impartial
suffrage." Nearly every profession was re-
presented.

Much surprise and chagrin has resulted
from the examination for applicants for ad-
mission into the Normal College of New
York City. The same standard is required,
for the first time, had the girls have done
much better than the boys, the average being
higher. Some blame the teachers of the
boys; others assert that the mental quick-
ness of the girls is effectually shown. At
any rate, the facts are these; but it must be
conceded, that if the girls are remarkable
for cleverly, they are likely to be deficient
in endurance. Reserved power is quickly
exhausted by increased motion. The man
teacher gets \$1,000 yearly, and the woman
teacher of the same grade, only \$1,200 for
what is generally granted to be better work.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A JEWISH ACCOUNT OF JESUS.

HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS' SECOND COM-
MONWEALTH, with special reference to its Lit-
erature, Culture, and the Origin of Babylonian
and Christianity, by Isaac M. Wise, President of
the Hebrew Union College. Cincinnati: Black
& Co., Publishers and Printers. 1880. Price, in
cloth, \$2; morocco gilt, \$3.50.

This is the history of the Hebrew people
as told by a Hebrew scholar of competent
culture and resources, for the six centuries
beginning at 636 before and ending at 70 after
the Christian era; or from the epoch of
Zerubabel to the final fall of Jerusalem. At
the opening of this period, Judea was a con-
quered province under the sway of the Me-
do-Persian Empire, then for a time called
in this book the Grecian period, it passed
under the sway of Alexander, of the Ptole-
my of Seleucia, then it had its epoch of
revolutionary home-leaders and temporary
independence, then came under vassalage to
the Romans, where it remained during
the Messianic commotion caused by the ad-
vent of Jesus. Shortly after which followed
the destruction of Jerusalem and dispersion
of the Jews. The chief interest, to a
person of Christian education, attaching to
this volume, will be found in the chapters
which treat of the origin of Christianity, as
regarded from the Jewish point of view.
Dr. Wise thinks that neither the parentage,
nor place nor time of Jesus's birth are
known, further than that in rabbinical
sources, he is always called *noizi*, "one
born at Nazareth." He agrees with Renan
that the story of the birth at Bethlehem is
a fiction, though he does not give Renan's
reason for it, viz., that the taxation and cen-
sus which is alleged to have drawn Joseph
to Bethlehem, did not occur until Jesus was
eight years old. Dr. Wise declares, however,
that "the whole story of John (the Baptist)
rebuking Antipas on account of his mar-
riage with Herodias, is fictitious, because
John was dead before Antipas married Her-
odias." In this Dr. Wise and Renan are di-
rectly contradictory, as Renan (p. 28) says:
"John was the echo of the general opinion
in his energetic blame of Antipater." Indeed,
Dr. Wise's criticisms do not seem to
be founded on modern skeptical auth-
orities. He prefers Jesus's statements of his
parentage in the (apocryphal) Epistle of
Barnabas to the Davidic pedigree framed
for him by Matthew and Mark. While Renan
denies that Jesus was taken into Egypt
to save him in infancy from Herod's decree,
Wise makes no allusion to this story, but
alleges that "according to the Talmud, Je-
sus spent some years in Egypt with a teacher
called Rabbi Joshua, and learned there
also the art of necromancy," and that "Ho
came back to Palestine as a physician." These
are features to which Renan, notwithstanding
his profound reputation for research, makes no allusion.

Most Spiritualists are familiar with the
philosophy of marriage as outlined by A. J.
Davis, in the fourth volume of his "Great
Harmonia" the *Reformer*. In this book,
our German friends, into whose language
the *Reformer* has been published, have, in
the form of a story, sought to portray the
sublime principles underlying true love and
true marriage as pointed out by Mr. Davis;
and well have they succeeded. Much of the
book is devoted to conversation between
two prominent characters, a baron and a
doctor; and during the course of the narra-
tive the subjects of Materialism, Spiritualism
and Magnetism, and the writings of A. J.
Davis, are fully discussed by the two.

Mr. Wise thinks Jesus was first a disciple
of John, and then a Hillelite, but that he
was no Essene and had no intention to es-
tablish a new religion or even to oppose the
Hillelites. He thinks the Sermon on the
Mount was never delivered, though a part
of the reason he gives for the opinion, viz.,
that "no man ever delivered an address on
so many different subjects," is neither criti-
cal or adequate. The remainder of his
criticism, viz., that Matthew only has that
sermon while the other Evangelists have
various portions of it (as delivered) in dif-
ferent times and places is better. Wise
likewise draws Jesus' most essential doc-
trines from Hillel, but fails like him to
award a higher credit to him that popular-
ized, than to him that originates moral
truth. Wise says that "Jesus believed in
common with all Hillelites in one eternal
God and his general and special providence,
in the resurrection of the dead being taught
in the Law, in future reward and punish-
ment, in the revelation and divinity of the
law and the prophets, in the election of
Israel by the Almighty, in the eternity of
God's laws and promises, in the superior
importance of the humanitarian over the
ritual laws and doctrines without wishing to
abolish the latter or even the ritual laws.
Hence he disregarded the laws of Leve-
litical cleanliness, which were so important
to Shammaites and Essenes, and so unimportant
to Hillelites, and ate with unclean sin-
ners, publicans and lepers, and permitted
barbids to touch him, while his disciples
did not wash their hands before meals."

Wise thinks Jesus was no ascetic; that he
lived, ate and drank like other men; was
cheerful among the cheerful; sympathetic
among the suffering; loved the company of
women; uttered many wise sayings which
were taken from the so-called floating wis-
dom of the nation, found abundantly in the
ancient rabbinical literature, but they were
new to his disciples and audiences who ad-
mired them exceedingly. He was not dis-
tinguished for either learning or originality,
but for ardent sympathy with his peo-
ple and its cause, strong convictions and
moral courage to utter them and that nervous
eloquence which inspires confidence.
"Irrespective of even common politeness or
any social forms, he cared not for his own
mother and brothers, traveled in company
of eccentric women, subsisted with his dis-
ciples on his friends' property, upbraided
men of learning and prominence and evinced
not the slightest regard for the practical
affairs of man, which under the prevailing
excitement only increased his popularity."

According to Dr. Wise, the befuddling of
John contributed by reaction to promote
the popularity of Jesus. Prior to that time,
says Wise, "He met with some success
among the lower classes, also among foreign
barbids, Sodomites, publicans and other
Roman agents; but the intelligent portion
remained cold to his enthusiasm. Thecurves
which he performed appeared miraculous
to the vulgar, impious to the religious, and
ridiculous to the intelligent. While they
were aggrandized by the believers, they
proved repulsive to the sober and reflective
mind."

After spending a considerable period of
time as a fugitive, Jesus finally falls in with
the fervor of his disciples; rides into Jeru-
salem on an ass in the mode predicted of
the Messiah, and allows the plaudits of the
multitude to proclaim him the restorer
of the kingdom of David. His entrance into
the Temple, quarrel with the priests, and
driving out the money changers was a riot-
ous assumption and exhibition of this au-
thority. Still he was no longer enthusiastic
nor self-confident. No miracles came to his
aid when he thus got into the presence of the
learning, wealth and nobility of Jerusalem.
He felt undiscussed and confused, denounced
them all, wept over and cursed them, prophesying
in his disappointment misery and affliction for
the city. At night he fled to the Mount of Olives
among the lepers. Jesus, however, according
to Wise, saw ahead, only an insurrection
in which all his followers would be
macerated, and, therefore, concluded to
give himself up to save the lives of his fol-
lowers. He gave the hint to Judas which
would ensure his arrest, and Judas (Wise
here follows the ingenious theory of Mr.

W. W. Story) betrayed his secret retreat to
the priests, without supposing that Jesus
would be put to death.

Wise supposes that Jesus' crucifixion was
fatal, and that the stories of his subsequent
reappearance were fictions, thus disagreeing
with Renan, who thinks the crucifixion
never resulted in Jesus' death, and that his
subsequent appearances, preliminary to
his final successful seclusion or flight, were
made to take on the appearance of a resur-
rection, for the enhancement of the general
glory of the cause.

The remainder of the book is occupied
with the history of the Jewish people unto
their dispersion, A. C. 70. This preceded by
from 50 to 70 years the writing of the Books
of the New Testament, which were produced
in the years A. C. 120 to 170. It was quite
easy at this period to put into the mouths
of Jesus and his disciples all the prophecies
concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, which
were necessary to correspond to the event
which had already occurred. Any deficiency
in the details of these prophecies must have
arisen from their fulfillment having transpired
so long previously to their utterance that the details were forgotten.

BLITZTHAHL, WIDER ROM. Die Verfassung
der Christlichen Kirche, und der Geist des
Christenthums. (A Lightning stroke against
Rome. The Condition of the Christian Church
and the Spirit of Christianity.) From the works
of Francis von Haider; with an Introduction
and notes by Prof. Dr. Franz Hoffmann. Published in
Wurzburg, Germany.

Dr. Franz Hoffman, Professor of Philosophy
in the University of Wurzburg, has been prominent among the scientific believers
in Spiritualism in Germany for some years, hence needs no introduction to our readers. This work, as its title indicates, is a pronounced attack upon and criticism
of the Romish hierarchy, Jesuitism and ultra-
trantism. It compares the teachings and practices of Romanism with those of
Primitive Christianity, proving their radical dissimilarity. It exposes fearlessly the
abuses and fell designs of the church, and the danger to the state threatened by its
policy. This work indicates much careful
research, and a steadfast devotion to truth
and liberty. W. E. C.

DAS IDEAL EINER FRAU; oder die Liebe im
Lichte der "Harmonischen Philosophie." (The
Ideal One Wife; or Love in the Light of the Har-
monic Philosophy.) A novel by V. R. von Pech-
au. Leipzig: Published by Wilhelm Besser. 1890.
70 pages, 12mo.

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Davis, in the fourth volume of his "Great
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and well have they succeeded. Much of the
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two prominent characters, a baron and a
doctor; and during the course of the narra-
tive the subjects of Materialism, Spiritualism
and Magnetism, and the writings of A. J.
Davis, are fully discussed by the two.

Partial List of Magazines for July.

The *Popular Science Monthly*. (D. Ap-
leton & Co., New York.) Contents: The interior
of the Earth, by It. Itadan; Changes of the
Circulation during Cerebral Activity, by Chas. Sedgwick Minot. 8. B. S. D.; Goethe's Farbenlehre, by Prof. John Tyndall. F. R. S.; My Fire, by Prof. F. W. Clarke; A. Vindication of Scientific Ethics by W. D. Le Sueur. B. A.; The Coming of Age of the Origin of Species, by Prof. T. H. Huxley; Atmospheric Dust, by Gaston Tissandier; The Fossil Man, by Henry W. Haynes; A. Zoological Enigma, by Felix L. Oswald. M. D.; On the Modes of Distribution of Plants, by Joseph F. James; Hygiene and Demonia-
sm, a Study in Morbid Psychology, by Dr. Chas. Richet; Notes on a Few of Our Birds, by Harry Merrill; The New Chemistry, a Development of the Old, by M. M. Pattison Muir. F. R. S. E.; Sketch of Friedrich Mohr, by Frederick Hoffman; Correspondence; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes.

Scribner's Monthly. (Scribner & Co., New
York.) Contents: The Younger Palaeontologists
of America; Bjornstjerne Bjornson; In the
Heart of the California Alps; To Coney Island;
Peter the Great; Poet and Actress; The
Grandissimes; Does Vivisection Pay? The
Lover and the Rose; From Faustino to Syracusa;
The Sorcery of Madjoon; In the M. E. African;
Lu Somnambula; The Dominion of Canada;
De Rosia Hibernalis; To Edmund C.
Stedman; Japanese and Chinese Students
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Some of the leading articles are illustrated.

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The Still-water Tragedy; The Baffled Fly;
Incidents of the Capture of Richmond; Brown's
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Etherea; Unfulfillment; A French Comic Dramatist;
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Washington; Records of W. M. Hunt; The
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The Contributors' Club.

Electric Magazine. (E. B. Pelton, New
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cape for Life from a Fijian Cyclone; White
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Science and Art; Varieties.

Recueil des Etudes Psychologiques. (M. Leymarie, Paris, France.) This magazine is devoted to the spiritual philosophy
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Psychische Studien. (Oswald Mutza, Leipzig, Germany.) This number contains interesting articles by able writers and thinkers
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Andrews' Bazaar. (W. R. Andrews, New
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Relgio-Philosophical Journal

JOHN C. BUNDY, - - - Editor.
J. R. FRANCOIS, - - - Associate Editor

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Faith, Religious and Scientific.

In the pending discussion between Mr. Buchanan and his critics, no process can be so serviceable to show views and harmonious conclusions, as that of clearly defining the word "Faith." Dr. Buchanan claims that faith has kept alive all scientific and historical knowledge as well as all unscientific superstitions, and that it now keeps alive all well-founded affections and trust in the good and true as well as affords a basis for all ill-founded imposition on the unwary and confounding by the dissolute and unprincipled. At least, without quoting his words, to which our readers can refer, we take this to be the substance of his position.

Generalizing such a statement so as to apply it to the aggregate of human knowledge, it might result in such a plea for "Faith" as the following:

"What if for centuries the vagaries of the astrologers rested upon Faith, do not the demonstrations of the astronomers now rest on the same basis? What if Faith once seduced the alchemists to search for the mystic charm that should transmute the baser metal into gold, do not the modern chemists' statements all equally rest upon Faith? What if Faith upholds the Catholic belief in the perpetual virginity of a Jewish matron whom their own Douay Bible shows to have had at least five children, viz., three sons and two daughters, do not the statements of Darwin and Haeckel going to show the atheistic evolution of life from matter, rest equally upon Faith? Does not atheism involve as much faith as theism, science as much as theology and Materialism as much as Spiritualism?"

The difficulty with this argument is, that it proves too much for Dr. Buchanan's purpose. If faith is the necessary attitude of all intellects, then there is no need of holding on to it as something precious, for it is like gravity and other universal forces, which nobody defends because our possession and enjoyment of them is equal, inevitable and irresistible. If the Faith that underlies and preserves science, art, literature and history, is the same in essence as that which underlies superstition, brutality, immorality and crime, then it is not a quality that has any intellectual or moral worth, because it identifies us readily with the bad and false as with the good and true; and yet it is evident that if Faith is used in a sense as broad as belief, this is just the dilemma to which we are driven, for men are made superstitious, brutal, immoral and criminal by certain modes of belief; and scientific, artistic, pure and truthful by others; for, character and conduct in the broadest sense, are but the outward workings of interior conditions, modes of thinking and feeling, which we call beliefs.

In order to attach intellectual or moral qualities to Faith, the word must be used in some restricted sense, which shall not include the faith that one's interests can be promoted by crime, in the same category with the faith that one's interests will be promoted by science; but the moment we restrict the meaning of the word Faith, we are conscious of making the nature of the thing believed in, the criterion of the restriction. Thus scientific and religious faith, are distinctions between faith in scientific and faith in religious facts; and when we proceed to inquire what are scientific and what are religious facts, we find the scientific facts defined as those that can be verified by observation, comparison and experiment, and the religious facts are those that are asserted by authority, purported intuition or inspiration, and which refuse to be subjected to observation, comparison and experiment.

In the progress of discovery, as Auguste Comte was among the first to clearly state, the imagination goes first with its assumption, which, however crude, stimulates the experimenter to follow with his observations. Because Columbus had a theory that he could reach the East Indies by sailing west, he discovered America. He did not

imagine America into existence, yet his imagination bore fruit in discovery. So, because astrologers imagined the perturbations in the motions of the stars were revelations of human destiny, they studied out gradually the science of astronomy. Their imagined or "religious" theory was false, yet it bore good scientific fruit. Because the alchemists imagined a latent power of transmuting the baser metals into gold, they experimented until they found that in the transmutation of water into steam, there lay more wealth than in the philosopher's stone. Imagination is the mother of discovery, but she always dies in child-birth. Religion is the wet-nurse of science, but her services end with the teething. Superstition has enlisted vast mental activities in its support only to find that what it most needs for its support are imbecilities, and that all its skilled troops are traitors. It would be strange if Spiritualism did not illustrate the same conflict.

A medium who consents to submit to every reasonable means of observation, comparison and experiment, for the purpose of enabling honest observers to determine whether the force that operates through him, is that of a disembodied or independent spirit, is a scientific medium. The process of investigation, so conducted is as scientific, as any process conducted in a chemist's laboratory. If it results in proving the soul's immortality, or that death is not an endless sleep, it takes that fact out of the domain of religious truths and places it in the category of scientific truths. Immortality becomes as tangible a fact, as clearly a "known quantity" as oxygen. Superstition folds her wings in flight and science takes her seat within the sepulchre not to prove a miracle, but to give an expository lecture on the nature of the transition and the life beyond. The future life becomes as much a part of the realm of nature as the present.

On the contrary a medium who demands that we shall accept any dictum or alleged spiritual control upon authority or *ipso facto* of any kind is a religious medium. He appeals to our faith and not our reason. Paul defines Faith as "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." Knowledge is the substance of things possessed and enjoyed, the evidence of things seen, heard, tasted felt and touched.

Whatever is open to observation, comparison and experiment, rests on a scientific faith, even though for convenience and to save time, we permit another to observe, compare and experiment in our stead and report to us the fact. But whatever refuses at the outset to submit to observation, comparison and experiment at the hands of anybody, is superstition or religious faith; i.e., it is the evidence of things not seen, but imposed by presumption.

The evidence offered by Jesus to his apostles purports throughout the gospels to have been scientific; the repeated manifestations of a spiritual power which was ever ready to make itself the subject of observation, comparison and experiment. Jesus himself seems to have labored under the delusion that these marvelous spiritual powers would continue to be exhibited by his followers, so that in all ages, no human soul should come in contact with a Christian without having presented to his senses scientific evidence that he, the Christian, was the medium through whom spiritual powers of a supernatural kind manifested themselves.

Modern Spiritualists can not too often call the attention of modern Christians to the fact, utterly ignored in modern Christianity, that Jesus supposed to the last, that he was founding a perpetual and aggregated mediumship for the continued manifestation in all ages, of spiritual power which should at all times submit to the scientific tests of observation, comparison and experiment, on the part of every person they sought to convert. There is no hint of any intent on his part to found a hierarchy of materialistic priests who should regard Spiritualism as an element that had been bottled up, and corked down and laid away 1800 years ago, never to be again reopened. Therefore he said (Luke XVI. 17, 18):

"And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; and if they lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

All these signs were intended as the means whereon to base a perpetual scientific and sensible appeal to the reason and observation of men. Had these spiritual powers been preserved in the church, Christianity would have continued to be what in the beginning it purported to be, a religion based on scientific evidence. The only modern Faith which asserts the same claim, is Spiritualism.

But by a usage beginning with Paul, the term "Faith" has been made synonymous in many minds with alleged phenomena, which may be mere presumptuous falsehoods, since they do not subject themselves to scientific tests. It is the evidence, not of things seen, but of "things not seen;" i.e., it is the impudence of imposture coming without evidence. We stoutly deny that this kind of Faith has ever preserved anything of value to anybody. The confiding maiden's faith in her lover is dangerous indeed, if she has seen in him no proofs of integrity, fidelity or honor. The peasant's faith in his priest had better never have been, if he has never seen in the hooded friar whom his toll provides with bread, a man who studies well-doing and holy living in good faith. In short, whenever a sensible Faith exists, it rests on the observation of the believer himself, or its facts are ready to be subjected to his ob-

servation whenever he can give them the time. Hence all sensible Faith is scientific.

Bradlaugh and the English Parliament.

The British Parliament went nearly beside itself at the discovery, one evening last week, that it could pass by a vote of 275 to 210, Sir Hardinge Gifford's resolution forbidding Bradlaugh either to take the oath or to make affirmation. As Gladstone had advised Bradlaugh's admission, this amounts to a quia defeat of the administration, and hence includes many other elements besides the naked question of permitting an atheist to sit in Parliament. We suppose the atheism of John Stuart Mill was never questioned, and a century ago that of John Horne Tooke and probably that of Gibbon were nearly as pronounced. The fact did not prevent either of these gentlemen sitting in Parliament, though, of course, they took the oath, which Bradlaugh refused to do. Underneath the "oath" issues there are in Bradlaugh's case many others. He is almost the only English liberal who is both a republican and a democrat. As his ultimate political faith requires not only that the crown but the aristocracy of England should be overthrown, and that representation in Parliament should be on the basis of numbers only as it is in the United States, it follows that he combines all the elements of unpopularity which would attach to an American who desires to see any of the principles or modes of the English constitution adopted in America. Again, Bradlaugh, though a great orator, is often coarse, and never very politic, and his uncompromising language makes many opponents among people who, with a little more suavity on his part would be at most indifferent, if not his friends.

Of course every one knows that conservative triumphs of this sort are mere preludes to radical victories. Jeremy Bentham a century ago attacked the whole system of promissory oaths, or oaths that amounted to a promise concerning the future, as vicious and pernicious. Our own experience during the rebellion shows their worthlessness. Whomsoever the people elect to an office, is placed by the acceptance of the trust under an obligation which no oath can increase. But this obligation is not necessarily to support any particular man or constitution framed by man. For the very experiences of his official life may ripen in his own conscience the conviction that the man or constitution he has sworn to support ought to be rejected or destroyed. In such case his "promissory oath" comes into conflict with his matured convictions.

It is singular, to see the Christians of the British Parliament, especially Bentconseil, so zealously engaged in forcing an atheist to take an oath, while the atheist alone plants himself in the attitude and upon the platform prescribed by the founder of Christianity, viz: "Swear not at all."

The Presbyterian's Hell.

The Rev. J. S. Furnis, a Presbyterian, is reported by the Philadelphia Times as informing his congregation that hell is in the blazing centre of the earth. "Down in this place," he said, is a horrible noise. Listen to the tremendous, the horrible up roar of millions and millions of tormented creatures, mad with the fury of hell! Oh! the screams of fear, the groans of horror, the yell of rage, the cries of pain, the shouts of agony, the shrieks of despair, from millions on millions! There you hear them roaring like lions, hissing like serpents, howling like dogs, and wailing like dragons!

There you hear the gnashing of teeth and the fearful blasphemies of the devils.

Above all you hear the thunders of the angels of God, which shakes hell to its foundations!" He described the inmates of this hell suffering without a moment's cessation, the most frightful torture.

The following is a passage of the sermon: "The roof is red hot. The floor is like a thick sheet of red hot iron. See, on the middle of the red hot iron floor stands a girl. She has neither shoes nor stockings on her feet.

Listen! She speaks. She says: 'I've been standing with my feet on this red hot floor for years. Sleep never came on me for a moment. Look at my burnt feet. Let me go off this burning floor for one moment. Oh! that in this endless eternity of years I might forget the pain only for a single moment.' The devil answers her question: 'No, not for a single moment shall you ever leave this red hot floor.'

Dedication of the New Church in Alliance, Ohio.

It is well known to the Spiritualists of Ohio and the West generally, that Caleb Steele, Esq., an estimable citizen of Alliance, bequeathed a few years since, several thousand dollars to the "Independent Christian Church" organization for the purpose of erecting a church edifice.

This building recently finished according to contract, was duly dedicated on Sunday last, the principal speakers upon the occasion being Dr. Peebles, Hon. Mr. Bradford, Rev. J. H. Harter, Mrs. Morse, Mr. L. J. Blancham. We are creditably informed that the structure is elegant and imposing, the church harmonious, singing excellent, and what is more, they are nearly out of debt. Having got rid of an unprincipled lump of humanity who figured for a time as priest and doctor, the society may reasonably hope to become a power for good in Alliance and the State of Ohio.

Dr. Slade.

Dr. Slade has done a good work in this city the past week and is reaching an influential class who have heretofore given little or no attention to spirit phenomena. On Friday evening of last week a select company of ladies and gentlemen were afforded an opportunity to witness the manifestations in Dr. Slade's presence at our residence. Among the number were representatives of the different learned professions, including several with a national reputation, and the editor of the leading Westminister daily. The medium was in good condition, having recuperated rapidly during the few days spent in this delightful summer resort. The phenomenon of independent slate-writing was exhibited to the perfect satisfaction, apparently, of the entire company. A great interest is awakened, the Doctors parlors at 481 West Washington street being constantly thronged with visitors, and strong efforts are being made to induce him to return to the city after his visit to relatives in Michigan. His stay at this time will probably terminate with this week. We are having a series of sittings with him of a highly interesting and important character, of which we shall speak at length next week.

Dr. Rauch in a New Role.

It certainly is a mystery how the massive, comprehensive, crystal-clear intellect of that masterly professional genius, Dr. Rauch, of the State Board of Health, could be misled, or be so excessively stupid, as to be unable to comprehend the difference between the therapeutic effects of croton oil and the eruptions on a small-pox patient.

As the story goes (and it is a true one), as set forth in a special telegram to the Chicago Times, it appears that Robert Todd was confined in the jail at Springfield, Illinois, and his incarceration growing tedious, he resolved to gain his freedom by a bold stroke of tactics, and as an aid to the accomplishment of his ends, he applied croton oil to his person, which produced a pustular eruption like small-pox, and so correctly did he simulate the various symptoms of the disease, that Dr. Rauch decided that he actually was afflicted with the dire malady, and he was in consequence removed to the city pest-house, where he soon managed to escape. A clairvoyant could not have been misled in such a very silly manner in the examination of a patient.

The New Remedy for Drosy.

The medical journals are loud in the praise of "Antihydriptine" as a remedy for drosy. In ancient times, when medicine was in its junior days, incantations, and the most disgusting compounds imaginable were resorted to by the founders of the respectable "regular" school which is assuming such lordly proportions to-day, and boasting of its science—the gathered and concentrated wisdom of the ages. Just at this point they have discovered the valuable properties of antihydriptine. Well! What is antihydriptine? Let it be only told in secret, and then spoken low, so that the people who are to swallow the healing potion shall be kept in blissful ignorance with regard to it, for fear they may prepare and take the remedy without paying for the advice of one of these learned savants of this ancient scientific school. Antihydriptine is the powder of dried cockroaches. According to the New York Medical Record and the St. Petersburg Vrachebnik cockroach powder in from one to three grain doses three times a day is the most effectual remedy known to them for drosy. "Surely the world moves!"

THE HARMONIAL SOCIETY entered upon its vacation last Sunday, June 21st. The same attractive hall, No. 11 East Fourteenth street, near Fifth avenue, New York, has been engaged by the Association for the Sunday meetings of the Society, which will be resumed under most favorable auspices on the second Sunday of next September, the 12th, at 11 o'clock in the morning. The internal workings of this Society have been effective and united from its very inception. In a quiet way it has engaged practically in some works of benevolence, and it has taken a brave public step in the direction of education. There is to be no change in the business or objects of the Association—the same officers having been re-elected, and the same teacher, Mr. A. J. Davis, is to deliver discourses every Sunday morning. One of the notable attractions of these meetings is the spiritual atmosphere which seems to pervade them, which is augmented doubtless by exquisite music both vocal and instrumental.

N. B. Starr has gone to that country which his inspired brush has so often depicted upon canvas, and which to him will indeed be a "land of pure delight." In another column will be found an interesting letter from Mrs. Shepard, giving some account of the event. When we saw this venerable brother at Battle Creek, in March last, it was apparent that he would soon realize the beauties of the spirit-life, freed from the frail body which held his sweet and noble spirit to earth. We have a number of pieces of his work upon our walls, and shall always cherish them as evidences not only of spirit power, but as mementoes of a much loved co-worker.

Prof. Wm. Denton has been entertaining the good people of Fargo, Dakota, with his splendid lectures. His articles, under the head of "Spirits and People as Independently Described by many Psychometers," are creating a wide-spread interest among the readers of the JOURNAL.

We learn from *The Cape Times*, published at Capetown, Africa, that the medium and lecturer, Thomas Walker, is drawing crowded houses. Canon Baker, the leading Episcopalian dignitary in that region, having provoked a controversy by a sermon, was challenged by Mr. Walker to a discussion of the proposition, "That the view that punishment is not eternal is more reasonable and more in harmony with Justice, the goodness of God and Scripture, than the view that there is a place called Hell which has no ending." Mr. Walker taking the affirmative. Commenting on the challenge the editor of the Times says:

"Now in logomachy one man plus any number of spirits is not a fair match for one mere man, although possessed of more than ordinary learning. Besides, why light about the question? We shall know all about it by and by; and why make ourselves warm before the time by quarrelling over the probabilities, on one side or the other, of the prospect?"

The editor having provoked the ire of his orthodox readers by publishing the report of a lecture of Mr. Walker, as a matter of interesting news, pleads the baby act and intimates that he is sorry to have ruffled the Christian temper enveloping him. The "Hell question" was some time since settled in the negative in America, and for the comfort of our African contemporary we trust the news will reach his constituency in due time. However disagreeable the news may prove to the clergy of Africa, we presume the inhabitants generally will be grateful and possibly the knowledge may stiffen the verbiage of the Times man and enable him to fearlessly publish the news regardless of Canon Baker's wrath.

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard, and Other Items of Interest.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference has adjourned until Sept. 1st.

The Brooklyn, N. Y., Fraternity meetings have been adjourned until September.

Lyman C. Howe speaks at North Cuba, N. Y., July 3d and 4th; at Horseheads, N. Y., July 11th.

Mrs. E. L. Saxon was the guest of Dr. N. B. Wolfe, during the democratic convention at Cincinnati.

We have received the "Rules and Regulations of the Melbourne Spiritual Society." Spiritualism is prospering there.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Nichols, and daughter, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will be at the Lake Pleasant camp meeting from August 18th to the 20th.

A very fair likeness of Rev. John Tyerman appears in the April number of Freethought, a monthly journal published at Sidney, New South Wales.

The 16,000 churches of the Methodist Episcopal church owe in the aggregate \$7,000,000, an average of \$4,000 to each church.

A call comes from one of the Methodist missions in India for "five hundred Methodist preachers filled with the Holy Ghost and fearing nothing but sin."

A fine cabinet photograph of the rising and meritorious lecturer, Mrs. R. Shepard, has been received this week and placed with our collection.

The June number of Woman's Words has an excellent likeness of Mrs. Emma Tuttie, of Berlin Heights, Ohio. A brief biographical sketch of her life is also given.

We are informed that Mrs. Simpson, the slate writing and flower medium, will start for Denver this week. She will be able to do a grand work for Spiritualism in that part of the country.

Mrs. R. Shepard spent the months of April and May in Ohio. She is now speaking in Michigan, and in July she goes to Philadelphia to attend the Neshaminy camp meeting. Her permanent address is 1,801 North 15th street, Philadelphia.

THE GRAND ARMY OF STRAW!

My Answer to Hudson Tuttle.

"If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compilation."

In his article on "Christian Spiritualism," in the JOURNAL of the Fifteenth instant, Mr. Hudson Tuttle is pleased to interrogate me (other names are included) as to what I "desire to convey by the term Christian Spiritualism." As it is not considered respectful to remain silent when one is directly questioned, I cheerfully answer, in such manner and form as the facts and circumstances seem to require. I have sometimes had occasion to speak of Rational Spiritualism; but as I have never prefixed the word Christian, nor any other—except the one mentioned—for the purpose of qualifying my Spiritualism, it will be perceived that the inquiry—so far as the writer is personally concerned—is wholly impertinent. Brother Tuttle is at liberty to set up his man of straw, like a scarecrow out West, and he has our permission to train the whole army in his own way. Such effigies are not presumed to have any feeling, and so the aforesaid man may be knocked down at any time, and as often as the proprietor may find the occupation either a pleasant pastime or healthful exercise.

A few passages from Bro. Tuttle's article will suffice to illustrate the haughty and dictatorial spirit of a writer in whom a modest confidence would be more becoming. He makes no effort to restrain the expression of his contempt for gentlemen who, to say the least, are not his inferiors, either in intellectual ability, social position, moral integrity or public influence. The following brief extracts will be quite sufficient for my purpose:

"It is a pitiable spectacle to see men stand before the public and deny like school boys... After all these Christian Spiritualists (the only names Prof. Buchanan, Prof. Kidde, Dr. Peebles and B. B. Brittan) are no more Christians than those who reject the term.... They only desire to retain the name as a sham, and it is a sham that deceives nobody. You organize, and it is an organization on paper. It has no substance, no coherence. You have not Christianity, nor even the unenviable reputation of being Christian in the eyes of the church. You have Spiritualism, dead with the dry-rot of aping respectability."

If this language is not intended to be offensive to the gentlemen to whom it is more especially addressed, then it would seem that the author expresses himself without any manifest purpose. Who are the men who present such "pitiable spectacle?" Who "stand before the world and deny like school boys?" Who are dealing in "shams?" Who are "aping respectability?" It is the only fair inference from his language that he means the men whom he has named. It is not my object to answer for others, but I may venture to say that not one of the parties referred to has made any such childish denial. No one has either attempted to hide his convictions, or to evade the personal responsibility which accompanies the open expression of his views. Not one of these gentlemen wears the mask of a hypocrite, nor is it necessary to ape the attributes they are known to possess. There is no excuse for representing that the honorable men whom he impolitely cateschises, after the fashion of a country pedagogue, have done any such thing, or that they are capable of so demeaning themselves under any circumstances. Surely, no name can honor such a perversion of the truth, and the man who essayed to be our teacher in moral philosophy should set a better example.

I have never presumed to call any man to account for his honest convictions, on any subject. Nor do I think it either necessary or desirable to have entire unanimity of opinion, even on questions of paramount importance. What I have always regarded as indispensable, is unrestricted freedom of thought, and the inalienable right of private judgment. As we have no recognized authorities among Spiritualists—and are not likely to have any such arbitrary masters—to determine by any dogmatical and sharply defined standard what is, and what is not, orthodoxy, I still propose to exercise the freedom which is a most essential part of my Spiritualism. Hitherto the writer has never been fairly tried and convicted of heresy. It is true that on the groundless assumptions of several persons he has more than once been informally arraigned, condemned and "church-mailed" after the peculiar fashion which some call spiritual! (?) Of late, especially, we have been called to witness a spirit of intolerance, and a species of vituperative criticism, which have rarely been matched in the institutions of sectarian theology—which always have the decency to give a man a formal trial before he is condemned as a heretic. This illiberal conduct on the part of professed Spiritualists is all out of place among Reformers, and incongruous to the last degree. The people who thus cover the ugly visage of their bitter intolerance by using Spiritualism as a mask, should make haste to pick up their procrustean traps, buy a through ticket, and check their baggage to Rome. The manifestation of such a spirit among our people is a source of extreme mortification to those whose Spiritualism has any rational significance.

If the writer's memory is reliable, this is not the first time Bro. Tuttle has revealed his careless reading of those whom he has been pleased to criticize. It seems eminently proper that a spiritual teacher should keep his eyes open, leaving others, if they will, to "walk by faith." Some authentic information may be of use, even to Bro. Tuttle, or any other man who may aspire to the dignity of leading the Army of Straw. Will our discredited Brother be persuaded to undertake a course of preliminary reading? It would be of no little service in qualifying him for the work of just and intelligent criticism. If he has a laudable desire to keep the rest of us on the right track, it seems to me that the first thing for him to do is to ascertain—from original sources of information—the real views of his contemporaries. If this communication serves to enlighten him, in respect to one of the number, it will not have been in vain that he has questioned me, and that I have answered.

In speaking of Spiritualism, Bro. Tuttle tells us, boldly, that he would "carve over the portals of its temple the name of no worshipped God." He must be poor indeed who has no God at all—not so much as an African fetish or a Chinese joss. Alas! Bro. Tuttle is in the desperate condition described as "without God in the world!" It is only possible that diligent search might reveal the presence of one brazen image. But as temples are usually supposed to be consecrated to the worship of some divinity, we can not see what is the world Bro. Tuttle wants of any temple. If there is no God in that part of Ohio, a place of worship would be useless as a white elephant, or that hypo-

tical "fifth wheel" on which, however, his argument against Christian Spiritualism is made to rotate. Perhaps he can sell out his stock in the temple of Spiritualism to some one who can make use of it. A few additional acres at Berlin Heights, or a small interest in brick-yard, might be worth more than a whole temple to a man who has no God to worship. In grafting a quicunque he can still hold on to the copyright of his motto—"NO WORSHIPPING GOD"—which he may carve in almost any other place, except "over the portals" of the Spiritual Temple, where it would seem to be most essentially out of place—*Cars in the night, over the Athlete's grave!*

We call the reader to witness that we have provoked no unpleasant discussion with any man. We have treated no one uncivilly on account of his peculiar views; and only when subjected to unjust criticism have we spoken in our own defense. When Bro. Tuttle, and a few others, make up their minds to pursue their own respective courses, leaving other people to enjoy the same privilege—without the molestation of offensive speech and needless opposition—there will be no more personal controversies to foster the foul spirit of malevolence. To be just to all, we must respect the rights of the individual. Let every man believe as much or little as he will; have his own God and worship him after the manner which best accords with his religious convictions and personal convenience. Bro. Tuttle has no right to object to this, and we trust that on due reflection he will be reconciled to have it so. Why refuse to others what he claims for himself? In the interest of peace and Brotherhood, we are ready to make all reasonable concessions; but to demand the privilege of minding our own business without the impudent interference of any one. We shall not engage in any new holy war, unless we are forced into the attitude of a belligerent. While we have no disposition to dogmatize, we will not conceal the fact that we have a choice among the Gods of the modern Pantheon. We should much prefer the Christian's indefinitely wise and loving Father to Athelstan, or the "no worshipped God" of Bro. Tuttle. We are not inclined to bow before any pantheistic divinity. If compatible with the peace of the Spiritual Zion, grant us the privilege of worshipping some ideal that is not beneath the human conception of the divine. This would do Bro. Tuttle good, since a rational reverence promotes a becoming modesty. We must confess that we never did have much respect for the molecular-atraction-hyper-galvanic-principle—physical-and-moral-necessity. Know-Nothing-God, of our would-be philosophers, who are supposed to some to be "spying" the "respectability" of modern science. Now, Brother, it is of no use to multiply questions in the same captious spirit. Further labor in this direction will probably be fruitless

The toll
of dropping baskets into empty wells."

In conclusion Bro. Tuttle exhorts Spiritualists to "discard educational and religious prejudices." He would not add "another seat to the swarm that have buzzed like bumble bees and June bugs their brief day!" And yet, for no other reason than an honest difference of opinion, he questions the integrity of gentlemen and treats them with undisguised contempt. Our Western critic seems disposed to do the preaching and leave us to practice. He finds it difficult to follow his own counsel. His advice to "discard...religious prejudices" is good, though it does come from a man who—all through his last sermon—is careful to use a small c for Christian and Christianity, while he invariably employs capital initial letters for Mohammedan and Buddhist. Behold, how great are the Heathens! It is just possible that there is, even here, a trace of something like sectarian prejudice, and a digited disposition to belittle the Christian name.

"How can both breed a habit in a man?"
S. B. BRITTON,
Belvidere, Warren Co., N. J., June 19th, 1880.

The Rev. J. M. Worrall says, "A church ought to start out with the idea that it was a church of God, and not a society, or a club. The church should be faithful to its minister. He is the leader of the church, not its servant, or hired man. Wherever the pastor led, the people should be ready to follow,—like sensible sheep and well-trained dogs."

Dr. Babbitt writes us that he has made arrangements to spend the latter half of July and the whole of August at the Surf House, Ocean Beach, N. J., which is about eight miles from Long Branch. A number of patients will go with him and he expects to build them up rapidly by means of magnetism aided by the cool ocean breezes and sometimes by salt water baths.

Capt. H. H. Brown will speak at Cummington, Mass., July 4th, and deliver the oration at that place during the celebration, July 5th. He will speak at Bartonsville, Vt., Sunday July 16th, morning and afternoon, and at Bellows Falls in the evening. Probably at Sutton, N. H., July 11th. He will make week day engagements in this vicinity if desired. Sunday engagements can be made after August 8th. Address, Willimantic, Conn.

Dr. Anne Getchell, en route from Colorado to her home in Boston, spent an hour at the JOURNAL office last Saturday. Dr. Getchell's mediumistic experience has been very marked; her biography would be more entertaining than a novel. In addition to her professional duties, she has done much missionary work, and republished Mr. Arnold's "Origin of All Things," a book that has received much commendation in some quarters and an equal amount of ridicule in others.

A greatly increased interest in Spiritualism has developed at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, within the past year or two, and there is a demand for first class test-mediums and speakers. A lecturer of good ability as a speaker and organizer could, it is claimed, soon establish a fine society. Dr. Hamilton Warren is among the most active and will, we presume, be glad to give correspondents prompt attention. Only a few miles distant Marion, where exists a large element that could be utilized by the right kind of an organizer and made to work with Cedar Rapids.

Dr. D. P. Kayner, of this city, contemplates making a trip to Colorado for a summer tour, and would like to make engagements to lecture along the route. The Doctor was one of the first lecturers in the field in advocacy of the truth of spirit communion, and those who desire to engage an able exponent of the philosophy of life, should communicate with him at once. Until his arrangements are completed he will give his attention to his clairvoyant medical practice as usual. Address him until further notice at room 52, 94 LaSalle st., Chicago.)

Bro. E. V. Wilson remains in a very critical condition. His physician gives but little encouragement that he will ever be able to resume his work. However, let us hope for the best.

A Curious Story.

The New York Sun speaks as follows of one of the unfortunate victims of the Narragansett:

"One of the victims of the Narragansett disaster was a Methodist pastor of this city, the Rev. Mr. Lockwood. It does not appear that he had any special premonition of the fate so soon to overtake him, but it is certainly a queer coincidence that he should have written on the fly-leaf of a copy of Tom Talmie's 'Age of Reason,' which he had with him in his study-room: 'If I go down with this boat to-night, I should be ashamed to have this book found with me, were it not that I read it to refute its doctrines.' The number of preachers who acquaint themselves at first hand with the views of the men against whom they thunder from the pulpit is not so large that any of them can well be spared; the knowledge of the use to which he put his last hours will heighten the regret that the Rev. Mr. Lockwood was not rescued in time."

The Tower of Silence.

An Exchange says:

At Bombay, only a few days ago, the Parsees dedicated a Tower of Silence—one of those horrible structures upon the top of which they expose their dead to be devoured by vultures. These birds come to regard the tower-top as their feeding-ground, and sit around, like architectural monsters, waiting for death to send them their meal of human flesh. The dedicatory exercises in this new tower were mercifully held in secret, and a tablet placed on the tower announces that its use is restricted to "those only who profess the Zoroastrian religion." By immemorial usage, the first body exposed to the Indian sun and the vultures must be that of a young child. Of all methods of disposing of the dead bodies of our kind, that of feeding them to the vultures on a tower of silence which has been consecrated by the priests of Zoroaster, seems the most repulsive and terrible.

Business Notices.

Hon. PAUL BUTTER—Buyers pay the highest price for "salt-edged butter," but want every tub to be of an even, bright color. They recommend their patrons to use only Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Perfect Butter Color, as it is the most reliable known, and will give a perfect color. It received the only award at the International Dairy Fair for "superior purity, strength, perfection of color and permanence."

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1327 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$3 and three cent postage stamp. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular. 21-235

Reader, the price of my book, *The Truths of Spiritualism*, 400 pages of startling facts together with my photo, a fine one, is only two dollars. You need the book and photo. We need the money. Come and help us in our hour of trial. Remit us two dollars, post office order on Chicago, Ill., and we will mail the book and photo at once. Direct to me, box 64, Lombard, DuPage county, Ills. E. V. WILSON.

DOES IT WORK.—The "Sunday Tribune," Rockford, N. Y., says: "No medicine now known purifies the blood so effectually as does that named as Warner's Safe Bitters." 17-19

WOMEN AS LAWYERS.—Though Old Mr. Piggy has long questioned woman's fitness to practice law, and her opinions concerning legal matters, no one has ever questioned her opinion concerning Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For women freely affirm that the Prescription is a positive cure for "drag-dog-down" sensations, and the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to their sex. The Favorite Prescription is sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 14th, 1879.
Dr. R. V. FLINT, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir—I was treated by four different physicians without avail for disease of the liver and uterus. Some time ago I commenced the use of your Favorite Prescription and Discovery, being at the time, confined part of the time to my bed. At first my improvement was slow, but I now find myself well after the use of four bottles of each of the medicines. With many, many thanks. I am, very respectfully, MARY E. GRACE.

SPIRITUALISTS AND REFORMERS west of the Rocky Mountains can be promptly and reliably supplied with their books and papers by addressing their orders simply to "Herman Snow, San Francisco, Cal." Catalogues and circulars mailed postpaid. Also, a table of books and papers, kept by Mrs. Snow, will always be found at the Spiritualist meetings in San Francisco.

Dr. D. P. Kayner, the oldest Medical Doctor now in the field, can be consulted daily for Clairvoyant examinations and prescriptions, from 9 to 11 and 2 to 4, at Room 52, Merchant's Building, N. W. cor. La Salle and Washington Sts., Chicago. Examinations made in person or by a lock of the patient's hair. Magnetic, Electric, Medicinal or Surgical treatment directed and applied as the case demands. See advertisement in another column.

Mrs. D. JOHNSTON, Artist, 712 Astor street, Milwaukee, Wis. Water Color Portraits especially.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS FROM LOCK OF HAIR.—Dr. Butterfield will write you a clear, pointed and correct diagnosis of your disease, its cause, progress, and the prospect of a radical cure. Examines the mind as well as the body. Enclose One Dollar, with name and age. Address E. F. Butterfield, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y. CURES EVERY CASE OF FIBER. 27-18

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, M. D.—Thousands acknowledge Mrs. Morrison's unparalleled success in giving diagnosis by lock of hair, and hundreds have been cured with magnetized remedies prescribed by her Medical Hand.

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Remedies sent by mail to all parts of the United States and Canada.

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WHY A. Y. HILLIER?—Because you have allowed your bowel to become inactive, and liver torpid. Use Kidney Wort to produce a free state of the bowels, and it will stimulate the liver to proper action, cleanses the skin of its yellowness, cures bilious headache, and causes new life in the blood. Druggists have it.

Married.

In Auburn, N. Y., June 2nd, 1880, by Rev. J. H. Marcy, ALFRED GEORGE WALTERS, Professor of music and modern languages, and Mrs. ELIZABETH A. VAN RYZE, all of Auburn.

Mediums' Medical Association of Michigan.

The Second Annual Meeting of the Michigan State Medical Association will be held at Grand Rapids, Aug. 1st to 4th, 1880.

The American News Co., 39 and 41 Chamberlain St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WESTERN NEWS CO., 44 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

DR. J. H. RUGGLES, 44 No. 8th street, Philadelphia Penn.

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ACADEMY DAY, 225 Bagdad Street, Detroit, Mich.

CHARLES HORTON.

Meeting at East Trumbull, Ohio.

There will be a two days' spiritual grove meeting in East Trumbull, Ohio, July 1st and 2nd, 1880. Mrs. H. Morse and others will be the principal speakers. Others are expected. All are cordially invited.

CHARLES HORTON.

Meeting at Mantua, Ohio.

The Spiritualists of the Salmon Valley, Kansas, will hold a two days' meeting at Northern Grove, one mile south of Derby, Ottawa Co., Kansas, commencing Aug. 1st, 1880. The meeting will be opened with a service of the Free Methodist Church, followed by a meeting of the Spiritualists. The speakers will be invited to speak on the subjects of "God and His creation," "the resurrection of the dead," "the soul," "the spirit," "the immortal soul," "the spirit world," "the spirit realm," "the spirit of man," "the spirit of

Voice from the People,
AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS
SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE
HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
And for those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And the spirit that guides me; too;

For the human ties that bind me,
For the book by God assigned me;

For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who's suffered for my sake;

To emulate their glory,

And follow in their wake;

Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,

The noble of all ages,

Whose deeds crown history's pages

And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,

When man shall live by reason,

And not alone for gold—

When man to man united,

And every wrong thing righted,

The whole world shall be lighted

As the old was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,

To feel there is a union
Twixt Nature's heart and mine;

To profit by affliction,

Reap truth from conviction,

Reful each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;

For the heaven that smiles above me,
And the spirit that guides me; too;

For the cause that lacks assistance,

For the wrong that need resistance,

For the future in the distance,

And the good that I can do.

Will any reader inform us who is the author of the above poem? A correspondent says he first heard it recited thirty years ago as the climax of an eloquent sermon by Dr. E. H. Chapin of New York, but not in a manner to indicate its authorship.

Remarkable Cures.

A writer in the Catholic Mirror says:

"That the mysterious and supernatural are linked up with the cruciform little church at Knock, Ireland, admits no doubt whatever, if one is to be guided by what he actually sees here almost every day, viz., the blind restored to sight, the lame enabled to walk, and a multitude of like miracles. But any attempt at description, from a religious point of view, cannot adequately convey a just idea of what manner of place this is, unless a writer for yourself the miraculous intervention of Providence.

"One case lately cured there is particularly worthy of note. Miss Sheehan, a young lady religiously inclined, visited the church to and relief from a serious affliction. For the past thirteen years she had been deprived the use of one of her legs, which was so contracted that she could scarcely touch the ground with her foot and was obliged, in consequence, to carry a crutch; but lo! an odd day she so far recovered that she treated the whole sole of her foot on the ground, and with such perfect ease that she walked about with only the aid of crutch, leaving her crutch behind on the gables of the church as a symbol of her cure."

"Another cure, that of a young man, a cripple who was compelled to use two crutches demonstrates that they really exist—a wonderful healing potency within this little church, in reference to his case a writer in the *Post* says:

Letter from Dumont C. Drake, M. D.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"We have 'had tidings of great joy' for our many loyal hearted readers and all the medium brayers in the land—glorious and heart cheering news! Just think of it! Beyond all peradventure there is to be a Chair of Therapeutic Magnetism and Psychology established in the United States Medical College of New York City; and the right man (in the right place) has been appointed by the faculty and trustees of this college to fill this highly important and very responsible position, and no less a distinguished stranger than the eminent writer and scholarly gentleman, Prof. Alexander Wilder, who is every way competent to fill this Chair. Let us, dear readers, congratulate each other, and turn this into a ratification meeting and give a hearty prolonged cheer—three times three, with a 'liger' for this new departure, this glorious achievement and advancement in the healing art! This is one of the most marked and unpreserved departures in the history of medicine. There are many winding stairways opening up into the Great Temple of the Healing Art, and this college is the very first in America. If not in the world, that has been forsaking and wise enough to open this long neglected and doubly locked door to the thousands of magnetic physicians, medium and natural healers, many of whom having their credentiahs from High Heaven and Mother Nature, work wonders, startling and astounding cures by the laying-on of hands. This noble band of workers can now have protection, also an education and emancipation, without being totally demoralized, disgusted and stunted in their advancement and searchings after the truth, by having to cram their minds with false and pernicious doctrines, Latin and Greek technicalities and stupid nonsense—wrapping the last named article nonsense, around with pomp and darkness! It seems profound.

"Then let us thank heaven for this new departure, for now all those who believe, as did Dr. Channing, that Culture is a guardian angel, can, if they so choose, have a favorable opportunity to embellish their natural and divine gifts by proper discipline and study, which is as highly essential for healthy normal growth and development with perpetual spiritual unfoldment.

"The scholarly healer starting from the solid torso, soma, anatomy and physiology, carries his knowledge outward into biology, psychology and psychometry. Here he enters into the sphere of causation; physical science resurrected becomes a savior. The process of induction in this higher realm gives the anatomy of a nerve and lays down with an authoritative (because demonstrable) voice the laws which govern the distribution and redistribution of the nervous forces of our organic being. Understanding these important data, the operator can direct his power as scientifically as the navigator sails the seas. This, then, is the sacred unity; enlightening scientific data as a lamp to guide the potential curative waves of magnetic life.

"May we not with pride consistently and concordantly co-ordinate ourselves as reformers, Spiritualists and mediums, on the rapid strides that science is making in all departments of life—a harbinger of peace on earth and good will to man. This grand lesson or sermon is written everywhere, from the sands washed by the sea to the mountain top kissed by the fog bank of heaven. By this we are incited and encouraged to make new efforts—we can well afford to labor and to toil.

"Before closing this letter I wish to call the particular attention of all liberal minds, and especially Spiritualists and mediums, to the fact that the First Harmonial Society of New York took up this matter of the urgent necessity of having a Chair of Therapeutic Magnetism and Psychology, and had a meeting, and appointed a committee to wait upon the faculty and trustees of the United States College, and place this important subject before this board; therefore, we are under everlasting obligations to this society, and I wish publicly to express my heartfelt thanks as a humble worker and medium to each member of this society, and especially to its worthy and honored president, Andrew Jackson Davis, who was the master spirit and mover in this great and good brother.

Brooklyn Heights, N. Y.

Schoolcraft Meeting.

The second annual meeting of the Michigan Mutual Benefit Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists convened in the beautiful Island Grove at Schoolcraft, Mich., June 13th, at 11 A. M. A heavy thunder shower in the morning prevented many from attending. However some eight hundred people from the surrounding country came with loaded baskets and eager faces, bespeaking the general sentiment that at this time is permeating the grand field of spiritual and liberal thought, and bringing with them the assurance, that though "Nature's artillery" had somewhat interfered with the arrangements nothing could deter those noble men and women from listening to the rich spiritual and intellectual feast that had been prepared for them. The meeting was called to order by that noble champion of free thought, Mr. L. B. Bordick. Mrs. Ollie C. Denlow gave a cordial greeting to all by singing a fine inspirational song entitled "Good Morning, Friends," after which Mr. J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw, was introduced, who gave a brief but interesting address. He began by stating the objects of the meeting and further said that as Spiritualists and Liberalists, we ask and demand the inalienable right to think for ourselves, without the consent of the priesthood, showing in a clear and forcible manner, that though Christians may endeavor to blockade the wheels of progress as much as they please, the light of science has illuminated the minds of men and women until we need not fear the threats of the ecclesiastic. The moral cowards of to-day are the only blocks in the way of the advancement of the best growth and highest possibilities to be obtained by us as men and women. The morning session closed with a song by Mrs. Denlow. Tables were then spread, and judging from the smiling faces and happy voices that greeted us on every side, we think we are safe in saying that all felt that it "was good to be there." Mrs. K. Shepard, the founder of the M. M. B. A., was the first speaker of the afternoon, who entertained and interested the large audience for over an hour with one of her richest inspirational discourses. The subjects were given by the audience: "What is Hell," and "Man-made Religion." As usual with Mrs. Shepard her discourse was replete with golden thoughts from the upper spheres, circumscribing in a clear and masterly manner the truth of our spiritual philosophy based upon scientific facts. Mrs. B. was followed by Mr. Hornbeam, who gave one of his most eloquent and spirited addresses. Subject, "The Influence of Food and Climate on the Religiousness of the Day." Mrs. Shepard closed the exercises of the day with a beautiful impromptu poem, improvised from the following subject given by the audience, "Tell us the Truth."

The speeches of the afternoon were interspersed and enlivened with choice songs by Mrs. Denlow. The meeting adjourned at five p.m., having proved a success in every way, despite the clouds of the morning.

Mrs. Isa A. McLain,
Secretary of M. M. B. A. of S. and L.
Paw Paw, Mich.

Letter from Dr. G. Bleede.

To the Editor Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"I cannot help congratulating you upon your two happy editorials in No. 14 of the JOURNAL, Dr. Buchanan's "Faith," and Mrs. Richmond's "Thomas Paine." They are in your best vein, conveying persuasion, and provoking mirth at the same time. I hope and wish sincerely you will go on in the same way to confound that confounded humbug and bigfalsum on the pulpit and "rostrum" and in the "caboose." Faith not founded on fact is a pinchbeck Molon of fact, say, such Thomas Paine as Mrs. B.'s, if the product of any "inspiration," the promptings of Diakka spirito.

The letter of Mr. H. Tutis, too, is excellent. I would say, beware of Christian Spiritualists as of Brahmin, Buddhist, Mohammedan, Catholic, Protestant or Mormon priests. Their tendencies, even if honest, & c. n. are in the same direction, that of stifling the liberty of individual reason with the manacles of dogma. Let our "organization" be the bond of internal truth based on external test-proof fact."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Spiritual Fraternity.

The announcement that W. E. Fales, Esq., would speak upon "Spiritism" attracted a large audience. Mr. Fales is one of the rising young lawyers in the city, is a man of ability and considerable social and political influence, and that such men are giving thought to the general subject, is encouraging. Mr. Fales is a pleasant, easy speaker, and his address was read in forcible manner. He gave a fair statement of the numbers claimed to be believers in the modern phenomena, and gave illustrations to show that our sources were not reliable, and the argument was that we could not always trust to them. He related instances of the exposure of professional mediums and tricksters, and claimed that nine-tenths of such exhibitions were frauds. He also claimed that much of the phenomena could be explained by natural causes; but admitted that there were many well attested facts that could not be explained away and that his conclusions were that Spiritualism was a blessing, and recommended a careful study of the phenomena.

As a lecture coming from one who is not a Spiritualist, while we could not agree with him fully, some of his criticisms were timely and needed. He was listened to with good attention to the close, and a vote of thanks was passed, and a copy requested for publication.

Prof. Henry Kiddie was the next speaker, who said:

"I would prefer not to have said anything. When the lecturer states that nine-tenths of the professional mediums are frauds and impostors, I do not think the facts will warrant his conclusions, and certainly the thousands of private mediums in the sacredness of the home circle, are not frauds or self-deluded, and his conclusions are one-sided and he has no facts to warrant his statements. Johnson's Cyclopaedia gives the number of Spiritualists in this country alone as 7,000,000; he may be greater than the truth will warrant, but still there are a large number who have accepted the philosophy, and witnessed and become convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena; and such sweeping statements are misleading and have a tendency to injure the cause.

"In his ranks are found many of the best men and women in the country. It is nothing new to be told that we are deluded, but sweeping assertions do not do away with one single well attested fact." The speaker has referred to paranoid moulds of the hand, and has alluded to the exposure of Mrs. Mary Hardy. Admit, if you please, that in some instances genuine mediums have been detected in imposture. She has undertaken to speak all that may differ with us in religious opinions; if to reveal all that may differ with us in religious opinions; if to give reformers, against whom its pretensions are aimed, the freedom of our platform; if to expose all that are bad and barred, the freedom of our platform to plead for the down-trodden and oppressed; if to grant what churches generally refuse, an opportunity for women to vindicate the just claims of our wives, daughters and mothers to equality with man before the law, and their self-entitled right to the ballot withheld from them by so-called republicans governments; if to do all these and many other things of like nature, make a society an infidel association, then this Free Congregational Society of Florence is an infidel organization.

No man should be afraid of criticism unless he is in league with error. Criticism is like the broad, wide, oak road of the investigator, it brings every honest soul to his bow, and keeps him ready for a battle with the powers of darkness. It is also the instrument that pricks all manner of windbag, noisy things that bounce around in the way of solid progress. What would politics or religion become but for the power of criticism? It is the handmaid of truth—the sword of the Spirit—the Scourge of the world. Let us have more, instead of less, of honest criticism in the development of true natural religion—a true Harmonial Philosophy. A true spiritual Christianity, such as David, Buchanan and Bundy are trying to represent and to set before this creed distracted world of ours. I love criticism, I love the truth and let the baulks of fame go to the wind.

The Bible and the church say, "Believe or be damned," but the Harmonial Philosophy says, "Seek the truth and be blessed." Pray, which precept is most becoming to religious reformers?

Is there any doubt? One who men seek happiness in the honest pursuit of the truth and let the baubles of fame go to the wind.

No man should be afraid of criticism unless he is

in league with error. Criticism is like the broad,

wide, oak road of the investigator, it brings every

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a battle with the powers of darkness. It is also

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sent and to set before this creed distracted world

of ours. I love criticism, I love the truth and let

the baulks of fame go to the wind.

"Old mother Hubbard
West to the cupboard."

Such are apt to call critics "envious busy-bodies,"

"mischievous meddlers with other people's busi-

ness," "perverted minds," "unworthy a candid

consideration," etc. It is not strange that they

are in split and wolded disposition."

There is another class of critics I have no fel-

lowship for; those abit over loving ones, who plas-

ter the wound; that they ought to lauce, so that

lookers-on can see "the bloody matter";—then

the patient and his sympathizers will in due time

all get well and be sound. What frail creatures

we mortals are and yet how we sometimes swell. How self-love does blind us to our infirmities, and but for criticism, what prodiges we should be

come to in our own estimation, and need I say it?

But I am glad I live in this testing, trying, re-

formatory age where genuine criticism takes the

place of church authority and kingship dictation, and

I am obliged to keep within the bounds of reason,

or go upon the rack of private or public criticism,

and suffer there unless I am so in love with the

truth that I glory in having my wrongs righted,

my theories perfected, my deformities amputated,

my wounds healed, my leprosy cleansed, my life adored with the harmony of divine usefulness,

and my countenance beautified with a charitable

whole-souled inwardness! That's what criticism will do for us if we only heed its lessons.

Home! Home! How sweet living!

The following topics have been handled by our

speakers: "Mohammed and his Religion;" "Gos-

pel according to Gospal;" "The Commands of

Jesus not kept by Professing Christians;" "The

Chinese Question;" "Temperance;" "Laughing

THE BIRTHDAY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

An Item for the Bible of the Future.

BY EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

If history repeats itself, and we are to judge of our future "Scriptures," by the methods of collection observed in the past, then all that concerns the welfare and progress of the "New Dispensation" will inevitably become incorporated into the Bibles, Testaments, and religious archives of the future. Whilst these possibilities should make us most guarded in our written talk, and chary of sending down to posterity aught that as spirits we shall mourn over, and would fain blot out, if tears of penitence could avail to efface the imperishable—the other side of the picture promises us that nothing good, however seemingly trifling, and disregarded in the present, can ever be lost. Posterity pronounces distinguished verdicts on all that is presented at its judgment seat.

The unpruned libeller of to-day, will be branded with the infamy he merits tomorrow, and the humble toilers whom an ungrateful world now disregards, will stand in the saint's niche of future history. Warned on the one hand, and cheered on the other, by the inevitable certainty that both here and hereafter justice will surely be done at last, we may well afford to drop the pen which we dip in the ink of gall and bitterness, and speed it on cheerily under the propulsio of good intention and kind endeavor.

In such a spirit am I moved to send down to the judgment seats of the future a certain memento concerning—

MR. JAMES LAWRENCE, of Cleveland, Ohio, a noble octogenarian, on whose venerable head the snows of 88 winters have left their silvery impress.

In the sweetest piece of writing I have ever read from the pen of Hudson Tuttle, namely his preface to a book entitled "Angel Voices," a series of communications purporting to emanate from spirits through Mr. Lawrence's mediumship, a most touching and interesting description is given of the esteemed scribe and few who, read Mr. Tuttle's initiatory words would fail to carry with them through the ensuing pages, a profound sense of respect for the integrity of purpose and exaltation of sentiment, which stamps the entire volume. The special point, however, to which I desire to call attention, is the claim made by Mr. Tuttle, both in the preface above alluded to, and another publication of his, "The Year Book of Spiritualism for 1870," to the effect, that Mr. James Lawrence was the first to suggest the idea of instituting an annual and world-wide celebration of the 31st day of March, as the birthday of modern Spiritualism. The circumstances under which the evening of this day in the year 1848 became so truly memorable, are too familiar to every student of Spiritual literature, to need reiteration here. In the year 1858, after only a few months residence in America, I enjoyed the privilege of being an invited guest at the house of Mrs. Calvin Brown (nee Leah Fox), of Rochester celebrity, now Mrs. Underhill of New York city. The occasion I refer to, was the 10th anniversary of the famous 31st of March, 10th day and year after the first genuine and orderly spirit rapping circle had been held on earth. I am quite aware that this assertion will call a perfect array of word splitters to the front, all bent upon proving that the 31st of March, 1848, was not the night of the first earthly spirit-rapping circle; that this, that, or ten thousand other occasions ought to be thus regarded, and that the present writer makes the above allegation either in ignorance or prejudice. No matter; I repeat the assertion, and the more closely the objectors will study all preceding attempts on record to telegraph intelligently and consecutively, from the spiritual to the natural world by audible sounds applied alphabetically to letters, words, and sentences, the more clear will become the evidence that David Fox did on the night of the 31st of March, 1848, prove for the first time on earth, that spirits could see, hear, answer intelligently, and through spiritual rappings, telegraph any amount of information alphabetically, to the inhabitants of earth.

The method of alphabetical communication being nightly used by the company assembled at Hydesville on the occasion referred to, was strangely enough disused in subsequent communications for several weeks. It was again suggested by Mr. Isaac Post of Rochester, and being found more available for direct and independent spirit communication than the unsatisfactory processes of human questioning, it has since become one of the most approved means of receiving ungarbled messages from the Spirit-world, through the rappings. And it was this great and notable discovery of direct spirit-telegraphy, occurring some ten years previous, which formed the subject of an anniversary celebration, March 31st, 1858, at the house of Mrs. Leah Fox Brown, of New York, in presence of herself and her sisters Kate and Margarette, through whose mediumship the wonderful telegraphic signals were first sounded. Amongst many other distinguished guests with whose claims to celebrity I was not then familiar, recall with deep interest and pleasure the names of Judge Edmonds, Gov. Tallmadge, Horace H. Day, Prof. Mapes, Horace Greeley and Mr. Raymond of the New York Times; all good soldiers of the then unpopular faith now transfigured warriors in the shining armies of the glorious land, where "their works do follow them." Among the now arisen ones of that weird and wonderful gathering, was Dr. Robt. Hallcock, who, as the orator of the evening, thrilled every heart by his glowing narrative of the opening scenes of the 2d drama, the private woes and public persecutions of the poor medium; the blanching of the venerable mother's head in a single week under the fearful pressure of tribulation from the invisible world within her possessed dwelling, and the cruel wrongs heaped upon her family by the world of ignorance and bigotry within.

The white haired mother sat and smiled at the record whilst my own silver haired mother clasped her hand, and dropped tears of sympathy at the stirring tale. It was good to be there; good to hear, weep, smile, sympathize, and rejoice in a narrative, the like of which had never been dreamed of, much less acted out in our generation, when one after another of the distinguished guests present had contributed their words of greeting and comment, and the inviolate circle of intelligent rappers, in every conceivable tone, from tremendous pounding, to the tiniest tapping, at times shaking the iron old Rochester table around which we were gathered, till its heavy timbers threatened to yield beneath the blows, and anon cracking, sawing and imitating all sorts of mechanical performances, with startling fidelity, when these strange and striking ad-

companiments to the various utterances had been carried far into the night. Judge Edmonds arose, and in his calm, deliberative style, and deep commanding intonation of voice, declared his opinion that the gathering assembled there that night was only the nucleus of one which should ultimately include all nations of mankind, the foreshadowing of those universal rejoicings in which every people of the earth should yet turn to Rochester, New York, as the Mecca of their faith, and celebrate the 31st day of March as the birthday of the religion of humanity.

I am not aware that there was any extended public record made of this famous gathering. I believe a proposition to that effect was mooted by Oliver Johnson, and I am under the impression that Horace Greeley through the columns of the New York Tribune, made some mention of the facts in question, but I am quite confident that no public celebration of this famous epoch in human history succeeded the scene above alluded to, for several years. I think then we are entirely justified in attributing the originality of the suggestion, from which our now world-wide custom of honoring the 31st of March arose, to Mr. James Lawrence, a name which in this connection along, independent of his public service to the cause in this city, and his private worth, deserves honorable recognition from every friend of Spiritualism. Availing myself of my present privilege of frequent friendly intercourse with Mr. Lawrence, in whose house I used to be a guest, also drawing an authentic record of the matter from the Year Book of Spiritualism, 1870, I am enabled to show how the suggestion for a national as well as universal celebration connects itself with Mr. Lawrence as its author. In response to a letter from the publishers of the above named work, addressed to Mr. Lawrence, that gentleman writes:—

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 2d, 1870.
Mr. FRIEND TUTTLE AND FRIEND:—Yours of the 20th of April was duly received. The suggestion for a public celebration, commemorative of the advent of modern Spiritualism through the rappings at Hydesville, emanated from myself. The particulars in brief are these. On the 13th of November, 1848, I was using the spirit dial known as Prof. Harpe's dial. I received a communication of which I had no previous thought, consequently it could not be deemed a delusion or of my own, and hence must be recognized as an emanation from those who are free from earthly encumbrances.

At the National Convention (of Spiritualists) the following year (1849) by the advice of my spirit friends and my own convictions, I brought it before the delegates as a resolution, which was accepted, not as mine, but under angel guidance as coming from the higher power, to keep alive the gratitude of those who can accept and comprehend the glorious boon—the assurance of immortality—furnished by Spiritualism. To that God whose ways are inscrutable and beyond the ken of mortal mind, would I express my gratitude for having made the humble instrument through angel promptings, to impart the thought that millions now existing, and millions yet unborn, may hail with gratitude unbounded, the opportunity to celebrate an event more glorious in its character than mortal eyes have ever witnessed.

Your friend and brother,
James Lawrence.
The resolution to which Mr. Lawrence refers in his letter was as follows:

"Whereas Spiritualism has become a power in the land, and may be deemed the great growing religious idea of the country; and, Whereas, it is well to revert to the time of small beginnings, and hold in remembrance the first pioneers in this Spiritual movement; therefore,

Resolved, That this Convention recommend to all State Conventions and local societies, to make the time of the appearance of the Rochester rappings an anniversary day, the services of that day to be conducted in each locality as may be deemed most practical."

It would seem that Mr. Lawrence responded to this resolution by reading the communication he had received through his dial. Knowing how thoroughly the public are satisfied with communications from personal friends addressed to individuals only, therefore not adapted to the wants or tastes of communities, we should not presume to offer this special piece of spirit writing, did it not contain sweet and true words which all readers can profitably appropriate to themselves. Mr. Lawrence's spirit friend says: "Some acknowledgment should be made for this most glorious change, the advent of which has never yet been celebrated as a matter of public rejoicing by the assembled multitudes of Spiritualists throughout the land. Shall all the minor circumstances of earth-life have their day of commemoration, and this glorious, new and holy dispensation be neglected? It is time some such tribute should be paid to those who have thus presented to the world a means of emancipation from error such as will meet the requirements of all—a day of universal jubilee to be observed through all coming time."

I need hardly remind my readers that to this well timed suggestion of Mr. Lawrence and his spirit friends, the world has acted out, as well as said "Amen!" during the twelve years which succeeded the enunciation of the idea. Reader/honor where honor is due. Under what or name or style the great new dispensation of Spiritualism may hereafter be perpetuated, the memory of its origin, even for the simplicity of its methods, and the wholly supermundane power of its growth, and propagandism, can never be disengaged from its first telegraphic display in the little spirit-house at Hydesville, on the 31st of March, 1848. Associated with all that is memorable in its worldwide diffusion, let us engrave the name, of good Mr. Lawrence. Let us show that we can take as much pride and interest in the good work our veteran Spiritualists have done as we can rush like hungry vultures to the task of wounding, tearing, and destroying each other's characters. Frauds, cheats, and swindlers in spiritual coin, ARE NOT SPIRITUALISTS AT ALL, and we shall never know what Spiritualism is until we drum all base pretenders out of our ranks; but for those who truly serve and honor the cause according to their best light, I am more than indignant. I am shocked and disgusted to see how Spiritualists employ their pens and tongues in plucking Spiritualists' eyes out, and persecuting and reviling each other for trifling differences of opinion. Good morals constitute the very essence of religion. Spiritualism is no religion without good morals as the corner stone of its theory and practice. Good manners, however, belong only to the order of society, and may not necessarily be deemed an obligatory part of religion.

To my mind it is otherwise. The rude tongue and virulent pen, which, under the guise of sturdy truth, delights in galling, wounding, and slandering others, commits a wrong as cruel, deep, and malignant, as the murderer who slays the body, or the thief who steals the purse. If Spiritualists would be as earnest to find out all the good their fellow workers have done, as they are to persecute and revile each other for differences of opinion, we might indeed be preparing a noble record for the future, planting a garden from which all unspiritual weeds are uprooted, and in which every

blossom, however many-hued and variously shaped, combined to illustrate the glory of creation, and the many-sided characteristics of human brotherhood. When we understand the true genius of the event we celebrate on the 31st of every returning March, and put our knowledge into practical bearing, by tongue, pen, and life, we shall find Spiritualism leading us forward into a Paradise regnated, the guardian angels of which are Love, Wisdom and Power.

Cleveland, Ohio, June 1880.

THE INDEPENDENT VOICE.

Given Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Clara A. Robinson, No. 2838 Michigan Avenue.

How strange that when spirits return to earth, the conditions surrounding them at the time they passed away, should again annoy them. I cough so I hardly speak (the cough was plainly heard). I died of consumption in Geneva Lake, Wis.; but the disease was left with the old body and has not troubled me till to-day when I return. I have no wish to remain here. My guides tell me the next time I return I shall not suffer so. My name is Albert Audney.

"If a man die shall he live again?" I answer. Yes! I passed away from your rival city, St. Louis. My name is Hiram Keach. A daughter of mine married Joseph Brown, who was once Mayor of St. Louis. The change of worlds for me is a happy one. The world I am in is quite as natural a one as the one you are in, but in every respect a better one. I wish not to return.

I died in Kenosha more than three years ago. My disease was consumption. My four sisters were ready to welcome me when I entered the other life. I have more friends in that life than in the one you are in. I wish I had known before I left the earth, that this was true about the return of spirits. I used to think it was all humbug. I am the only one of the family who can use this medium's organism. My name is Sarah Calvy. My father's name is Peter.

Tell my dear son, Dumont, that his mother, Harriet Cody Dake, still lives, and loves him; that his father and myself do all we can for him and Della.

Will thou say that Dr. Hill, of Minneapolis, comes to report, and send greeting to the old friends he left behind him. I exchanged worlds almost five years ago, and verily it was a good exchange for me. There is no paralysis here.

My name is W. G. Brownlow. They used to call me Parson. I was a great friend to the colored people. I passed away several years since in Knoxville. I send my love to my family, also to my friends Temple, Hull, Ross and many others. I cannot find voice to name more. Tell them I have seen Nelson Johnson, and hosts of others whom I can dead—all alive, every one—there is no death.

Death of N. B. Starr, the Spirit Artist.

It becomes my duty to announce to you and the many readers of the JOURNAL, the death of Bro. N. B. Starr, of Port Huron, Mich., who passed to spirit-life on the morning of June 18th. You, having met him quite recently, will not be surprised to hear of this. For a long time he has appeared nearer the spiritual than the earthly kingdom, and those looking upon him have felt that he was very near akin to the angels. His earthly work is done. His spirit, refined and purified, seemed to be only waiting, and at last it has felt the subtle torch of the Life Angel, unlocking for him her hidden mysteries, and leading his soul by the gateway of the new birth into the life immortal.

Entering his studio, all is silent; brushes, paints, bits of glass, pallet boards (paints still upon them), and unfinished pictures lying all about the room, seem waiting for the touch of the master hand, who tired of his task, had left it but to rest awhile. This was his sanctum; here the angels met him, the medium and artist, sending forth many beautiful, soul-cheering sermons on canvas, symbolic paintings, scenes in the spirit-land, familiar faces all beaming upon the canvas, are left as bright mementoes, and wherever they are, will do a silent work for good.

Upon the easel still stands a small picture painted for J. V. Mansfield, of New York, and must, I think, be greatly prized by him in the future as that upon which he spent his last hours of earthly toll.

Five of Mr. Starr's children had already entered the Gates of Life, and only one, a son, remains. His devoted wife, with whom he had walked for more than fifty years, is waiting until she, too, shall bear the welcome words, "Come home!"

Seventy-six years and the shuttle ceases to fly and the golden threads of the web of life are gathered up to be carried out into the loom of the life eternal! We were called upon to attend the funeral services, and the "spirits" through our instrumentality gave an address, closing with a poem which several of the friends recognized as coming from him who was as an invisible spiritual presence still with us.

MRA. R. SHEPPARD.

Port Huron, Mich.

Hausford's ACID PHOSPHATE counteracts the immediate ill consequences of the use of tobacco.

MONS. BRANT IN PAINTER'S INK.—The "Union" Upper Sandusky, Ohio, tells its readers: "While on the subject of large payments, we here add that H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., have appropriated for expenditure for the present year, \$500,000 in advertising their Warner Safe Kidney and Liver Cure and other of Warner's Safe Remedies." 17-18

FREE TO MOTHERS. A pamphlet by Dr. F. C. Ladd, giving advice on the feeding and rearing of infants and children. Address P. O. Box 227, Racine, Wis. 19-18-19.



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300 Copies, Biographical Sketches of Prominent Spiritualists: Illustrated and containing carefully prepared sketches of Samuel Watson, D. D., Prof. Robert Harpe, Hudson Tuttle, Giles B. Stebbins, Mrs. Francis Green McDonald, James G. Clarke, Rev. John Pierpon, Dr. J. M. Peebles, W. C. Coleman and Prof. J. H. Buchanan. The pamphlet is a large double column octavo; list price 25 cents. The lot now offered is perfectly fresh and as good as when first published and are offered to close out the first large edition, at the nominal price of 15 cents each.

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5 Copies, Biography of A. B. Whiting, Compiled by his sister, R. Augusta Whiting, with an Introduction by Dr. Pease; 18 mo. cloth, 100 pages

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Biographical Sketch of M. C. Vandercook.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Mr. Vandercook had endeared himself to a wide circle of friends, who were drawn to him by sympathy for his great affliction, or won by the sweetness and unselfish spirituality of his nature. The communion of spirits was beautifully reflected by him in the grace of a well ordered life, and his mediumship became a means of growth. He was born at Nicholaville, Cass Co., Michigan, Christmas Day, 1852, the paternal residence standing on the banks of the lovely Bunker Lake. His parents were from New York State; his father was of Holland descent, his mother French and Scotch. They were members of the Methodist church; his father still remaining, but his mother was among the first to enlist under the banner of free thought, and for years has been an ardent Spiritualist.

While he was still an infant, his parents removed to Ann Arbor, Mich., where he received a primary education, and when he was twelve years of age they removed to a farm in Cass County, near his birth place, where he continued his education in the district school. At fifteen years of age he again removed to Kalamazoo, and entered into the service of a large peddling establishment. At first he was set to sorting beans, then to drive a tin-wagon, next became assistant foreman, and in less than a year was installed bookkeeper and foreman.

At sixteen years of age he first became conscious of his mediumistic faculty. He knew nothing about Spiritualism, but was controlled to play the concertina, and by decided Indian influences. Against his own will he rapidly developed in his sensitiveness and in the face of the scorn and contempt cast upon him and the cause he advocated, the boy of seventeen years, so bashful he would never speak his piece at school, was placed upon the rostrum as a lecturer. It is said that during this development a wonderful change took place in his physical being. His long straight hair became beautifully curled and dark, and his features changed to a finer mould.

After a few months he became weary of the conflict. He was young, and it did not seem to him that he was making his way in the world as he ought. He determined to take his old place in the business he had left. This his spirit friends opposed, and told him if he did, in one day he would have an entirely different appearance. He, however, was determined, and accepted the place offered, to find the prophecy most cruelly true. After a day's work in the establishment his admired black ringlets were no more; his hair was straight and lifeless; his bright eyes were pale, and his countenance drearily sad.

After a few days he was seized while at work by an Indian spirit, rushed home through the city, giving a war-whoop at every step. He was told that he must lecture, and relinquishing his hopes of worldly preferment and gain, for three years he obeyed, until his health failing he returned to his parents at Allegan, Mich.

For four years he suffered from a white swelling which at last necessitated amputation of his left limb. During these years he suffered excruciating pain, which he bore with the patience of a martyr. During that time he wrote nearly all his songs and musical compositions. The influence never left him, but after sleepless nights of agony, when too weak to raise his head from the pillow, he would be inspired and sing his morning song.

Three days after the amputation of his limb, the suffering boy, whose ambitions might have seen in the event the overthrow of all the castles built by his fervent imagination, wrote the following lines which soon passed from his aching heart:

Only a cripple! a poor, helpless cripple,
Only a burden, else! blighted forever,
That once gave a promise of blossoming fair.

Gay in life's morning with hopeful ambition,
Smiled the fair future to golden and bright,
Till the cold clouds of sorrow deepened and dark-
ened,
And changed the glad day to the sadness of night.

Only a cripple! a sad, hopeless cripple,

Only a human wreck shattered and torn,
Only a faded bark dashed on the breakers.

In the weird communion of life's fearful storm,
Dreams, golden dreams, forever have vanished,

Bright joys have faded forever away,

The dark, boding future holds out no enchantment,

To cheer or to brighten the cripple's sad way.

Only a cripple! unfortunate cripple,

Only a human soul doomed to despair,

Barred of its future so promising fair.

Long years may pass away slowly and sadly,

Bright days of youth will never come again,

Only a cripple! Alas! crippled forever,

Lost in life's usefulness, all in vain.

Only a cripple! a heart-broken cripple,

Only a cripple! ah! where rests the blame?

Where is the hand that promised assurance?

It now bears the brand of dishonor and shame.

Courage was fed on vain words of deception,

Hopes were kept high on promises bright,

Till the storm of affliction burst forth to its fury,

And changed the glad day to the sadness of night.

Only a cripple! unfortunate cripple,

Hope like an angel bright cometh at last,

Ah! we shall reap our just recompence

When the dark shadows of Earth's life are past.

Rise, oh! freed soul, from thy sorrows victorious,

Oward forever, unfettered by care,

Never again will the hand of affliction,

Weave round thy heart the dark web of despair.

Contrary to expectations he partially recovered, and in a few months began traveling with H. H. Brown, and also with Mrs. H. S. Morse, as a vocalist, singing his own compositions, before large and appreciative audiences.

In December, 1877, in company with H. H. Brown, he began a Southern tour, visiting all the large cities of the South to New Orleans and thence by way of Chicago to his home. After a short stay they went East under engagement of the Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting. Here his success was flattering, and they visited the New England towns as far north as St. Johnsbury, Vt. During the winter months they were engaged by the Brooklyn Society and in Massachussetts.

Mr. Vandercook returned home in April, and filled engagements in Michigan, and during the summer joined Mr. Flaherty in Indiana, his songs pleasing every one. During this time he was prolific in composition, writing some of his best songs. These were of a melancholy cast, but about August the influence changed and for some time he wrote nothing but Irish, Dutch and negro melodies. As a specimen of the former style of composition we give his sad poem on

DECEMBER.

I was born in December,
Sad cheerless December,
When the birds of Summer had fled,
Add the flowers that once were in bloom.
Were dead. Also frozen and dead.
And, ah! thou December!
Thou cheerless December,
With thy cold icy fingers I shrow,
Of hopes but to fade,
A garland ye made,
And decked with its sorrowing bough.

It was stormy December,
Cold, dreary December,
And winter with frost laden breath,
Enshrouded the Earth with glistening snow,
Like death, a white mantle of death.
And, oh! thou December!
Thou dreary December,
With thy pitiless hand of despair,
When life grows dark,
My path did ye mark,
Through years of misfortune and care.

Our lives are December,

A weary December,

The longings that cheer us to-day,

Neath the merciless blasts of years that he,

They fade, alas! wither away.

And thou, oh! December!

Thou gloomy December,

Has frozen the woodard and maize,

The springtime will come,

The flowers will bloom,

And our longings will blossom again.

Sometime, oh, December!

Thou art circled December,

Sometimes thy cold fetters will break,

And fell from her slumber, the frozen world

Will wake; to summer-time awake.

And tis, oh, December!

Though we sleep beneath the cumbersome sod,

Is a world yet to be,

Our bright spirits free,

Will bloom in the gardens of God.

Of the many popular songs he wrote, the following is a pleasing selection:

IRENE AROON.—(A Song.)

Irene Aroon, the ocean's blue water.

Murmurs a song as it kisses the lea.

Zephyr of summer in low gentle whispers,

Seem to bring tidings, my dear ones, of thee,

How much I yearn, oh! thy sweet little promise.

You may not know, oh! my own precious boon,

But only be faithful, my love, while I'm absent,

And I'll be true to thee, Irene Aroon.

Chorus.

Irene Aroon, now the ocean's blue water

Murmurs a song as it kisses the shore;

Zephyr of summer, my love, seems to whisper,

Irene Aroon, I am thine evermore.

Irene Aroon, away through the distance

I catch thy blue eyes beaming love on me now,

And, oh! in my dreaming I'm longing to bless

thee;

Lighten the gloom that overshadows thy brow.

Don't be downhearted, my own little Queen,

For I will surely come back to thee soon—

When fortune smiles with its light on my pathway,

I will return to thee, Irene Aroon.

Irene Aroon! a poor, helpless cripple,

Only a burden, else! blighted forever,

That once gave a promise of blossoming fair.

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

SHATTERED BY THE

POWER OF

THE SPIRITUAL PHENOMENON

IN THE

ARTS & SCIENCES, LITERATURE

AND

PHILOSOPHY

OF

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

BY

JOHN C. BUNDY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CHICAGO, JULY 10, 1880.

125 CENTS.

Sideros and Its People as Independently Described by Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

(CONTINUED.)

PALINIVILLE METEORITE.

I now resolved to have a portion of the Paliniville meteorite examined, which was accordingly done, and I feel quite sure that he had no idea of its meteoric character; the specimen was but a small fragment. Between the times that these examinations were taking place the psychometer was examining for me various geological and archaeological specimens.

"I am in a rough, mountainous country—low mountains. I do not see any vegetation. There are hills all around, and small valleys. It is very gloomy here; I do not like it. I see no signs of life; it must have been when the earth first cooled, though. I do not get that impression. It makes me think of that country that I saw with the meteoric iron. It must be two or three hundred miles to water. It seems different from every place I have been in before."

"I think this is a meteoric specimen. I can go to an ocean. I get the impression of a globe about two thousand miles in diameter. I see a large island, it is a dead volcano; the water has a yellowish look, as it dashes upon the shore."

"I come forward in time and see a fissure five or six miles wide, several miles deep, and three or four hundred miles long. It has drained off a large part of the ocean. I see no motion matter in the centre of this world. I sense iron here, but no copper. I do not think there is as much salt in the water as in our sea. It looks like a world I have been on before, but I see no vegetation in the water. It has not rained for a long time. The rock looks something and becomes crumbly. This world moves very slowly on its axis."

"Mayer and Foucault think the motion of the moon upon its axis became slower and eventually coincided with its motion around the earth in consequence of the retarding influence of its tides, but psychometrical observations indicate that as worlds approach their end, they move more and more slowly upon their axes until they break up, and their motion diminishes after all water has disappeared from their surfaces. The rocks may have become crumbly in consequence of losing all their water, the hardest of rocks containing a considerable quantity."

"I go back a long way and find vegetation and much more water. It is farther back than I ever went with any specimen before. The atmosphere seems better and the world seems altogether more natural. The vegetation seems small. The sun is right overhead at noonday and about the same size as hoyo. It seems very like this world away back. I had a glimpse of running stream. I see a hill covered with thorny bushes about three feet high; great patches of grass have turned red from drought. Now I see a great pile of stones that look as if they had been placed artificially. It is one hundred and fifty feet high. "I got a glimpse of some one then; a person four and one-half feet high, rather stooping; the arms are rather short in proportion; the head is very long. It is a man; he is in a valley. He has a peculiar gray-looking blanket around his shoulders and a cloth cap."

"Now I see an instrument made mostly of iron with a wheel attached to it of five or six spikes, and without a hand. It is to measure with. The man is connected with it."

"I see terraces or ruins of them, on the side of a hill. I get an impression of a community of such people as he, but it is very indefinite. Now I see a crevice in the earth, and these people have fastened an iron bar across it so as to see how fast it increases in size."

"I see that community now; there are seventy or eighty houses, some round and some of many sides. The people have wells going to a great depth into the earth for water. The water is hot. There are plants—shrubs—that grow on that terrace, which produce a long black fruit, which they dry. The wells supply water for the plants; they require but little water. They have no large animals. I see one that looks something like the tame; they eat it; it has a mouse-colored skin. It goes over the rocks like a goat. There are periods of intense cold here, but they are a long, long way apart. These people know of them, but have not experienced one."

"I see an old bridge across a deep valley; it is made of rock. These people must be near the last of their race. Heavy carriages have run across it for I can see the ruts." This I think was the same world previously described, but seen at a more advanced stage, and after it had long been retrograding; when deep crevices had opened into its interior and drained off most of the surface water; when it rained but seldom and plants for food required constant irrigation, which was accomplished by deep wells; when the people lived in small communities; when wild animals had generally perished and domestic animals were rare and the few people living were calculating the time when their race would become extinct. But what a history there must have been for this little world and its inhabitants before they arrived at this advanced stage; could any particulars of this be obtained?

The mouse-colored lama-like animal seen on this occasion, was probably the same kind of animal as those seen by Mrs. Fiske (as previously stated) and described as looking like sheep, but being larger and of a darker color and holding up their heads like deer.

Bear River Meteorite Again.

The next day I separated a small black scale from the Bear River meteoric iron previously examined, and with this he sees the same world as before:

"I go back to a place that looks a good deal like where I was last night. I think it must be the same place; it must be. I see a very wide town about five miles off. In it is a very wide avenue, wider than any I ever saw before; it is three hundred feet wide and beautifully paved with rocks like marble. I can see roads made by wheeled vehicles. Buildings run up to a tapering point; one is two hundred feet wide, round and tapering from the ground. Every building seems to be round or octagonal. Some are built of beautiful stone like agate. I see nothing square; some of the buildings are made of rough rock and plastered."

"The people use a great deal of iron; I think they could get it in square blocks without smelting. I know this is a meteoric specimen, for I see those lizard-like animals. They are large and beautiful, about the size of a Mexican toad, with large eyes. They have ornaments on their horns, which are trimmed off. There is a whitish metal head that looks like silver. I see no brass or copper."

"The people study astronomy. They are short; tall ones are five feet in height. They have a yellow skin; they are quick-motioned. They are very perceptive and discover readily anything of use. They use a great deal of dark-colored glass. The sand here is dark."

"There are trees in the streets whose leaves are dark green, and the veins red, as if shot with blood. These trees grow forty feet, like a poplar; there are yellow waxy berries on them. There are little brown birds with white spots; their wings are of enormous size, out of all proportion. When they walk, their wings drag on the ground. There are but few birds. The cheeks of the

men are large; the atmosphere is rare, and I think that affects them! The body of the bird is about as large as that of a quail."

The atmosphere of Sideros at that time must have been considerably lighter than ours, and, indeed, I think during the whole period of its human occupancy, and this may have been the cause of the broad shoulders which characterized the people, and which were noticed by several observers.

"It will seldom rains here; the people get most of their water out of the exceedingly deep wells. These people can jump a good distance."

Many of the statements made by the psychometers indicate that gravity operated with less force on the surface of Sideros than it does on the surface of our planet, yet the atmosphere must have been proportionally lighter, or the wings of the birds would not have seemed unusually long.

"They eat very little flesh; they live almost entirely on fruit and vegetables. They are more civilized than we in some respects. I see two kinds of cloth, one made of what looks like hair and the other fibre; it looks like linen. There are several kinds of costumes. There are several classes of people; one class wears a kind of blanket over the shoulders and almost a blemor costume. The colors are quiet, nothing gaudy. Some men wear gowns that descend below the knees, and a green mantle. These people do not fight; I see no weapons. It is about fifty miles to the next town; that is where the road went."

I suppose he refers to the broad avenue which probably connected with a road passing to the city.

"I see a bridge also. They sink wells quickly by some kind of machine. Electricity is used in some way for that purpose. I see an iron statue in the street. A man is represented as standing near a pillar on which his hands rest; his cloak is off and over his arm. This was moulded in sand. The men do not wear beards; most of them at least are destitute."

"They distil their drinking water; before they distil it, it has a yellowish look. The people ride on the lame-like animals, but not very frequently. I see a pretty carriage now, of two wheels drawn by three of these animals. They have a curious harness that is very easy for the animals; the wagon pulls easily in various directions. The tongue is a light iron spring. The road is very smooth. They make articles of iron, but try to get them light. They have four-wheeled vehicles, but no tongue to them. The carriages are very narrow, the wheels are small and very near the body of the vehicle. They tie lines to the horns of these animals to guide them; when they have these attached to a vehicle they drive one only. They go very rapidly."

"The houses have only one story, but that is high. They make great use of arches. I went into one house; the door was fixed with a spring, so that it opened when you stepped in front of it; it is fixed with weights underneath. There is a large, high, circular hall at the entrance, where the people sit and talk. It is ornamented with colored stone. The windows are almost as large as cathedral windows. The people touch a spring, the window opens at the side and they can go out. There are gardens attached to the houses; there are no carpets, but the floors are ornamented with colored stones; I see brown and blue. In some windows are colored glass. I see no kitchens at the back part of the house, but I see what looks like a cage on wheels in which they cook fruit, a root as white as chalk, sometimes the flesh of lamas and a grain like rice, about half as large as Indian corn. They shut the cooking-cage up when not in use and place it in one corner of the room. They have a very cold time about once in thirty or forty years."

He had previously said with a Paliniville specimen, that the periods of intense cold, were so far apart that the people there living had never experienced one. I am inclined to think that his first statement was a carelessness; he found many persons more than twenty years of age, who had never experienced a winter, and he supposed that this was the case with all. But a planet whose year was between thirty and forty of ours, must be at an immense distance from the sun, beyond even the orbit of Saturn, which revolves around the sun in twenty-nine years and one hundred and sixty-seven days; and how could any mass ever fall from a body so distant on the surface of our planet? But the orbit of this body we have seen, must have been an elliptical one, since the sun was seen larger at one period than another and although the temperature was nearly alike the world over at the same time, yet there were periods of great cold. This was then what we should call an immense comet, with a period of between thirty and forty years, and judging from other comets, whose orbits have been calculated, it must have gone out into space beyond the orbit of Uranus, and this was the time of its winter.

"These people live to be very old. They place the food on a table and roll it into another room. They have dishes that look yellow. The poorer people use dishes of iron glazed with pottery. They have a spoon with holes so that they can strain the food. I see no forks. They have no large joints of meat; they use knives but seldom. They use no salt, but a bitterish liquid like oil of almonds. I do not like it."

"The women are not handsome; their faces seem too small for their heads. They dress a good deal like men. It is the fashion with both sexes to allow the hair to grow long. It curls very much. The men allow it to hang down on their shoulders sometimes. The hair is yellow to dark brown; the eyes are brown and gray; most are brown-eyed."

[In reply to a question.] "The thumb seems longer than ours. They sit at the table in chairs, without backs generally; but sometimes on lounges. They move round very noiselessly. They drink water and milk. They talk but little while they eat. Animals are very scarce. There is a green bird about the size of a chicken, but resembling a crow in shape. It is kept for its beauty."

To be continued.

Bradlaugh.

Mr. Bradlaugh's personal unpopularity in England puts the principle which he represents at a disadvantage; but it is certain sooner or later to be accepted and adopted by the English people. He objects to taking the customary oath of his office as member of Parliament, "So help me God," because he is an atheist; and the question of modifying the oath has been referred to a special committee. Meanwhile a motion in opposition to administering the oath to Mr. Bradlaugh has been rejected by a vote of 230 to 27. Parliament long since abolished the oath framed to exclude Roman Catholics; it has struck out from the oath the words "upon the faith of a true Christian," so as to admit Jews; it has permitted a simple affirmation to take the place of the oath, so as to admit Quakers, and sooner or later it will allow whatever modification may be necessary to open its door even to an atheist. We do not admire the political wisdom of Mr. Bradlaugh's constituents; but if any English constituency chooses to be represented by such a man, the rest of England will not permanently deny them the right.

The successive changes in the form of oath made to admit to Parliament Romanists, Jews and Quakers are prophetic of the final admission of any representative who is loyal to his country, whatever may be his religion or his irreligion. Disfranchising atheism will not convert atheists.—*Christian Union.*

Evil Spirits, Obsession, Materialization, and Wm. E. Coleman.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Bro. Coleman, to substantiate his claims against the truth or reality of spiritual phenomena, in a recent number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, set out in a new channel of negating long established facts, such, even, as have been demonstrated to the best minds on earth almost ever since the earliest dawn of human history. When will this brother learn that a single fact well demonstrated to sensible minded people, is far more potent in way of establishing science, than a thousand denials by as many negationists who never witnessed or learned anything of said fact, which they deny? To illustrate the gentleman's position touching some of the phenomena of Spiritualism, I will quote from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of the 12th ult., the following:

"The whole theory of Jesuit spirits, evil spirits, obsession, and all the other phases of this diabolism sought to be fastened on Spiritualism, is a huge fallacy, a delusion, devoid of the least foundation in reality. In so asserting let me say, I am backed by some of the wisest and best teachings ever given from the Spirit-world. Wise and gifted spirits in the higher circles of the Spirit-world communicating with men totally deny and repudiate the current conceptions of demonized infestations," etc.

Now, that Mr. C. is honest in this, his pet hobby, I have no reason to doubt, but that he is wise or correct in his assertion, every fact revealed through phenomena Spiritualism, whether in the 16th century, or in ages long since past, contradict in the most positive terms any and all such statements. There is not a religious system known to man that is not the result or outgrowth of spirit communication; and equally true, is it, that every one of these religions embodies the tenets of the two conditions of good and bad both in material and in spirit life. Of this fact, Mr. C. is well aware; and as well might he undertake to demonstrate that there is no evil existing among men and women on earth, as to convince by declaration that there are no such disposition among men and women in spirit life as would induce them to work evil to their fellow-being yet in the flesh. Are not those who do evil in the body, just as much spirits then, as they are when out of the "form"? and as it is not in flesh and bones to think and reason, but the spirit, therefore all evil, wrong, etc., whether in this, or in subsequent spheres of life, result from the action of spirit or spirits, and he who honestly advocates the immediate cessation of the practice of evil through the shuffling off the physical form, knows nothing of the teachings of Spiritualism. Where would be eternal progression, if man makes such a leap toward perfection through the mere change called death? Nature furnishes us with no evidence of such jumps in the evolution of our being. It is contrary, not only to all experience, but to our highest possible conception of the law of eternal growth and development. His quotes, in his defense, from the learned Mrs. King, the following words, viz.:

"Order is so much the law with communities in spirit-life that they control the criminals that come to them in a way to effectually prevent their preying upon the morals of society at home and in earth-life as well," etc.

This may be true in the higher order of spirit communities where there are no criminals, but to apply it to the spirits on the lower spheres is all bush! If such were the fact, then, 'twere far better to abrogate all reformatory laws of nations here, execute at once every doer of crime and evil and send them forthwith to those "committees," where such perfect order of government reigns as to effectually prevent any and all subsequent criminal action. Certainly, this would be far preferable to imprisonment under civil authority for life, leaving them no better prepared for such communities at the end. Undoubtedly, sister King is a fine dreamer; but the spirits returning in all ages of the world's history, report differently from that of the sister, and as she has never been personally among those orderly communities, to test the reality of her dreams, I prefer the reports of those wise spirits returning, together with the broad experience and observation of critical investigators of the phenomena of Spiritualism touching these matters. Compare and think for one moment, the two ideas: the one "a life of ceaseless progression," as taught by every spirit ever communicating upon the subject; the other, a life attained at a jump so perfect as to "effectually prevent criminals preying upon the morals of society at home" or abroad, as taught by Mrs. King and endorsed by Mr. Coleman. Why, under a government so perfect as that, there could be no crime, and hence no criminals there, and that it is needless to talk of criminals forming a part of such communities of perfection. Indeed, such a government far outranks that of God or nature as manifested through the general movements in the realm of mind and matter around us. Besides all this, the history of all our great mediums and wise sages, both of modern and ancient times, teach us of the existence of both good and evil, undeveloped-spirits who officiate in the affairs of men. The learned philosopher, Plato, taught that man is continually under the influence of either a good or bad angel. Eucipalus, Socrates, Apollonius, and all those scholastic minds of ancient Greece, Egypt, Persia, Syria, Armenia and China, taught the identical doctrine that Mr. C. now denies. The great Shakespeare, Byron, and the long list of gifted bards, I could mention, whose clear-seeing vision gave them a fine sense of after-life, all taught the high and the low, the pure and the impure conditions of our spiritual state. Every spiritual journal, magazine and book of our own ages is teeming with the same ideas. No journalist ever lived possessing a clear and more comprehensive view of the "Philosophy of Life," than our late brother, S. S. Jones, and none more firm in teaching the doctrine that spirits possess greater powers to harm their fellow-beings in earth than they did while in the form. And what did this great and wise man say on his very first return from spirit-life, when being interrogated with regard to the correctness of his views of the future life? Why, that they (his views) are "true to the dot." In short, I repeat, all spirits that ever communicated with men upon the subject, so far as my knowledge extends, teach the same eternal fact; and how could they teach otherwise seeing that life is governed by a law of ceaseless progression? But again, touching another phase (obsession) of undeveloped spirit-life, Mr. C. remarks:

"I repeat it, no spirit ever controls mediums to practice fraud or knavery, and I challenge the production of any substantial evidence aside from idle speculations and vague surmises, that any one ever did."

Well, what would be "substantial evidence," to Mr. C. no living man, I opine, can ever tell, for facts witnessed by thousands of intelligent, honest men and women, and most positively stated by them, all fail, it seems, to prove, to him. Scarcely a spiritual paper appears now-a-days but what gives an account of some misdemeanors, as well as good deeds, being practiced upon mediumistic persons by those in spirit-life. I know a man who, in the year 1851, passed to spirit-life, entertaining the bitterest feelings against some of his neighbors, for supposing them to have been instrumental in burning him out, a year or two previous. On a certain night, in the presence of a large audience, a public circle, and a number one medium for physical manifestations, one of those accused gentleman being present, and having taken off his coat and hung it up on the back of a chair some distance from the blazing fire, the chair of its own accord, i.e., without visible contact of human agency, moved up near to the fire, and instantly turned toward committing the coat to the consuming flames. The spirit present, officiating, purported to be the injured man, who, I may say here, was a man of strong retaliating nature.

Upon another occasion, another one of the accused,

suffered the loss of his barn, farming implements,

grain, etc., by fire, and that in broad daylight, with

out any visible signs of human agency connected with the deed. The dwelling of the same gentleman was fired numerous times in daylight, and that in the presence of more than fifty guards, in the most mysterious manner. I, myself, conceived the idea that a certain member of the family was mediumistic, and that the whole process of this incendiary movement,

was the result of the retaliating spirit; and so stated my opinion to the owner of the house, whereupon said member was put under a vigilant committee, and to the great surprise of the father, his own little boy was caught as being the instrument used in the most ingenious manner for the firing of the dwelling. The boy was immediately removed, and there was no more incendiary work there. The boy was a good boy, and loved his parents, and never could have been persuaded to do such a deed of his own accord. To this day he declares his innocence. Will Mr. C. account for the act? Will he dare to say there was no obsession there?"

Besides this, I have had brought under my own care for treatment, numerous ones, who were the most deplorable victims of obsession, all of whom I relieved—reformed the obsessing spirits, some of whom, after being set at liberty, put on the materialized form in the presence of mediums, approached their former victims to ask pardon, and to thank me for services rendered them in way of their own redemption. Not two weeks since, I dismissed a talented lady (highly mediumistic, and has devoted much of her public life to the relief of the suffering) from my room of treatment, she being made wholly and set at liberty from the long continued abuse of knavish spirits. Do you ask me how I know that spirits had a hand in causing her trouble? I answer, there were present two excellent clairvaux, each of whom could peer the meaning of the obsessor, and to whom I made my first attempt at their removal. Those two mediums were also clairvoyants, and reported to me the maneuverings of the obsessors during the hours of my treatment. Beside this, we had a sitting with Mrs. Mendenhall (medium) in cabinet, when spirits of her band reported independently and audibly, corroborating what was heard clairvaux, and seen clairvoyantly, as above named. Is this "substantial evidence?" I ask you, my brother, who denies the fact of obsession? If not, then you are past convincing, and I must turn you over to the near future when and where you will learn many truths that you ought to have learned here. I had thought of alluding to your criticism in a former number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of my paper critical of Mr. Wm. Harrison's article on "Materialization of Spirits," but I find my paper already lengthy, considering my allotted space, so I trust close with the briefest notice thereof.

Passing over, then, all your false charges upon me, which I conceived to have originated out of your prejudices to me on account of difference of opinion on the genuineness of certain mediums, I will notice, first, your request to have the truths of which I stated, tested by a certain committee of your own selection. I have not an ill feeling toward any member of said committee, and an honest investigator, they with yourself would be welcome guests at any of my wife's sances, when her health will admit; but as a special committee to please you, my brother, who neither believed the fact, nor understood the philosophy of materialization—I could not consent for a committee, every member of which (if I mistake not) have already prejudged the case of all materializations, and decided against them; and especially so in the case of certain mediums, with yourself, whom neither they nor you know anything about, have never so much as even met with them, say nothing of witnessing the manifestations given through their medium powers. Besides this, one of the selected committee, Mr. A. J. Davis—a man whom I love—has spoken of materialization, etc., in the disgraceful language of "cabinet buffoonery." Such minds, my brother, however soaring in their philosophy and beautifully artistic in their paintings of the skyey bowers of the Summer-land, are incompetent to sit as judges upon matters of solid fact. I hope this answer will give you and them full satisfaction, and still

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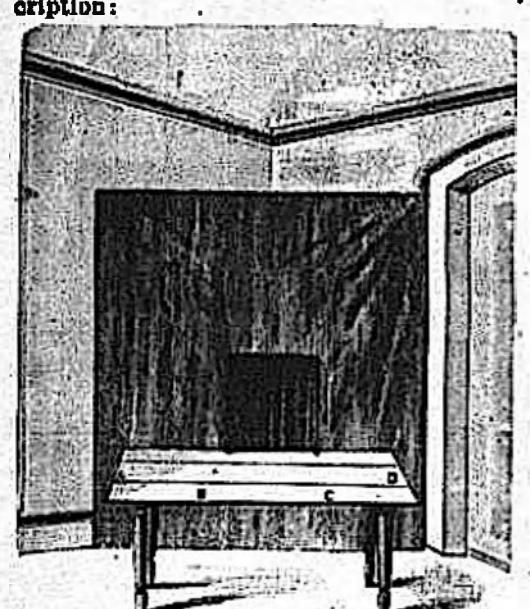
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CHICAGO, ILL, July 10, 1880.

Materialization—Dr. Slade's Method.

The materializations in Dr. Slade's presence are simple in the means used, and poetically spiritual in the effect produced. Instead of shocking the mind by their prosaic results, they restore and intensify the most vivid conception the imagination could possibly have formed of the unapproachability and ethereality of spirit-life. First, let us describe the means used. Two upright wires are fastened with clamps to the edge of a plain square table, and across their upper extremities a third wire is adjusted, horizontally from which hangs a piece of black cambric two feet square, into which three slits of an opening are cut, viz., the right, left and lower side, so that the cambric within this space may hang as a curtain within a curtain, to be raised when it is desired to look at the materialized figure. Two feet behind the cambric curtain is a black lap robe, perhaps five feet square, hung across the corner of the room from the "fam" of the folding-doors to the plastered wall. Chairs are placed around this table and in these the observers, including the medium, sit facing the cambric curtain with hands joined on top of the table.

The cut given below will enable the reader to more completely understand this description:



A medium; B. C. D. (Barrett)

Before sitting down, the observers and Dr. Slade jointly hang up the two curtains, and arrange the table and chairs themselves, giving whatever examination to the floors, walls, table, etc., they please. This is all the machinery that enters into the arrangement. The lights are then turned down one-half or three-fourths, but light enough is retained to tell the time on a watch held equidistant between the observer and the cambric curtain. Frequently after sitting some time the cambric curtain is raised, and all is dark behind it. When the vision is about to appear, wavy or sleepy spaces of light dart or temporarily appear at the sides of the curtain, and both curtains are shaken or jarred or waved frequently as if by physical contact. At length, on raising the cambric curtain, the space behind it, instead of being black, is wholly or partly filled with a white figure, having no clearly discernible outline or differentiation of parts, so indefinite that it calls up in one's mind, at once, several diverse and unlike ideas, as that of a pillar of cloud, a monument of marble, and a baby dressed in white. Its atoms are as obviously movable and moving among each other as if it were a wreath of white smoke or cloud. In this respect, of rapid, molecular agitation among its particles, we can not conceive that it is either human or imitable by any human or chemical process. Cloud-like motions presenting somewhat the same appearance may be thrown by a stereopticon upon a screen, but we have never seen them presented at an orifice or in the open space behind the orifice.

Suddenly in the movements of this vapory white cloud, shadows appear which in one instance, deepen into folds of chestnut or dark hair, the features of a lady are shown, with open eyes and smiling lips, not

fixed as in a portrait but struggling for stability against the dissolving tendencies of this unstable cloud, as if an effort were required to maintain visibility to mortals not unlike, except in its emotions, the efforts of a feeble swimmer to maintain himself above the water. Fold after fold of the dissolving cloud comes and goes, and the likeness vibrates between distinctness and obscurity in its outlines, but the expression and cast of the countenance of the vision remain the same, so long as it remains visible at all. At length it disappears, and the square space left by the uplifted cambric is simply black. Seldom, if ever, are more than three such visions given at a sitting, and no guarantee is given that anything whatever will be seen.

During Dr. Slade's stay in the city we had five sittings with him for materialization; at the second, Mr. S. S. Jones appeared, showing his head, face and upper part of the body, and was clearly and distinctly recognized by his daughter, granddaughter and myself. At another time two children came together, one of them being recognized by the sisters.

The advantages of observing this phenomenon under the conditions herein set forth are too obvious to need extended comment. All possibility of trickery is removed, the medium sitting becalmed and in constant contact with the observers. Sufficient light to recognize the spirit presentation is had, and the observers are left free to exercise all their faculties. Owing to the condition of the weather the last two sittings were not productive of as great results as were anticipated, yet were satisfactory. Dr. Slade promises to return to Chicago, after a visit to his friends in Michigan, and afford us every opportunity for further investigation in this direction. When he does, we have good reason to believe we shall see manifestations far exceeding, in many respects, those above recorded.

Woman Suffrage.

"Whatever may be the advantage of the ballot, it has the disadvantage of placing the disreputable, ignorant and depraved on a level with the honest, intelligent and respectable. Another bad example is a disqualification to the discreet, and a simpleton to those who could not triumph in any other department of life. Among women to elicit it would compel those who can now ignore the disreputable of their own sex, as completely as they did not before, to submit to the same bad measure, awards with them on terms of equality, or to be beaten by them. This, to woman partly, would be a very trying ordeal. Victory in such elections would be disgraceful as defeat. In the rural districts woman suffrage would strengthen the priested vote in behalf of narrow and despotic standards of government, religious codes, commercial law and reform by violence."—*R. P. Journal, June 10, 1880.*

As woman's elective equality with man is a cardinal doctrine of Spiritualists, and by us argued and urged for years, demanding its incorporation in the national Constitution, protective of inalienable rights, the above editorial extract with its context was criticized at the last session of the Northern Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists, held at Omro. Had it appeared in an orthodox paper or an aristocratic partisan paper, it would not have been noticed, but coming from one of our professedly liberal journals, and spiritualistic at that, it was considered as deserving of special attention. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in accordance with its late crystallizing policies in other respects, plants itself squarely against woman's franchise, by drawing a line of distinction between "the disreputable, ignorant and depraved" on the one hand and "the honest, intelligent and respectable" on the other. Here we have a political *dilettantism* never before vindicated. Were it inaugurated, ours would be the most tyrranical government on earth. Fortunately for human liberty, our Constitution gives the elective franchise to citizens of every nationality and color without defining a standard of moral qualification. Obviously the JOURNAL would legalize such a standard as a woman can vote. This is God in the Constitution with a vengeance upon women who are not sufficiently "respectable" to be entitled to citizenship.

If it would be "disgraceful" for the "respectable" women to compete for victory against the "disreputable" at the polls, then, alas for womanly virtue or the divinity of principle. Men of all mortal shades work side by side at the ballot box, one man's vote as good as another, and it is not considered "disgraceful." The contest for mastery sharpens American character; it is an evolutionary process to a higher type of citizenship. Give woman franchise and she would make our politics less a disgrace. We men must learn to trust her integrity in all relations of life, and then we shall better fortify her against the temptations which some of our statesmen are not *sufficiently* enough to resist. Woman's franchise is one of the inevitabilities; who fight it on the grounds of "respectability" will find themselves classified with the enemies of human justice, disrobed even of their guise of respectability, when the Lord of Revolutions makes up his jewels.

Afraid of a "priestled vote," when not ten per cent of the women of the country is churched, and that growing less churched every year? If there be such a peril, is it any reason why we should withhold justice, as if we could not trust the issue amid so great intelligence all round? The same argument was used to keep the black slaves in bonds—that they could not be trusted. The God of battles thought differently. The test given, they are educating to self-government.

It ill becomes us who profess to have a better religion than the rest, because of its angel ministry, to execute the sum of our salvation because there are spots on it. If we would ever cleanse the Augæan stables of vice, engendered by oppressive rule, we need to let reputation take care of itself—let the reformer—first reforming ourselves—with less pretense about our goodness, with cessation of hostilities against them who are of us, no more human than ourselves, and instead of hunting for evils in our fellows, expend our talents in discovering the virtues even in the cribs of woe, and replanting that latent germ in better soil, grow the new angel that is to be, as our ministrants from heaven demand of us.

If we have these motives, inspired with moral courage, we can go through the hells unscathed, and, like the Nazarene, feel it no disgrace to talk of spiritual things to the woman of Samaria, "disreputable" though she be, and say to the woman whom "reputable" men had ruined—"Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

J. O. BARRETT.
Glen Beulah, Wis., June 24, 1880.

Some few of our readers may be familiar with the name of the ex-Universalist preacher, who has succeeded in relieving himself of the above load of disengenuous criticism and prettily cant. They will recollect him as a sort of weak, lackadaisical individual, with proclivities which have steadily attracted him toward obscurity and a plebeian party whose definition of liberty is libertinism. As a soft and sentimental momentary he has sometimes been tolerated; he possesses just enough of the divine spark to pass for a human being, but lacks the element of "otherness," which certain philosophers claim is essential to immortality. Some years since he attempted to carve his name on the scroll of honor by materializing a biography of a prominent spiritualistic author, lecturer and traveler. The Pilgrim, happily, survived the infliction of the "Gadarene," and the author long since died out of public notice. Hence we feel constrained to beg pardon for obtruding his corpse to public gaze, and only do it because he, by implication, assumes to speak for others.

Mr. Barrett furnishes us a series of inferences drawn by him from our recent comment on woman suffrage, and proceeds to show how objectionable these inferences would be. He infers from our statement: "Whatever may be the advantage of the ballot, it has the disadvantage of placing the disreputable, ignorant and depraved on a level with the honest, intelligent and respectable;" that we would draw a line of distinction between the two parties by conferring the ballot on one and denying it to the other. This is his inference merely. It forms no part of our position. As we take no stock in any of his inferences we are not called upon to defend them from his own attack.

The JOURNAL has ever been an advocate of equal rights for all, regardless of sex or condition; it holds that if unrestricted suffrage for men prevails, women have the same right to the ballot, and should have it on equal terms with the other sex. The JOURNAL yields to no paper or party in its devotion to the welfare and progress of the race as a whole. Because we have the temerity to point out some of the difficulties which every well balanced mind must see environing the suffrage question, and seek to familiarize women with the momentous problems which go with the ballot, this prating reminiscence echoing the whine of the Woodhullians, has the effrontery to declare that the JOURNAL "plants itself squarely against woman's franchise." The greatest drag upon the Woman's Suffrage Movement has been the conglomeration of wild vagaries, sexual license theories and nitroglycerine, pyrotechnic pabulum foisted upon it by this ex-reverend and his clan. Tens of thousands of noble, earnest women have been restrained from active work in the suffrage movement, fearing to engulf themselves in the moral pestilence which our critics and their confederates evoke from the remains of their rapidly decaying moral sensibilities. When a howl against the JOURNAL comes up from Hull, Beverance & Co., or their advertisers and abettors, we know the paper is doing effective service for woman's equality.

Government implies and rests upon force. The true objects of government should be the happiness of the people. All governments have been experimental and imperfect in their workings and results. This nation may be the noblest and best government that ever existed, but it falls immeasurably short of perfection as of necessity it must. The JOURNAL will not blindly partition the schemes of any set of empirics who claim to have the cure for all the ills of life in their "plan" of government. Every step forward should be a step upward in the scale of happiness, and all sides of every scheme looking to the advancement of the race, will be clearly set forth in this paper whenever the occasion requires. The JOURNAL asks that the discussion of woman suffrage shall be broad and comprehensive; that instead of seeking unholy alliances with every mob of office seekers styling themselves a political convention, its advocates shall turn their energies to the upbuilding of an educational movement which will properly prepare both sexes for the object sought. We believe such a course will result in greater happiness, and more perfect success than can ever be hoped for by the barter or "boom" systems.

Suffrage for woman may be inevitable. It will come whenever the women of the nation with any considerable unanimity desire it. But it will fall immeasurably short of proving the magical panacea for woman's woes which its especial champions seem so confidently to expect. We do not wish to retard the movement, nor dampen the ardor of its advocates. We ask only that they shall thoroughly realize the stupendous consequences which logically follow woman suffrage, and shall honestly and frankly explain to those who gather in their conventions, these concomitant evolutions

The Woman's Christian Association of Chicago recommend the women of the country to unite in praying against the army worms of Long Island. This would be a good field in which to test the power of prayer. Let from ten thousand to thirty thousand Christian women assemble at some convenient point on Long Island, say at Coney Island or at Rockaway, where they can have good surf bathing, music, roast clams and fireworks when not engaged in prayer, so as to keep up their praying power to the maximum. Let them select one solitary army worm, provide him with plenty of food and a marital partner; then let them undertake

to pray him out of existence while he goes on eating and breeding. It seems to us the result ought to afford a satisfactory test of the power of prayer. Is it possible that there is a human being in the United States who does not know that that pair of army worms would outnumber the women who were praying against them, if the test were kept up long enough?

Unscientific Investigators of Spirit Inter-course.

A recent letter from Leipzig to the *Nation*, called the scientific world's attention to the absolute necessity, in investigating Spiritualism, not only to strip the medium, and examine his boots and pockets, but to look carefully for magnets concealed under his skin. This illustration sufficiently shows that investigators may sometimes allow their spirit of skepticism to so destroy their judgment that they bring the spirit and method of a lunatic to the work of an investigation which requires as much, that a man shall believe what he sees as that he shall not believe what he does not see. Now an M. D. who would strip a medium, to examine him for magnets concealed under his skin, is as stark a lunatic as any in Bedlam.

Considered as an investigator he is a fraud, for, not being able to believe what he sees he ranks on a level with those who believe they see what they do not or believe what they do not see. During the past week two gentlemen whose desire to guard against man-made manifestations was, of itself, most commendable, called on Dr. Slade, to whom he refused to give a chance. His refusal was based on the fact that they brought with them slates mounted with padlocks, together with coils of wire. They had never seen his methods of inducing spirit phenomena, and only guessed what they were from hearing; but they informed him in advance that unless he would produce them according to their method, they would not be satisfied. One of the gentlemen intended to tie a coil of the wire around his waist and run the end of his wire through the slate so as to prevent the slate being changed. Had either of them had the tact, first, to witness Dr. Slade's mode of obtaining the slate writing they would have seen that such precautions were frivolous. Slade would have placed in the visitor's own hands the two slates between which the writing was to be done. The visitor would have examined them on every side, would have held them while Slade dropped between them the bit of pencil, would have closed them in his sole grasp and would have then held the two slates closed with his own left hand to his own left ear, while Slade would have touched his left hand to the visitor's right hand lying on the table and might or might not have also held one end of the two closed slates in his (Slade's) right hand.

Under these conditions the visitor would have heard the bit of pencil write within the two closed slates, the writing being broken only when Slade broke the circle by removing his left hand from the visitor's right, on the table. The visitor would have heard the three little raps made by the bit of pencil within the two slates, indicating that the writing had ceased, and he would then have opened the closed slates with his own hand and read the writing. Any man who can eat oysters from the shell, and is competent to tell that the oyster he puts in his mouth is the same he took from the plate, without attaching a wire to the oyster to ensure its identity on the way from his plate to his mouth, would be competent to identify slates which were in his own grasp, while the writing is done, as being the same slates when he opens them with writing on the inside as they were when he closed them with no writing inside. Dr. Slade claims that slate writing has often been obtained in his presence while the slates were locked. Perhaps if the gentlemen who consulted him last week had first observed his own mode of doing business, they would have agreed that the locking or wiring the slate was frivolous.

In examining a theological class for a definition of the trinity, it does not help the test to require them to sit with their feet in ice-water. Indetermining whether a mathematician can accurately calculate an eclipse or whether a professor of languages speaks good German, it would not improve the test to blindfold either. All frivolous conditions are rude, and only betray ignorance and want of discrimination in those who impose them. If after witnessing Dr. Slade's phenomena they had not seen their supposed tests to be frivolous, Dr. Slade would probably have permitted them to lock or wire the slate as he has others. But they refused to learn first whether they were frivolous. It must be remembered Slade does not claim omnipotence, or that he at all times and under all conditions can control spirit agency. On the contrary, he only claims that at sometimes, and under some conditions, spirit agency controls him and also produces the phenomena, independent of his own act. This being so, he could not tell, in advance of a particular experiment, whether the wires or locks would interfere with the result, and had a failure resulted in the case under discussion he was justified in presuming that he would receive no more consideration at their hands than if he refused outright to accept their conditions. Investigators as well as mediums are to be held subordinate to the principles of common sense. Franklin in experimenting with his kite to draw down the lightning from the clouds, was at first disappointed that it did not come while his kite string was dry, though he knew the kite itself was far up in a cloud reeking with

electric power. When the rain had fallen on the string and made it a good conductor, he was suddenly surprised and delighted by the presence of the electric influence and drew off with his key the electric spark. The conditions by which electric phenomena could then be produced were as much in the dark as those by which spirit phenomena can be produced, now are.

Religionists and Materialists have combined to frown down the exercise of spiritual gifts and the exhibition of spirit phenomena, but have failed. The time for their scientific investigation has come. But the investigator who, knowing nothing of either facts or principles, should demand that spirit influence should manifest itself according to conditions prescribed by him, would be as silly as Franklin would have been, if he had demanded that the lightning should come down a dry string, instead of waiting patiently to discover that it would only descend through a wet one, and then groping by experiment, to a scientific knowledge of the distinction between conductors and non-conductors. Only by like patience can we distinguish between mediums and non-mediums, spirit intercourse and electric attraction, spirit revelation and human assumption.

An Eminent Jurist's Views.

The following letters are from a gentleman occupying one of the highest judicial positions within the gift of the people of his State. Learning that he was in the city, we invited him to be present with some members of the Illinois Judiciary and other prominent citizens, to witness the phenomena occurring in Dr. Slade's presence. His letter acknowledging the invitation was so suggestive and valuable that we wrote him, begging permission to publish it. His reply to this request contained additional matter worthy the consideration of the Spiritualist public and we venture to publish it, giving it first in order as follows:

DEAR SIR:—I have just received yours asking permission to publish my letter of 27th inst. When I commenced writing the letter I only intended to thank you for the invitation, send my subscription and say a single word of approval of the JOURNAL. With a lawyer's propensity to talk, I went beyond the intended limit, so it was written off hand with no view to publication, and without an effort to hedge against criticism by being careful as to precision, etc. I cannot consent to have it published with my name.

It is the tomfoolery of Spiritualists, in carrying it into the realms of superstition, by consulting mediums as to things in which their own reason should be their guide, that has given rise to false ideas in the minds of the uninformed, who know nothing of the elevating and inspiring effect of an intelligent belief in the true spiritualistic doctrines. The great aim of all true believers should be to rid the cause of both its frauds and its nonsense. The crisis had come when that result was imperatively demanded, or the cause degenerated into a pitiful and mischievous superstition. I suspect, however, that the invisible agencies at work in the high purpose, which I can clearly discern in progress of accomplishment, would not permit such a result, and I regard your paper as one of the instruments of salvation to the cause, teaching its readers that evidences of the great fundamental facts may be produced, but all must be subjected to the control of imperial reason, the same as the scientists conduct their investigations. The danger to the cause was inherent. It was, and ever will be, naturally beset with the follies of marvellous, of credulity and superstition, and nothing but the persistent and fearless efforts of clear, strong minds can rescue it from that danger. It now seems to me the crisis is past... The minds of Spiritualists are being opened for the reception of those intellectual evidences which are the strongest of all, to minds capable of perceiving them.... You have no fears as to the success of the course you are pursuing in advocating the claims of reason as against the easy vagaries of blind superstition.

MY DEAR SIR:—I was greatly disappointed at not being able to be at your house on the 25th inst., to see Slade, in response to your kind invitation. But my old enemy, rheumatism, has been pestering me for the last three weeks, so that I could not go with safety or comfort. Enclosed is \$2, for which please give me credit on my subscription to the JOURNAL, of which I am an attentive and believe an appreciative reader. It is now a little over twenty years since I first began to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, to which I was at first impelled by what seemed an incurable, but unsatisfactory skepticism in respect to the immortality of the soul, a question which ought to engage the thoughts of every reflective mind; for, if it be immortal, its destiny is the most serious matter connected with human life.

My first attempts at investigation ended in a consciousness of having been imposed upon by fraud, and the dangerous and immoral principles avowed by those seeming to be leaders in the cause, prevented me for years from having anything more to do with it. But within the last six years the cause having been purified of some of its excesses, the light has come to me unsought. Having been accustomed for thirty years to deal with, and, the last twelve years, to weigh evidence, I have given to the subject my best faculties, always under the dominion of an inborn skeptical nature, and have become thoroughly satisfied as to the two great elementary facts, viz.: a continued existence after death; and that those who have gone before may communicate with persons in the flesh. In being brought to that conclusion I have yielded only to that which, being scanned as evidence, would bear the most rigid and skeptical scrutiny from the solitary standpoint of reason, unswayed by credibility or superstition. All evidence admits of degrees; but it is manifest that none in this line is of any value, that is not the result of a direct and cross-examination, and will not stand the dissenting processes of opposing advocates. This I understand to be your view as the editor of the J

ism, avarice, credulity and superstition being both the temptation and shield. The facts of Spiritualism depend solely upon evidence. Whether any, or what system of philosophy shall be constructed upon them, depends upon the mental operations of the great thinkers. A fresh and interesting field is no doubt opened, but for myself, I have no more idea of the possibility of formulating a religion, a creed, or even a system of philosophy, out of these materials, than I have of a body of savans organizing for expression of all the great truths of the universe. Still, the attempt to evolve a system of philosophy and define its limits, will prove an interesting and profitable exercise to both writers and readers.

Honors to Francis E. Abbott.

On our sixth page will be found quite a full account of the honorable attention received by Mr. Abbott upon the occasion of his retiring from the editorial profession. Great intellectual ability and the highest moral worth are necessary to obtain such commendation as was accorded Mr. Abbott by the distinguished representatives of various shades of belief. When Robert Collyer says: "I love Francis Abbott as a brother and admire him as I love him. I think we are all his debtors for the noble words he has spoken to this generation, and the truth he has bought at such a cost, but never sold," he furnishes a certificate on which the holder may travel the world around and confidently knock for admission at the door of the most exalted.

Mr. Abbott is yet a young man and we feel sure his withdrawal from public life is but temporary. The march of events will irresistibly impel him again to the front in due time. Meanwhile he will not cease to grow, and the best wishes of thousands will continue with him always.

The Medical Record, of New York, says: "One of the very last measures of the Legislature was the passage of the bill regulating the licensing of physicians and surgeons. . . . It is not a very radical piece of legislation for it fixes no standard of qualifications, except a diploma, and creates no examining body, but leaves the matter of licensing as before, with the medical colleges."

This all appears very innocent on the face of it, but the sheathed claw leaves its velvet covering when the *Record* editor remarks:

"There is no doubt, however, that if we could limit the practitioners of medicine in this State to those who have diplomas from legitimate medical colleges, as the new law provides, a horde of charlatans would be driven from the State. . . . There is a provision for this, but still it will depend largely upon the activity and alertness of regular medical organizations, a fact which we beg the profession to remember. We have an opportunity now to cleanse the State of some of its meanest elements."

This simply means to use the power of the "regular" organization to crush and drive out of the State every medical medium and magnetic healer. To conceal this design, the Board of Health was constituted as a separate power, and not invested, as in this State, with plenary powers—for the Illinois Board of Health are placed by the act above all State law, it having been decided by the courts that they are sole judges in the matter, and the "act" itself permits no appeal except "to the power appointing said board." But the insidious work in New York has constituted every allopathic physician a prosecutor, and with organized purpose starts them like so many blood hounds upon the track of every non-diplomatized medium in the empire State.

The *Record* still further says:

"The State has shown more wisdom than its sister in enacting the present law. During the past winter attempts to pass similar bills regulating the practice of medicine have failed in Massachusetts, Maryland, Wisconsin and Iowa. Indeed, New York is the only State where such a bill was successful."

In the States where the bills were defeated the "claw" was not concealed, and through the assistance of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was deprived of its power for harm. But in New York the "claw" was sheathed—the "cat" was concealed in the meal—and the bill skulkily crowded through the last hours of the session. Instead of the "wisdom of the State" being shown in this, it only shows the duplicity and underhanded meanness to which the "regulars" will resort to accomplish their purposes.

It appears from an exchange that a sensation was created at a spiritualistic séance held lately at a private residence in St. Louis. Among the spirits materialized was that of Emma Moon, who died some six months ago in East St. Louis. Miss Moon's decease was occasioned by a most singular complication of numerous rare diseases, and during her sickness she was visited by every physician of note in St. Louis. When she died the doctors were all eager to hold a post-mortem examination, but the lady's relatives objected. Her spirit declared that after burial the body was secretly disinterred, and dissected in the presence of seven physicians. The spirit even named the seven doctors who made the post-mortem examination. This statement created a profound sensation at the séance. The matter has created a great stir in spiritualistic circles, and some of the leading Spiritualists declare they will probe the affair to the bottom. The JOURNAL heartily suggests that it would have been more discreet to have done the probing before the publishing.

The Rochester, New York, Spiritual Society passed resolutions highly complimentary to Mrs. Amelia H. Colby and Mrs. Oliver Smith, the "sweet singer of our Israel." Their services there have been highly appreciated.

Dr. Tanner's Fast.

Dr. Tanner of New York City, is endeavoring to fast for thirty days. On July 4th he had completed twelve hours of the seventh day of his life without food. His pulse was then normal. He had lost thirteen pounds of flesh since he began the struggle. His appearance had not changed much, and he expresses thorough confidence in being able to complete the fast. He complains of a little tremulousness in the gastric region, but says he has not a great craving for food. He claims that he subdues the pangs of appetite by the power of his will. He is closely watched day and night by physicians, who are relieved every six hours. He takes no water, but rinses his mouth occasionally. Only reporters and physicians are allowed to visit him, and the hall in which the experiment is going on was hired at his own expense. Dr. Hammond and other regular physicians predict that he will become insane or die at the end of fifteen days at the furthest. It is thought here that this attempt is an honest one on the part of Dr. Tanner, and that the conditions announced to the public are strictly adhered to.

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard, and Other Items of Interest.

We have just received \$2.00 from Owego, Kan., but no letter or name. Will remitter please send name and oblige. We will then credit.

Dr. J. M. Peebles, returning from Iowa, spent some hours with us on Monday. He reports an interesting meeting at Bonair despite inclement weather.

Mrs. R. O. Simpson desires to publicly protest against the unauthorized announcement of her name in connection with the late meeting at Belvidere, Ill., by its projector.

"The Progress of Manhattan Isle, 1869," is the title of an interesting poem by that favorite poet, Warren Sumner Barlow. Mr. Barlow, an author of "The Voices" and other poems, has achieved a national reputation.

We have it on the authority of the *Medical Press and Circular*, that there are 1,300 "Magnetic Healers" in the State of Pennsylvania. Of these only ninety-six have medical diplomas of any kind.—*Medical Record*.

Dr. A. L. Foreman writes from Milton, Ill., as follows: Mrs. Eldridge is doing a grand work for some of my orthodox friends who have been to see her lately. Some of them have been fully convinced, and others in a fair way to be.

Mrs. Simpson, the test and flower medium, is now in Denver. The Spiritualists of that city can now have an opportunity of seeing the wonderful manifestations that occur through her mediumship. She will return to Chicago the middle of August.

Col. J. W. Eldridge, who is recognized as an able advocate of our cause in the South, has commenced active labor in the West. He will answer calls to lecture, and will attend camp and grove meetings, wherever his services are wanted. His wife, an excellent slate-writing medium, will probably accompany him. His address for the present will be Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. J. A. Fleury, a well-to-do citizen of Missouri and an old subscriber, passed through the city this week en route to Philadelphia. Mr. F. is said to be the originator of the ideas which Keely has been trying to utilize in his motor, without understanding all the principles involved. We judge from Mr. Fleury's conversation that he feels confident of the ultimate success of his theory.

A crematory has been erected at a point two hundred yards from the intersection of the White's creek and Dickinson turnpikes, two miles north of Nashville, Tenn. The building in about fourteen by sixteen feet square, and has a door and a chimney for ventilation. A furnace about nine feet long, six feet wide, and six feet high stands about forty yards from the house. The furnace has not yet been completed. It will compete for subjects with the Le Moyne crematory.

A special dispatch to the *Chicago Tribune*, July 2d, states that Dr. Tanner's fast is creating no little interest in the medical world, and physicians of all schools hourly call upon him. Among them are many leading practitioners. He rests well and complains of no unfavorable symptoms. His pulse is regular and his temperature normal.

Dr. C. P. Sanford writes that he held a grove meeting at Avon, Kan., Sunday, June 20th, and will hold another near Salem Hall south of Wellsville, Kan., July 12th. He says that he has been busily engaged in various places in Kansas for the past four or five months, and would now like to make engagements en route for land in Colorado. He will go either by the Union Pacific, K. P., or the A. T. & S. F. railroads. He desires the friends at these points to address him soon, at Wellsville, Kansas.

The Neahaminy Falls Camp Meeting, under the auspices of prominent Philadelphia Spiritualists, opens on the 18th. From the high character and business ability of its projectors it appeals to the co-operation and respect of all intelligent, progressive people. Those who contemplate visiting it will be interested in reading the announcement and programme of the officers published in another column. The profits of the meeting will be sacredly used for the advancement of Spiritualism, and we heartily commend the meeting to our readers, hoping many of them will attend.

The Rochester, New York, Spiritual Society passed resolutions highly complimentary to Mrs. Amelia H. Colby and Mrs. Oliver Smith, the "sweet singer of our Israel." Their services there have been highly appreciated.

Hated Prince of Peril: His Experience in Earth Life and Spirit-Life; being spirit communications received through Mr. David Duguid, Trance-Painting Medium. Illustrated by fac-similes of forty-five drawings and writings the direct work of the spirits. This is one of the most curious and interesting books in the spiritual literature. 8vo, cloth, 972 pp. Original price \$1.25 postpaid, now reduced to \$2.50 postpaid. At this low price every Spiritualist should have a copy.

We are sorry the Republicans of France are driving out the Jesuits, even if in so doing they are but following precedents set for them by monarchical and Catholic governments for a century past. It is unique from a republican point of view, and indicates that republicanism is none too strong in France to be permanent. Republicanism should consist not merely in an elective mode of choosing legislative and executive officers, but in leaving every citizen the largest elective liberty as to his religion or irreligion. A republic that cannot stand 2,000 of them among 40,000,000 of people, concedes to them a power they would not possess if it were not attributed to them. It is not the Jesuits who are dangerous, but the fear which prevents 40,000,000 of non-Jesuits from being able to let them alone.

Business Notices.

NO MORE WHITE BUTTER.—No dairymen can afford to make and sell white butter. People who buy butter want it yellow, and are willing to pay several cents per pound more for it than they would for the fatty looking stuff they often have to take. By using Wells, Richardson & Co's Perfected Butter Color, every dairymen can have the golden color of June the year round. It is sold by druggists and merchants generally.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 307 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three cent postage stamp. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular. 31-237.

Reader, the price of my book, *The Truths of Spiritualism*, 400 pages of startling facts together with my photo, is a due one, is only two dollars. You need the book and photo. Weneed the money and help us in our hour of trial. Remit us two dollars, post office order on Chicago, Ill., and we will mail the book and photo at once. Direct to me, box 64, Lombard, DuPage county, Ill. E. V. Wilson.

KINSEY-WORT has proved a most effective cure for Piles and Constipation—be sure and try it.

THE CATHER DISCOVERED.—Most of the readers who have seen the 3 pages have suffered from headache, fits, etc., muscular palsies in the back; but we doubt if they knew what the cause was. In nine cases out of ten it was some trouble with the kidneys or liver. This is a truth which has just become known, and the result which Warren's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has accomplished. The above named troubles are caused by disordered kidneys and liver, and the remedy which cures the cathe se banishes the pains which afflict it.

SPIRITUALISTS AND REFORMERS west of the Rocky Mountains, can be promptly and reliably supplied with their books and papers by addressing their orders simply to "Heiman Snow, San Francisco, Cal." Catalogues and circulars mailed postpaid. Also, a table of books and papers, kept by Mrs. Snow, will always be found at the Spiritualist meetings in San Francisco.

DR. D. P. KAYSER, the oldest Medical Beer now in the field, can be consulted daily for Clairvoyant examinations and prescriptions, from 9 to 11 and 2 to 4, at Room 33, Merchant's Building, N. W. cor. La Salle and Washington Sts., Chicago. Examinations made in person or by a lock of the patient's hair. Magnetic, Electric, Medicinal or Surgical treatment directed and applied as the case demands. See advertisement in another column.

AROUND THE WORLD.—A firm that is world-wide and acquired in the short space of a few years, must have run it for its support. Dr. Porter's Family Medicine have placed such fame and the forte orders for his Golden Metal Distiller—The greatest blood-cutter of the age, for his Pleasant Perfume Pellets (little sugar-coated pills) his Favorite Prescription—woman's best friend—and other remedies because so great, that a branch of the World's Dispensary has been established in London, England, for their manufacture. From this department they are shipped to every part of Europe, America, India, Australia, China, Japan, and other countries. Their sale in both North and South America is perfectly enormous and lucrative. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., and Great Russell Street, Paddington, London, Eng.

ROYAL CENTRE, Cos. Co., Ind. Feb. 23rd, 1879.

Dr. R. V. PINE:

Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in willing my testimony with others in regard to your valuable medicine. For a long time I have suffered from disease of the lungs and until I tried your Discovery found nothing that did me any good. Thanks to it, I am relieved and recommend it to all.

Yours truly,

MARY KARNER.

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Mr. G. M. Morrison, M. D.—Thousands acknowledge Mr. Morrison's unparalleled success in giving diagnosis by lock of hair, and thousand have been cured with magnetized remedies prescribed by his Medical Band.

DIAGNOSIS BY LOCK OF HAIR.—Enclosed lock of patient's hair and \$1.00. Give the name, age and sex.

Remedies sent by mail to all parts of the United States and Canada.

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Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

DINNER TO FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

A Complimentary Gathering of his Friends in Boston and Vicinity—Tributes in Letters and Addresses to him as a Man and a Philosopher—Response by Mr. Abbot.

[Boston Advertiser, June 2.]

A complimentary dinner at Young's Hotel was given to Mr. Francis E. Abbot by his friends in Boston and vicinity, last evening, in recognition of his services as a leader of liberal thought. Mr. Abbot has retired from the control of the *Index* and is about to remove to New York, where he will establish a private classical school. About fifty gentlemen were present. Among them were quite a number who had never before met Mr. Abbot personally. The feeling of those who preceded him, Mr. Uriel H. Crocker, who was in that class, "I had only known him through the *Index* and through his public addresses, but I feel, from what I had thus known of him, strongly moved to come, and by my presence as one here to give expression to the honor due him for his honest, earnest and self-sacrificing maintenance of what he believed to be true, in endeavoring to dispel the superstitions that are prevalent, and in trying to hold back the tide of materialism from adopting every new idea as truth."

The Rev. Charles G. Annesley presided, and there were also present quite a number of those who belong to the Unitarian body. They all united in honoring their guest for his manly self-sacrificing devotion to the truth as he saw it. There were also in the company many of Mr. Abbot's personal friends and supporters, who looked upon him with feelings of great affection and deep sorrow as they thought of parting with him. Scores of letters were received from distinguished Unitarians and friends from all parts of this country, and even from across the water. Several, which well represent the whole collection and also the sentiment of the meeting, are published below.

The speakers of the evening were the Rev. Charles G. Annesley, Edward Connor, Dr. Edward Winslow of Cambridge, the Rev. William J. Potter of New Bedford, the Rev. George Hatchelder of Salem, Dr. Carl Hirsch of Dover, S. H. Morse, Uriel H. Crocker and W. H. Spencer of Haverhill.

The other gentlemen who were present were the Rev. George A. Thayer, Alexander Foster, J. F. Barrett, S. P. Lord, of Lynn; Hunt, J. L. Utter, Dr. A. Alexander of Dorchester; D. and H. Clark, John Curtis of Granville; Atherton Bill of Philadelphia, James Dillaway of Somerville, S. D. Hardwick of Shuburne Falls, N. Y.; A. H. of West Point, L. G. Jones of New York, F. H. Buchanan of Amherstburg, Charles Ellis of Essex, H. P. Hyde, S. S. Green of Worcester; George W. Park of Cambridge, Frederick Beck, the Rev. H. Whipple, J. A. Wilcox of Chelsea; H. W. Willmott and Cornelius Wellington of Lexington, Charles Nash of Worcester, George H. Ellis, Dr. Aldrich of Fall River, John L. Whiting, D. G. Griswold of Chelmsford, John C. Haynes, the Hon. S. E. Sewall, William H. Hamlin, S. B. Weston, of Leicester, Mass.; T. L. Savage, George R. Tabor, Edward W. Hooper of Cambridge.

Mr. Abbot, in responding, expressed the pleasure of evidence of friendship and regard given him, but there was something in him, he said, that refused to accept it as simply pleasant. The oration was an expression of moral support in the hard warfare that he had had to fight for two or three years back; a vindication of the existence and purity in the world of an honorable liberal-
[Applause]. It was of something more than value to him; it was of value to the community and to the cause. It should thus be shown that he was not utterly alone in the conflict he had been waging. It was of more importance, a great deal, than to pay homage or tribute to any man's record, to show the world that there was a strong longing for an honorable liberalism, just, upright and pure. He hoped, with all his heart, that all who heard of the gathering would thus concur in it. After referring to the contest in which he had been engaged he said he did not leave it reluctantly but from necessity. He looked abroad with anxiety to see people willing to take up the work of reform like a pure and upright and enlightened liberalism against the perfect avalanche of the shams. It had been a very unfair representation of liberalism that had been given to the world by those whom he opposed, inside the ranks of liberalism during the last two or three years. But if it was true that the lower type had got enough energy and self-assurance to cosmopolitanism, and declared itself to the world, emphatically, w^t the better type was too feeble or less lax to do it, the liberals of the country would be condemned by the great bulk of the people. It behooved them, therefore, to give public expression, in every possible way, to the higher liberalism which had honor, truthfulness, justice, purity and integrity at heart. [Applause]. He resolved to stand with Catholics and Orthodox Christians, themselves for justice and purity. These things were more precious than little differences of opinion, &c., which came to the antislavery of that country, the sanctity and purity of the home, then all good men must join hand in hand and stand shoulder to shoulder. [Loud applause.] The company sat down to the tables at half past seven and rose at eleven. Mr. Annesley's closing words were: I think we part-to-night with something of inward assurance that we belong to each other in a way we know before, but never so well comprehended. It is not Garfield nor Hancock; it is a fair fiction; and it is not your aim nor mine, but it is fair and honest methods in liberty and in union, for us that our purposes and purposes, and isn't that the central impression of all we have said and tried to say and mean to be said? So long as heaven we will carry it from this place and help make it a part of the public property of the world. [Applause.] And you, my friend (turning to Mr. Abbot), you have not only pointed the way, but have walked to it and our differences do not touch that central and radical agreement which is the most conservative thing in the universe. God bless us every one; good night!

THE LETTERS.

FROM GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

My Dear Sir—I am very much obliged by the kind invitation to the dinner in honor of Mr. Abbot, and I am very sorry that I cannot accept it. I did a tribute of honor to a scholar who has so resolutely maintained the three fundamental American rights—the three in one, and the only truly which probably he would be willing to acknowledge—free thought; free speech and a free press. All friends of moral and intellectual liberty who know how subtle but how strong are the influences brought against it, will gladly unite both in testifying their regard and sympathy for one who has served the cause so faithfully as Mr. Abbot, and in wishing him prosperity in his new career. With great respect,

Very truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.
West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y. June 6, 1880.

FROM DAVID A. WASSON.

My Dear Sir—I regret that it will be impossible for me to attend the dinner to be given in honor of Mr. Abbot, but I beg leave to signify my hearty appreciation of the social, earnestness, industry and constancy shown by him in the propagation of ideas which is required intellectual intrepidity to arrive at and moral strength to profess. He and I have differed and do so still, though less it may be than former; yet I have never been blind—how could any one be blind!—either to his acumen or his enormous personal qualities, and of late I have warmly sympathized with his contention against a wild liberalism, with which not worse, and with his assertion of the authority of reason, represented by the great successors of healthy minds, as opposed to the pretensions of an upstart individualism which would dissolve all the great institutions, spiritual and social, into a dust of squeaking atoms.

From his scientific method he hopes more than I; but I long to see a book in which he shall thoroughly test his capabilities as applied to the grand ideal interests and faults of mankind, and I hope earnestly that he may have health and leisure to prepare such an addition to our glorious literature. Yours very truly,

D. A. WASSON.
West Medford, June 24.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

Dear Sirs—Your circular, which came this morning, thirty-five days after date of issue, leaves me no time to come to Boston to attend the dinner you propose to give Mr. Abbot on the 25th. I might not have been able to come in any event, but should have tried to have been there, because I love Francis Abbot like a brother, and admire as I love him. I think we are all his debtors for the noble words he has spoken to life-generations, and the truth he has bought at such a cost, but never sold. It has been laid on him to penetrate into regions of thought still dim to many of us and remote from our life, and to report to us how divine they are, even as the little garden plots in which we have to labor. He sees the truth in its clear whiteness. We split the white shaft into planks after our kind. We cannot help this. We must all be true to our mission, but the whole world of free-thinkers must feel as I do what worth there is in such a rare gift, and so loyally faithful as Mr. Abbot has been to it, and with, even unto death. May God bless all true pioneers like my friend.

Yours, indeed,

ROBERT COLLYER.
New York, June 21, 1880.

FROM FREDERICK DOUGLAS.

Rev. M. J. Singey—My Dear Sir—I give you my best thanks for the invitation. Few things were it but convenient would be more agreeable to my wishes than to be present at the dinner proposed to be given in Boston on the 25th, in honor of Mr. Francis E. Abbot, a gentleman for whom I entertain sentiments of highest respect and esteem. He has not only done much to break the fetters of religious superstition for which he is entitled to gratitude, but he has, with singular ability and earnestness, infused those lessons of personal rectitude without the obscuration of which there can be no real happiness in the world. I have often arisen from the perusal of his editorials in the *Index* deeply impressed with their wholesome, bracing and elevating tendency, and, with many others, I regret that his vigorous pen soon to be withdrawn from its accustomed work. I am not quite sure that I can be with you on the 25th June; but if not present on that occasion, please present to Mr. Abbot my best wishes for his health, prosperity and happiness, and for his speedy return to the field in which he has been a most sturdy and valuable laborer.

Very truly yours,

FREDERICK DOUGLAS.
Washington, D. C., June 15, 1880.

FROM THE REV. MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Dear Mr. Singey—I regret that my departure for America this year will be a little too late for me to avail myself of the invitation with which your committee have honored me. I have met many worthy soldier of truth and justice at Young's, but none more valiant in cause he holds than Francis E. Abbot. When he ran up his little paper banner at Toledo it was something like Garrison running up his small Liberator; the latter has become an historic flag of liberty, and the former will not soon be forgotten or won't in the day when America wears as her jewels the names of those who set free her heart and brain.

Your honored guest is less known to me personally than to most of those who will gather around him. I have known him mainly through the *Index*. I have sometimes differed from his opinions, and he perhaps, often from mine, —it is not an Irishman. Therefore it will not be thought the partiality of personal friendship when I say that Francis Abbot appears to be one of the few distinctly religious men who have never drawn a line against freedom of thought. That which was called the theistic movement in England is declining, as I think, simply because those who plotted it came to a point beyond which they could not move in the direction of liberty. There are some who feel with Spinoza, that to define God is to destroy him; whose only clear conception in that direction are such as are desired against such difficulties. I am one of these, and must say that the more constructive theists speak of us and our negative position in an amazingly way; some of them sharply enough to suggest that their deity is not far evolved beyond that earlier one supposed to be so anxious about human portions concerning him. Among the songs which the late Professor Clifford composed will at Cambridge, and which the students there sing, one has a verse running:

If you and God should disagree
On questions of theology,
Your God need to all eternity,
Poor, blind worm!

This song will, no doubt, be sung as long as men with liberal minds are found defending certain views of religion and moral life depended on them; which were as much as to say that one cannot fall in love without holding certain philosophical or metaphysical theories of his sweet-heart's nature. The little difficulty about this proposition is that it is not true. And Mr. Abbot has recognized that it is not....

I am grateful for this opportunity of adding to the tributes of those nearer to him an old friend—Moncure's appreciation of sacrifice which it will require further years to estimate.

Ever faithfully,

MONCURE D. CONWAY.
Inglewood, Bedford Park, N. Y., June 18, 1880.

OTHER LETTERS.

Letters, not all of which were read, were also received from Messrs. J. L. Stoddard (dated "etc."), Francis E. Parker of St. Louis, Charles Wattie of the London Secular Review, Charles Voysey of London, James C. Leeward of St. Louis, E. F. Gurlitt of Albany, C. K. Whipple of Brooklyn, Edward C. Towne of Bloomsbury Street, Shefford, England, N. S. Water of Washington, D. C., Samuel Longfellow of Germantown, Pa., William Green of West Newton, Oliver Johnson of Brooklyn, N. Y., Henry W. Bellows of New York, R. M. Schlesinger of Albany, S. E. Sewall of Boston, Felix Adler, Adolph Werner of New York, E. W. Meddah of Detroit, S. L. Hill of Nordhoff, Calif., the Rev. M. J. Savage and George Jacob Holyoake.

Interpretation of a Dream.

In the Journal, May 20th, "Materialist" narrates a dream. He does not appear to suspect that the dream is a symbolic foreshadowing of an event. Nevertheless it is so; unbelievers as well as others receive true revelations. His dream has reference to the approaching presidential election, and foretells defeat to the party to which the dreamer belongs. However, the relations of the dream to the interpretation will scarcely be perceived by any person who has not studied my manuscript of delineations of dream language. To know the politics of the aforesaid dreamer would be an interesting fact to me.

JAMES MONKTON.

H. N. Green Butts writes as follows from Hopedale, Mass. Your paper is crowded with good things, and both the writer and the mechanical work are worthy of much commendation. Some time I shall hope to write oftener, and tell you something of our Unitarian village, which is one of the finest in New England. This place is, as you know, the home of the Rev. Asa Balton, who was the founder of the "Hopedale Community," who spent the best part of his days in laboring to inaugurate a society upon the basis of peace and fraternity, "the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." Mr. Balton has just entered upon his seventy-eighth year, and is now engaged most of the time in writing his autobiography, and there are many Spiritualists in this place, but the preaching at the church is of the Unitarian order. Mr. Balton, after spending so much time for twenty years or more, resigned his pastoral last February, much to the regret of his many friends.

C. E. Simpson of Middletown, Ky., writes: We had a good speaker and medium here. The place is ripe for it. Our speakers would go out into the country villages, they would find the reading and thinking people of the present age,

BROOKLYN, N. Y., SPIRITUAL FRATERNITY.

With thermometers at 93° in the shade, we could hardly expect a dozen people to meet this evening, but we had a fine audience out as in numbers and spiritual and mental character, to listen to our radical Brother, W. C. Bowen, who was to speak on "From Rome to Russia."

The chairman in the opening remarks said that while the members of the Fraternity who in former years were composed of men and women from every part of the earth, as well as some who had no faith in an immortal life, had our discussions along had been marked with courtesy and good will and none who had spoken upon our platform had ever been listened to with more marked attention than this brother who is to address you tonight, and none whom we respect or love more than we do him, for his words are the utterances of the honest soul who respects the opinions of others who widely differ with him.

Mr. Bowen said: "I cordially appreciate what your chairman has said, and when we deemed it a matter of necessity that we should organize this Fraternity, we were warned not to utilize or participate in its organization, for our platform would be proscriptive in its character and all its members would find themselves gobbled up by the Universalists. No platform could be more liberal and generous than ours is, and the success of our Fraternity is largely based upon that catholicity of spirit which pervades our meetings, and I predict when we resume our work in the fall, larger attendance and a more wide spread usefulness. My subject to-night is "From Rome to Reason," from obedience to blind authority, to the right of individuals to exercise the right to think and speak as their consciences dictate. This growth has been gradual, and marked by many bloody stains where the dogmatical church persecuted and burned the doctrine to the stake. History tells us in the earlier ages that all the books and writings of Free Thinkers were burned by the Mother Church, and for long years the human mind was bound in chains and fetters. When Luther protested against the authority of the church, it was a step forward, but Luther himself did not comprehend where his action would eventually lead him. John Calvin also protested against this authority, but he in turn became dogmatic and would not save his old friend Servetus from martyrdom. The dogmatic theology of Calvin is passing away with its decline of election, predestination and original sin.

"The Spiritualists of New Hampshire and Vermont will hold their Third Annual Camp-meeting, at Blodgett's Landing, Newbury, N. H., commencing Tuesday, August 31st, and ending September 12, 1880. The camp-meeting will be held in a magnificent grove situated on the eastern shore of Lake Sunapee, in the town of Newbury, about five miles from the railroad station on the Concord and Claremont Railroad. The steamer Lady Woodsum makes connection with all trains on this road at Newbury station.

The Manchester Weekly Union says: "In all New England there is not a fairer and more beautiful sheet of water than Lake Sunapee. The lake is elevated nearly one thousand feet above the tide, and is about ten miles in length, while its width varies from one-half to about two miles. The natural beauties of the lake have been seen for years to a limited extent, but the last four years have ushered in the dawn of a new era for the lake, until her fair fame has extended beyond the borders of New Hampshire. Lake Sunapee furnishes the best fishing ground for black bass in New England, and its waters are as pure as the sunlight. We have the authority of Col. Pecker of the *Boston Journal* who recently paid a day at the lake, that the lab. N. P. Rogers once remarked that this lake was

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"THE LOCH KATHINE OF AMERICA, only more beautiful than the Scottish lake."

IMPROVEMENTS.

Cottages and houses have been erected along the shores of the lake, and others are in process of erection. At Blodgett's Landing there has been erected a commodious dining hall. A fine pavilion has been located near the center of the grounds, and overlooking the lake and grove. The dancing assemblies held here last year were very popular. The committee will exercise the greatest care that they may be conducted the present season in an orderly manner, so that they may retain their well earned popularity. A bowling alley will be ready for use when the meeting commences. The speaker's stand will be removed about six rods to the north, where is located a fine natural auditorium capable of seating three thousand persons.

THE STRAMM "LAKE WOONSOON."

Many visitors to the camp ground last year pronounced it well worth a journey to Newbury just for the ride of five miles up the lake on the steam- or "Lady Woosoon." This is a staunch little craft, and capable of carrying about one hundred and fifty passengers.

EVOCING DAY.

The picnic day will be September 24, 7th and 10th. On these days services will be held in the morning at 10 o'clock, and dancing at 3 and 7 o'clock p.m.

GENERAL NOTES.

Wall tents \$10 will be furnished for \$1.00; straw sufficient for one bed 20 cents; board by the week \$25.00; by the day 75 cents; breakfast and supper 25 cents each; dinner 37 cents. Less time than one week, by the day. Lodging 25 cents a night. Post office will be established at the headquarters.

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HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS & SCIENCES, LITERATURE

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no Human Shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: She only asks a hearing.

VOL. XXVIII.

JOHN C. BUNDY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

CHICAGO, JULY 17, 1880.

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NO. 20

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CREDIBILITY—CHRISTIAN AND SPIRITAL.

"Ourselves as Others See Us."

Religion, or no religion, is the question of the hour in all serious minds. All theology is now on trial at the bar of a bold and merciless criticism, and the world with mingled hope and fear is awaiting the momentous verdict. People of the present age have discovered so much error in the religions which have come down from the past, that they have almost universally become dissatisfied and ashamed of their humiliating religious history, and at last demand of their teachers demonstrated, unvarnished truth. "Give us the truth if the heavens fall," is the motto of modern inquiry. Mankind has justly become skeptical in religion, and in view of past deceptions and mistakes it is not strange that faith in mere assertion and authority is weak. New York and Chicago do not now like "all Judea and Jerusalem" of old, flock to Jordans confessing their sins at the cry of some eccentric prophet from the wilderness, but think it wiser to examine his credentials and invite him to a discussion. Buddhism holds up her head and challenges the arrogant European missionary to compare religions before a jury of the people—Japanese scholars write elaborate books against Christianity and are preparing to assail it in its strongholds in Europe and America.

"Prove all things" is written on the banner that leads the march of religious thought to-day. In God's modern Eden there stands no tempting forbidden tree of knowledge; the Bible, the Veda and Koran lie side by side in our libraries with the latest thought of the boldest atheism and the most infatuated orthodoxy and radical spiritualism, and the thinkers of our times are carefully winnowing from these mountains of chaff the grains of truth for a basis of an abiding faith. The religion that puts its claims into the world's reading room to-day, subjects them to the keen review of the most competent critical age ever known, and if it ever wins its way to general respect or acceptance it must prove itself by its scholarship, its reasonableness, and moral theories the peer or superior of all other systems. A very grave question for Spiritualism to consider naturally rises here—the vital and timely question, how its new and peculiar literature is affecting its position and progress in intelligent influential quarters. To those who take note of current religious movements it is an apparent fact, that the advance of Spiritualism is retarded more by the character of much of the literature it has placed before the world through the injudicious leniency of portions of its press, than by all other causes. While it is true that many scholars in the spiritual ranks have enriched modern literature and science with works of rare merit, yet must it not in candor be confessed, that in spiritual libraries are to be found the most astonishing volumes ever written in the name of science, morality or religion, and the result is that the busy world not being able to find any common, acknowledged standard of belief in the vast unorganized body called Spiritualists, comes naturally to the conclusion that the average taste, intelligence, and morality, is represented by this department of their insane and visionary literature.

Can we wonder at the pity, if not contempt, with which really scientific, intelligent people regard those who in this living age are looking for science in the "Divine Revelations" of Andrew Jackson Davis, instead of the magazines and encyclopedias; who study the geology of prehistoric ages, as demonstrated by impressions made on the mind of a sensitive woman by holding a fossil or pebble in the hand; who read the history of exploded science, as written on the "Axis" of star literature.

To unprejudiced eyes, free from "motes and beams," this bitter conflict between the aggressive, fanatical wing of orthodoxy and Spiritualism, is a most puzzling mental phenomenon. Why that class of Spiritualists that are endowed with such a marvelous faith faculty, should have become blind to the supernatural faith of the Bible, and why the easy unquestioning faith of orthodoxy does not accept the alleged modern spiritual wonders, is truly a mystery. While general society looks upon this stirring conflict between the Bible and anti-Bible fanatics with little interest, giving it only sufficient attention to draw out sarcastic comparisons, more thoughtful people see in the earnest, living contest a fact of very deep significance, throwing even a cheering light on the dark problem of what is to be the final outcome of this great modern "Eclipse of Faith." The moral philosopher, looking below the surface seen in it, sees evidence that cold materialistic science, has not yet fully paralyzed the faith

dust and meteors, and transcribed on the brain of a medium by psychometry; and go into ecstasy over "negro," "Indian," animal, and "higher heavens," as revealed to E. Crowell, M. D., through "two Indian spirits," and the spirit of a New Orleans "cotton merchant" who died "about forty years ago." Can we wonder that so many cool men who can cordially accept the essential truths of Spiritualism, refuse to be identified with it in name or organization so long as the stigma of such mad credulity and imbecility is fairly chargeable to so many publicly passing for Spiritualists. This state of things which prevents efficient organization in many communities will continue, and people who wish to retain their reputation for good sense and sanity among their neighbors will stand aloof from the fraternity until some definite line shall be drawn by which the public can distinguish the rational Spiritualist from the fanatic.

Sober, conservative people who think it hazardous to experiment with the old foundations of well established society, without almost positive knowledge that the change would be for the better, are very carefully scrutinizing the practical working of the new and old ideas of our day, and will not favor a change without the best reasons. If their faith in the books of the old Bible is weak because their authorship is unknown, will the authenticity of the new spiritual gospels dictated by invisible scribes, seem so much better established as to warrant a change of Bibles? Will they be likely to set aside Matthew, Mark, Benan and the patient, profound infidel German critics as unreliable biographers of the historical Jesus, and substitute the "True History of Jesus Christ" given by spirits who were contemporaries with him on earth, through the mediumship of Alexander Smyth? Candid public sentiment is getting somewhat impatient and awake at the stale charges of superstition and credulity which a class of egotistical speakers and writers, regarded as Spiritualists, are forever throwing at what they sneeringly call "Christianism." A leading New York paper recently under the head of "Pulpit Themes and Thoughts," thus tersely expressed this growing sentiment:

"A man who cannot believe the Gospels, which he can analyze in the daylight, but can believe all the revelations of spooks given in a dark room, is hardly a competent teacher for Christian or heathen in this age of the world."

Those who are willing to make oath that fine fish get into sealed bottles under a table spread in the hand of an honest fish medium, should stop laughing at the credibility of those "weak Christians" who accept the fish story of Jonah. These inspirational scientists who have been privileged to sit in spiritual Edens, amid the perfume of dewy roses and lilies, freshly blown, from the ethereal emanations of a beautiful "flower medium," should cease harping upon the ignorance of those "poor bigots" who still have faith in the six days' creation of Moses. After having seen a score of spirits of ordinary human weight and size evolved in an hour or two from the invisible elements of a small woman—heard them make orations, seen them eat spiritually grown oranges with their friends, it would seem they should be more charitable to the "simple minded" believers in "Christianism," who credit the Bible narratives of the widow's curse and the miraculous leaves and fishes. The skeptical, impartial public is not ambitious to decide whether fanatical orthodoxy or the eccentric Spiritualist is most open to the charge of credulity, but it feels bound in justice to rebuke the flippant arrogance of those who are continually ridiculing the credulity of the churches, while they accept statements which throw the most marvelous supernaturalism of the Bible entirely into the shade. Although truth and honest conviction should never be concealed because unpopular, yet man's natural self-love and egotism so blinds him to his own errors, that it is always wise to heed cool outside criticism. "To see ourselves as others see us," is a gift rarely given to mortals. Habit and familiarity have the power to deprave the taste and make even deformity attractive. National customs however grotesque to foreigners, are always in good taste at home; even nudity is comely when in the fashion, and so also association and contact with the most untenable dogmas and grotesque ideas strangely dull the sense of their absurdity; and Christianity thus appears a wild mythology to the Buddhist, and Buddhism a myth to the Christian.

To unprejudiced eyes, free from "motes and beams," this bitter conflict between the aggressive, fanatical wing of orthodoxy and Spiritualism, is a most puzzling mental phenomenon. Why that class of Spiritualists that are endowed with such a marvelous faith faculty, should have become blind to the supernatural faith of the Bible, and why the easy unquestioning faith of orthodoxy does not accept the alleged modern spiritual wonders, is truly a mystery. While general society looks upon this stirring conflict between the Bible and anti-Bible fanatics with little interest, giving it only sufficient attention to draw out sarcastic comparisons, more thoughtful people see in the earnest, living contest a fact of very deep significance, throwing even a cheering light on the dark problem of what is to be the final outcome of this great modern "Eclipse of Faith."

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faculty of the world; he sees in this type of mind which is so constituted as to easily believe the miraculous and marvelous, the qualities which when directed and guarded by a cautious scientific spirit, will finally supplant the cold, negative creeds of liberalism with a grand, positive and satisfying faith. The shrewd pioneer has faith in the wild soil that grows the rankest weeds; he knows it has the elements for better harvests; so these poetic souls capable of banishing the rigid, iron bands of strict logic and mathematical demonstration, and of receiving inspiration from the ideal realms of spirit and imagination, possess the living forces needed to infuse practical working energy into the dead, cold religious philosophies of our age. The signs in the religious heavens on the whole look hopeful.

The keen, constant mutual criticisms of bellicose sects, must unavoidably enlighten all parties, and if the liberal Christian press and the conservative spiritual journals continue their noble work of reproving blind credulity, exposing error and delusion whether ancient or modern, a few central truths will be reached on which all can agree, and we may soon see the dawn of the true Christian era when there shall be religious "Peace on Earth."

B. L. TYRELL.

Fox Lake, Wis.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES IN THE LIVES OF DIFFERENT PERSONS.

To the Editor of the Religion Philosophical Journal:

How nice a thing it would be if we could all have some good accompanying mentor or genius to guide us in all our actions!

When about to do something, go on some journey or enter into some business affair that would prove detrimental to us, what a favor it would be if some kind warning voice could guard us against, or some invisible force draw us away from it. I would not ask to be led into a fortune, and I would scorn to be told a lucky number that should draw me a prize, but I truly would appreciate the presence of a guiding intelligence that should warn me against disaster and misfortune.

After having deliberately thought over a course of action, and which, according to the best of my judgment, it seems the proper thing for me to do but which I pursued would lead me to ruin or misfortune, how kind it would be if something should warn me in time or hold me back before it is too late.

That some people are thus warned and directed seems quite evident, if human testimony be of any account whatever, and I sometimes think that God or Nature, or something, has been a little too partial in this particular. Why should a few be thus favored and not all? Two men set out upon a journey. Something tells one of them not to go and he turns back. No word of warning is given to the other and he goes down to death in a wrecked train or a foundering steamer. Again, two persons of equal judgment contemplate engaging in a certain line of business, but after awhile one of them is strongly impressed that he ought not to do it, and is drawn away from his first intention; the second is allowed to go on, with no gentle voice to restrain him, and plunges headlong into financial ruin and distress which the other has escaped by no foresight of his own.

These reflections are called up by stories I often hear of what seems to be a personal or special guidance that some individuals are blessed with. There is in this State a gentleman whose name I might give, (and I have not been prohibited from doing so) but as I have had no special permission so to do, I think it best to withhold it. He is a man of strong individual opinions and the most remote from entertaining supernatural ideas. He holds a position of great responsibility for a great company, and as superintendent, his business takes him wherever railroads run within a certain jurisdiction. It is not long since that I fell in with him at a place quite remote from headquarters, and in the course of conversation, he related the following incident in his experience:

"It is not a very long time since that business of a most urgent character called me to Colorado Springs, and I took the morning train for that place expecting to be absent for two or three days. As the train was nearing Acoma, one of the stations on the Rio Grande Railroad, and not many miles off Denver, I distinctly heard a voice saying to me 'You must return to Denver to-night.' I was somewhat startled at this and began to revive in my mind the impossibility of doing so, as the business at the Springs I was sure would cause me a delay of at least a day or two. I was about concluding that what I had supposed to be a voice was a creature of my imagination, and was settling back with the idea that it would be absolutely impossible for me to return the same evening, when more urgently than ever came the voice, 'You must go back to Denver to-night; you can do so.' I was again aroused, as a matter of course, and while pondering over the matter I suddenly seemed to see the interior of my office—saw the desk I am accustomed to occupy, and upon it a note addressed to me held in place by a paper weight. I read the note and saw who it was from. The train rattled on and I kept up a wonderful thinking—in fact, I became so worried that on reaching a telegraph station I stepped into the office and telephoned to my clerk as follows: 'If Mr. ——, of West Den-

ver, calls to see me to-day, tell him I shall be at home this evening.' Proceeding on toward Colorado Springs, I inquired of the conductor if there were any other than the regular evening train by which I could return to Denver, and he replied that there was not. I learned, furthermore, that I would have from three to four hours at the Springs before the arrival of the train for Denver.

"On reaching my destination I attended right to business. The affair was not as complicated as I had expected and I got through with it long before the arrival of the north-bound train, and I was ready and anxious to go. To cut the story short, I arrived in Denver the same evening, got out at the first station and made all possible haste to reach my office. The first thing I saw was the same note lying upon my desk that I had seen in my vision, occupying the same position, held in place by the same paper weight, and on opening it, it read word for word as I had read it in the morning, and was signed by the party whose name I had also previously seen."

And here his story ended. It was a business matter of great importance to him, and the friendly voice had admonished him to be at home promptly to attend to it. The same gentleman assures me that he is often restrained, in a similar manner, from doing what he otherwise would do and against his own interests. His business necessitates a great deal of correspondence, and many a letter after he has written it goes into a pigeon-hole because his watchful mentor forbids it, and it always proves for the best that he obeys the admonition.

WHAT WAS IT?

I will introduce a change in my subject. Mrs. L. —— is an estimable lady of my acquaintance who seems to be highly sentimental, but who has never given much attention to Spiritualism. At times during her life, phenomena of various kinds have come under her observation, entirely unthought of and unexpected, and, in truth, were she not very timid, it is quite probable they would be frequent occurrences. She has often seen what she regards as spirits, and not unfrequently she is startled by innumerable rappings, at times when she is the least expecting them. Among some of her experiences, she related to me the following the other day which she has always regarded as singular: "Near Salem, Ohio," she says, "there is an old stone house that was built many years ago by a family named Sharpe. This was afterwards purchased by a gentleman of French descent called Sultot, who was for a long time principal of Hiram Institute, of which Gen. Garfield, now candidate for President, was the Superintendent. At the time of which I speak I was staying with an aunt of mine and being on intimate terms with the Sultot family, I purpose going to make them a visit. Learning of my intentions my aunt remarked, 'Mrs. Walton was there last week and something very strange happened to her, she says, but I will not tell you what it was until after your return.' I was curious to know but she would not tell me. I went to the Sultot as I had planned. I found that an addition had been put on to the old house, and a room was given me in the new part where I was to pass the night. On retiring I secured the door and noticed that the windows were all fast. In the room was a grate in which no fire had ever been kindled. Some time during the night I was awakened by a noise as if some one was stirring up the fire in the grate with a poker. There was no mistaking the sound, and it continued as I listened. I did not think that there could be any one in the room and I at once attributed it to the supernatural. Presently the poker or tongs were set down, and I heard foot steps approaching my bed and soon felt as if some one was standing by my side, but I had only time to realize this before some one sat down upon me with heavy weight, and on attempting to put my hand out to push off the man or beast, or whatever it was, I found I could not move a muscle. In a moment it rolled over me to the back side of the bed, strangled out at full length for an instant, and was gone.

"Why, Mrs. L. ——," said I, laughing. "that was nothing in the world but the night mare, and I have experienced something of the sort, I think, and it was only due to indigestion." "No," she replied, "I was wide awake, and the next morning I told Miss Sultot what had happened, and she remarked, 'Why that is very strange. The very same thing happened to Mrs. Walton who was visiting us just one week ago, in that same room.' On returning to my aunt I related my experience which she said corresponded almost exactly with what Mrs. Walton had told her, but which she did not wish to repeat to me for fear of making me timid about visiting the Sultot. I afterwards corresponded with Mrs. Walton, and I have her letter to reply now. Her experience was the same as mine, with the exception that she heard voices."

One other experience that Mrs. L. —— related to me will bear repeating. "At the age of about 15," she says, "my father was living in Massillon, Ohio. Opposite to us in the same street, there resided some neighbors with whom we were quite intimate, and on a certain occasion we were invited there to spend the evening, together with several other friends of the family. A lady relative from New York, and her little daughter about 10

years of age, had been visiting with them for some time and were also present on the occasion. The night was very dark, and sometime during the latter part of the evening the little girl came running into the room, exclaiming, 'Oh mamma, do come out of doors and see what a beautiful sight is there,' but her mother not paying any attention to the child, I took her by the hand and accompanied her to the back door, where looking out, I beheld, to my utter amazement, a number of beautiful lights standing in a circle, with faces uplifted, and above them a glow of light that brilliantly illuminated the scene. I rushed back to the parlor as the child had done before to get the rest to come and see the exhibition, but when we reached the door nothing but the darkness was visible—the lovely vision vanished, for it was only then that I comprehended that it was a vision, and I was as much astonished at its sudden disappearance as I was when I first gazed upon it. I do not know whether it had any significance, but the little girl died within the year that followed."

HOW IS IT DONE?

I have lately become acquainted with a very pleasant family, who have as guests some Welsh relatives from the Eastern States. There is nothing very remarkable in this, you will think, and you are right, but when I tell you of a remarkable faculty or secret which they possess, you will not so much wonder that I make mention of them. Give them the names and ages of any married couple in your recollection that have passed away, and they will tell you which of the pair died first, and they will never fail in any instance. They must know the given names and which of the two was older. But worse than that, given the same conditions, they will tell you which of any living married couple will first pass over, and never fail! How is it done? It is "past finding out," and they will never tell the secret to any one but their children, should they have any, but I have learned how they came to possession of this gift.

Many years ago a vessel from one of the Scandinavian countries was wrecked off the coast of Wales, and every soul on board save one perished in the waves. This one, more dead than alive, was picked fortuitously by a gentleman who took him home and kindly nursed and cared for him in his own family, but it was all in vain. So great was the shock the stranger had received that he gradually sank under it and knew he must die. Calling his benefactor to his bedside he thanked him for his kindness, and told him that he possessed a secret which in gratitude for what he had done for him he would communicate, but which he must keep to himself during his life-time, though he would be at liberty to impart it to his children at his death. The gentleman obtained the secret and the stranger died. In after years the gentleman immigrated to the United States and raised a family of children. A few years ago he met with a serious accident by falling from his horse which came very near proving fatal. Believing that his end was near at hand, he called his children around him and put them in possession of the secret which he had learned from the dying stranger on the coast of Wales many years before. Contrary to all expectation the father recovered and is still living, but his children possess the wonderful secret all the same, and demonstrate their powers whenever occasion requires. A son, daughter and granddaughter of the Welsh gentleman above named are here on a visit to their friends, and having met them there and tested their powers, I have thought it a matter worthy of mention.

R. A. REED.

The fairest exponent of spiritual philosophy is the RELIGION PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago. It is the sworn enemy of frauds and mafrebanks, and for its stern warfare against庸俗 and low-minded libertines it has drawn upon itself all the enmity and vituperation they could command. We read it with much interest, finding some things to condemn and much to praise.—JOURNAL, LONDON, U.K.

AN EXCHANGE SAYS:

"In Brooklyn, a child five years old, who has been suffering three years with a horribly diseased ankle, has recently been cured by the application of mortar from the Chapman of Knock, County Mayo, Ireland, where he has appeared the appurtenance of the Virgin Mary and St. James and John. The mortar was dissolved in water before applying. The pope is to investigate the matter to see whether or not it is a miracle."

The PANTHEON HERALD, of June 30th, says: "A very interesting sermon on 'Spiritualism' was preached by Rev. G. W

Sideros and its People as Independently Described by Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

[CONTINUED.]

"I see likenesses of people on the wall that have been made by sunlight. They use an iron box for that purpose. They seem to photograph in colors. The people have no hats, but wear white cloths when they are out, and a band round the head in the house to keep the hair from getting in their eyes. The sleeping apartments are entered from the main room. I see exceedingly beautiful pictures in them; they are photographed on a yellow material like paper."

"Now I see a book; it is round or nearly so; the leaves are only printed on one side; they are a beautiful blue. They are attached to a pivot and as they are read, they are slid off, leaf after leaf. There is a great deal of matter to the inch. The lines are rather close and irregular, some words are above and some below; all the marks are curved. It is a good deal like short-hand. Their language has fewer sounds than ours and only one word is used for the same thing."

"I see a geometrical figure on one of the leaves of the book. It is a right-angled triangle, with a line through it and writing all around it. The book seems to be a manuscript. The beds are not on legs; but suspended from the walls on iron bands. The beds are about twenty-five feet from the ground; and are quite springy."

"When the cold seasons come the houses are heated throughout with hot water from the deep wells. The men and women bathe together. They sprinkle hot and cold water on their bodies. They are fond of bathing. The bath is outside arched over; there are steps for descending and mats all round to lie on."

"Their physique is very similar to ours. Their feet are perfect; they take more care of them than we do. They perform a great deal of work with but little manual labor. Men and women take turns in doing the work."

"Now I see children. They are kept apart most of the day. They go to one of those tall tapering buildings. They are dressed like the old persons. How quick motioned they are! They can leap higher than their own height. I saw one leap over another. They learn gymnastics in that large room. The apparatus is let down on which they perform and then drawn up again."

"There are many people. I do not think they have any religion."

This we shall find was a mistake. "They study a great deal. They are very careful of their health; they understand how to be healthy. They bathe, keep clean and use steam. One of the children fell and hurt his shoulder; they rub his arm. They understand making passes. I do not think they have many children. There seem to be four families in this house, brothers and sisters I think. This seems common. They eat fish, but they are scarce. They are kept in artificial ponds. They are about three feet long and very beautiful. The pond where they are kept, is owned by the town and the people are allowed to take out so many so often."

"There are three girls here unmarried; one man and ten or twelve children. I see persons make sun-pictures and books in the hand writing of the author."

"It is a long way to the earth. They could see the earth and moon with instruments they had. The earth was a star of the first magnitude. Their night was very long. I go to the earth and that is out of sight; at least I lose it. I go to that and the earth is a star. I cannot come back to the earth and see it as it used to be; but as it is. I think our planet was very primitive at that time."

If Sideros passed beyond the orbit of Uranus, the earth in its winter must have been invisible to the unassisted eye. For Uranus, eighty-two times its size, can only be seen by us occasionally and in the absence of the moon. The earth could only be seen as a star of the first magnitude when Sideros was in that part of its orbit which brought it much nearer.

I have always kept in view the necessity for independent psychometric testimony to establish the correctness of the statements made by any one person, and have had excellent opportunities of testing many of the statements made regarding Sideros.

MRS. HUBBARD'S TESTIMONY.

When lecturing in New Haven last February I found a very excellent sensitive, Mrs. Hubbard, the mother of the Messrs. Hubbards, the well-known advertising firm. She had never examined specimens psychometrically, by placing them to the forehead, but had been able by holding letters in her hands to describe with great accuracy the surroundings of the writers. From a small fragment of the Painesville meteorite, she obtained the following, not having the slightest knowledge of the nature of the specimen, or for what purpose I desired the information. She described herself as standing on a high rock and looking down to a great depth where men were doing something. She said:

"I see a flannel shirt on one of the men; they are digging."

Describe the men.

"They are too far off, and are stooping as they dig. It seems as if they were finding things of value."

Will yourself down to where they are.

"I see a person where there is a rough dwelling place; it is low. It seems to be a colored woman that came out of there."

"I see an immense distance from that ledge over a valley, and on the other side is ground, perhaps as high as this. It seems as if this came from near the bottom of that ledge. The men are digging out something different from this."

What do they do with the material they dig out?

"They have a basket or something of that kind to put it in."

"I see water in the valley, not very much. It seems as if this range ran northeast."

Describe the people, their dwellings and the animals and plants.

"What trees I see on the other side of the valley look small and straight. I never saw any before that looked just like them. There do not seem to be many inhabitants here."

"I can see a river at distance; altogether this is a curious-looking place and the people look strange. Their dress is very peculiar. The woman had something tied round her waist; the dress was very short and she had a kind of turban on her head."

"The country does not seem to be much inhabited. I see nothing on one side of the valley, where I am; looking on the other side are small and inferior buildings, and in the distance the river."

What kind of a climate has the country?

"It seems warm to me, soft."

"I should feel as if I was isolated from everybody and everything, if I lived in such a place as that."

"I see a goat, larger than any I see here, and with different horns; it is of a dark color, with some white on the head and body. It belongs to the woman I described. We should laugh ourselves away to see a woman dressed

like that. [Laughs.] I don't know how they live there. They have to go a good way to get their provisions. Some they pick up by hunting and fabling around there. "I see a queer looking man now. The man and woman are going off together in a cart; it has two wheels and is a rough-looking thing, [Laughs again.] Such a couple and such a cart! He has a round face. Everything seems so queer and strange. It is a cart with board across it. It moves slowly, but it is all the same to them."

What is the animal like that draws them?

"It has long ears. I should think it was a mule, but I do not know. It is not as large as a horse and is a queer looking thing, poor and spotted. I do not know but it is a goat, but it looks so comical—such a couple, and such a cart! I never saw any people that looked like them. They are dark and do not seem half civilized. There is no progression among them and but few ideas. There seems to be a town or city near there; it is the place to which the happy couple are going. It is on rising ground back from the river. It is very mountainous all around there."

"The people seem very singular, not at all like our people; dress and everything entirely different. The earth there seems like clay. The streets do not seem neat or tidy. I see houses built very small; the streets are dusty where I am now. There is very little order about the disposition of the buildings; every one seems to have suited his fancy. The people are uncultivated; I think they lack brain."

"I see one old man almost doubled over. He wears a kind of loose blouse; it is warm weather. They dress oddly. Their dress has a grayish appearance throughout and as if colors were unknown. I have seen no colors. Some of the roofs extend away over from the centre. I saw one man with dark, curly hair."

[To be Continued.]

"THE UNIVERSALITY OF GOD'S KINGDOM."

Sermon at Detroit Opera House, Sunday, May 30th, by Rev. E. L. Rexford. Bishop Simpson Reviewed.

Mr. Rexford is an eminent Universalist, President of Buchtel College at Akron, Ohio, and the extracts from his sermon we take from a full report in the *Detroit Free Press*. In opening he said:

A very considerable interest has been awakened among sermon-reading people, by the discourse of Bishop Simpson, delivered three weeks ago in Music Hall, Cincinnati. The sermon was remarkable, not only for the subject, but for the man and the occasion. The subject was: "The Universality of God's Kingdom and the Triumph of Christianity."

The audience that listened to and applauded the sermon is said to have numbered eight thousand persons—the largest assemblage, probably, ever assembled in any American city to listen to the preaching of the gospel. The General Conference of the Methodist church in session in Cincinnati doubtless contributed a large and sympathetic part of the throng, and the eloquent Bishop, stimulated by this vast and co-operative thought and feeling, doubtless gave to his usually brilliant speech an unusual brilliancy and power.

I need not remind you that Bishop Simpson is the most widely known man in the Methodist church. As a preacher he stands at the head of that numerous body, while he holds a very honorable place among the best preachers of the time....

The sermon was remarkable for its general excellence; it was more remarkable for what it did not contain, while some of its statements I regard as misleading and but poorly adjusted to the subject under discussion....

"The Universality of the Kingdom of God!" This was the theme, and I wish to ask here as to the scope of thought we are allowed under this grandiose title. How much does this language mean to the Methodist church? How much does it mean as indicating the thought of the evangelical parties?

He then shows the Christian countries alone are held in God's kingdom by the "evangelical" sects, and that they hold that God saves none who know not the historic Christ:

So far as this earth is concerned, the universality of God's kingdom twinkles down to less than a third part of the inhabitants thereof, while the remaining two-thirds are left exposed to the wiles of the devil and are the certain victims of his Satanic majesty forever. And we who would cherish the hope of a better fortune for them are graciously held "accused" for entertaining such a hope in this same "Universal Kingdom of God."

He speaks as follows of the Plan of Salvation, etc.:

We are bound by all the laws of progress to break up this traditional and mimic side scheme, called the "plan of salvation," and say with all good and full honesty, that the Great Spirit is in all the universe, carrying on the vast work of uplifting, educating and saving the souls he has made; employing the aid of this religion and that religion, setting his thought here and there, in all the world, to be interpreted by his children and the best they can, by the light that shines for them. And our little brethren of all the churches, the Universalists included, sitting by their narrow portals of the kingdom of heaven, must rise up, to see that there are ten thousand and more broad entrances to the kingdom of God, and we must all go forth to greet our brethren there, who have entered by whatever gate, bringing the one law in their souls of love to God, and love to man.

This, I believe is the true verdict of a true Christianity touching this great question.... Do we want a scriptural warrant for this judgment? We find, in St. Paul, who writes: "For there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond or free, male or female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Let men be namesake if that circumstance shall forward them; let them have no place in the world's formal religion, yet if in their souls shall burn the sacred fire, around them waits the kingdom of God. Nay, they are already within its doors. In proportion as this spirit prevails upon the earth, under whatever name, do I see the triumph of the real Christ.

He says that after all the missionary efforts "less than one per cent of the unchristian world has made formal or outward acceptance of Christianity," and that Christianity itself changes and varies.

If the people of China had received the Christianity of even three centuries ago, and had continued to teach it in their characteristic changeless way to this time, and were some missionary to go to them with the Christianity of to-day, they would not recognize it.

John Calvin's total depravity, for instance, was not of Jonathan Edwards the hell of David Irving, or Canon Farrar or Dean Stanley. Christianity does not remain the same, I repeat, and the different interpretations make it in many respects a radically different religion. Calvinistic Christianity is not Arminian Christianity. No radically different are they that the Arminian Wesley said to the Calvinistic Whitefield: "Your God is my devil."

The diversity is radical in many respects, and on account of these differences I do not look for the triumph of our religion as a system. It is not possible under existing circumstances not, indeed, is it desirable; for why should God, who is the universal and eternal Father, be compelled to bring all his children to our half-closed gate in order to get them into the kingdom of heaven?" This particular is the bane and weakness of other religions, and I urge that Christianity ought to be nobler and grander than all this, instead of sinking to their depressed level.

And, besides all this, in any one so vain or so ignorant as to think that we have all the good things, all the

clear thoughts and judgments, while the other great classes of religiousists have none of these things? Shall we call ourselves Christians and so command ourselves to the exclusive attention of the heavenly host?—It is numerous, according to the prevailing thought—and all others pagans, meaning by that word the descendants of God? Let us make a brief inquiry, with this thought in our mind, of the distribution of the good and the bad things of this great human family. I present herewith certain parts of two catechisms, both of which, instead of being well-quoted and abandoned, are modern and current now:

What kind of heart have you by nature?

A heart filled with all unrighteousness.

Does your wicked heart make all your thoughts and actions wicked?

Yes; I do nothing but sin.

What will become of you if you die in your sins?

I shall go to hell with the wicked.

What kind of a place is hell?

It is a place of endless torment, a lake that burns with fire and brimstone.

Who are wicked men's companions in hell?

Their father, the devil, and all other evil angels.

How long will the wicked continue in hell?

Forever and ever.

What are you by nature?

I am an enemy to God, child of Satan and an heir of hell.

It would seem from this catechism that all the good things, at least, have not encircled the entire earth; for assuredly, these are bad enough. I will turn to another catechism which, though the questions do not cover the same ground as that already disclosed will give us the opportunity to study the moral enlightenment and the appreciative quality in the life of those whose thought it represents:

What is heaven?

It is the exalted state of the soul in which it is near to God in purity and joy.

What is hell?

Hell is darkness and sin in the soul.

What is meant by seeing God?

It is a vivid realization of the divine spirit within and without.

What is meant by hearing God?

It is a realization of the divine authority in the dictates of conscience and the holy impulse of the soul.

What is prayer?

It is the beseeching attitude of the soul and strong hungering of the soul after spiritual blessings.

What is inspiration?

It is the outpouring of the spirit of God in the human soul.

What is regeneration?

It is the beginning of the higher spiritual life as distinguished from the lower carnal life.

What is religious ecstasy?

It is joy in the Lord.

Here are two different orders of religious inquiry, formulated in widely different places and by people whose religious instruction has been widely dissimilar. But I do not hesitate to say that the degree of spiritual enlightenment contained in the latter is superior to that revealed in the former. And yet the former you may purchase at the rooms of the Sunday School Union in Philadelphia, while the latter can be had at the headquarters of the Brahma Soma in Calcutta. The former passes as acceptable Christian instruction for our children, whose hearts, according to its decisions, are the seed-beds for the fruits of perdition, while the latter we must call the demonizing paganism, in the poisonous influence of which, the poor children of the Brahma Soma parents must be reared for destruction. I do not know what greater evil those Oriental children could suffer than to be taught—that their hearts are wholly wicked; that by nature they are the children of the devil and heirs of hell. And so far as hell is concerned, I am persuaded that those same Oriental children will have a better conception of it as "sin and darkness in the soul"; than our Christian children will have when told that hell is a "lake of fire and brimstone."

No, good friends, we haven't all the good things in our religion, and the pagans haven't all the bad things. We could divide some of our religious fortune with other people and be gainers in some respect. I do not mean by this that those foreign theologians are better than the real Christianity. I mean simply to remind you that Christianity is overburdened by an enormous weight of foreign or fictitious judgments that do not belong to it.

It will be found upon even the least appreciative examination of the opinions of these great religious people, whom our habit permits us to call heathen, that they share in this great religious commonwealth of the Almighty, and are not strangers to certain religious opinions that are uplifting in their influences. The same inspection of their fortunes will likewise assure us that not only in their opinions concerning this and that great question are they well established, but in their actual character and life there are fortunes which compare favorably with our own. The real truth is this, that even as Christians we are vulnerable at so many points that we are hardly warranted in being too severe in our condemnation of the faults of others.

... The importance of general education was so long since felt in China that a work written before the Christian era speaks of "the ancient system of education which required that every town and village down to only a few families should have a common school." In Catholic Italy or Spain we cannot afford so much as this, where seventy-five per cent of the people can neither read or write. In China the graduation of official position is determined by the intelligence that can pass the requisite examination, and the highest offices are thus made to represent the highest intelligence. In this country and in Europe as well, we see this order frequently reversed, and the highest position sometimes filled by the least intelligence, if the incumbent chance to have money enough to purchase the place. Any man may hold a seat in the American Congress or the British Parliament if he has a sufficient sum or a railroad in his pocket, even though his brain may be conspicuously vacant.

In this connection I wish to make reference to one phase of Bishop Simpson's sermon, which seems to be hardly in keeping with the candor we are entitled to expect from such a source. In speaking of the comparative influence of Christianity and the teachings of Confucius, the good Bishop is reported as saying of the product of the Chinese teaching that we have lived to see the day when men in California, and men in the prisons in California feel that the Chinese civilization is so uniformly beneath them that it contaminates them, and the theory has been "The Chinese must go." "And," says the Bishop, "if that be the case, what is the result of the teachings of Confucius?" I am not a little surprised at such a statement from such a man. I would ask the distinguished preacher and all who sympathize with this statement, how would they like to have one hundred and fifty thousand people gathered from the lowest and most disreputable haunts of our great cities and sent abroad to China, for instance, as samples of what Christianity has accomplished for its disciples? Take four thousand and of them from Water street and the Five Points of New York, and another installment from Philadelphia and Boston, Cincinnati, Baltimore and Chicago, and having gathered the worst characters possible to be found here, let us go to London, Paris, Berlin, gathering the people from the slums of vice, and when the compliment of wretchedness, and disease, and sin and degradation is full, send them to China and India as a representation of what Christianity does for its subjects. What would we say of this? And yet what different method does our Bishop adopt, and what other method does the great audience applaud than to cast reproach upon the teachings of the great

Woman and the Household.

BY MRS. M. POOLE.

[Metuchen, New Jersey.]

A pamphlet in memory of Angelina Grimké Weld, compiled by her husband, Theodore D. Weld, Hyde Park, Mass., bears this eloquent dedication:

To THE OLD ABOLITIONISTS.

"Brothers and Sisters! One by one, how fast we drop! How thin and tottering our ranks to-day! How far sundered the survivors now—in the east, in the west, and in all between! But, to the love that made and keeps us one, time and space are nullities. To all who linger here till these words reach them—whether they ever—to every brother and sister in these sacred bonds, we say, these slight memorials of two gone before to light up the way and await our coming, were sketched for you, and to each of you are tenderly dedicated, in that old-time love. Hail and farewell!"

T. D. W.

From this most touching tribute to the two sisters, Angelina and Sarah, it is my privilege to cull a few simple lessons, since the principles which they so beautifully advocated, are those which are forever dear and sacred to us all.

Angelina Weld, the youngest of the fourteen children of Judge Grimké, of Charleston, S. C., was born in the year 1805. The family were one of the proudest of the slaveholding aristocracy, but the clear eye and gentle heart of the child perceived and loved the principle of liberty. Beautiful, beloved, and possessed of rare intelligence and affection, she over shrunk from the revolting system of slavery, and used every effort to signify her protest. At the age of thirteen she refused to be confirmed in the Episcopal Church, because she could not believe its tenets; and this truthfulness was a key to all her conduct. After vital religious experiences, she joined the Presbyterian church, and endeavored to interest her pastor and others in a revolt against slavery, while she refused to accept a maid as a present from her mother. The church to which she belonged had no heart for such practical work as she saw to be her duty, and she left its communion. Finding that the Friends disbelieved in slavery, the attractive young girl of eighteen donned the Quaker garb and worshipped in silence with two aged men in the little meeting house in Charleston, while her friends looked askance as they went their way to the costly church where they listened to the words of a gospel which condemned their whole civilization. The divine silence was sanctified to her truthful nature, but, at the age of twenty-five, convinced that it was impossible to act effectually in her home, she went to join her sister Sarah, who had taken up her abode in Philadelphia. Full of affection for home and friends, it was like breaking her heart strings to tear asunder the associations of her life, yet she was clear that self-exile was the only way to give her opportunity to act for the principle of freedom. It may be well to state that these two sisters not only manifested all such slaves as fell to them by inheritance, or as they could purchase for that purpose, they made provision for assisting in their maintenance, if necessary.

As a protest to the negro seats in the Friend's meeting-house, she and her sister seated themselves with the proscribed race. Her husband notes proudly, that ten years ago she, with forty other women of Hyde Park, made protest against another wrong, by going to the polls in a body at the March meeting through the fiercest snowstorm of the season, and silently deposited their votes in a box placed at the platform for them by one of the select men. They thus emphasized their solemn protest against that political ostracism of women, perpetrated by a government proclaiming that "it derives its just power from the consent of the governed," and yet says to every woman, "you shall have no effective influence in aiding public order and morality, education, temperance and purity."

After becoming a worker in the anti-slavery society, Miss Grimké had no thought of speaking in public, but she was invited by the executive committee to hold parlor meetings in New York city, and talk to the women. The throngs that went to hear her were too great for parlors; they outgrew vestry, and finally the churches were thrown open. Her eloquence and power was something phenomenal. Wendell Phillips says, "She had then never been heard from a woman." With a solemn power, born of experience, conscience and a sense of the inestimable blessings of liberty, did this beautiful and high-bred Southern woman take up the cross of crusade in behalf of a proscribed race. The editor of the *Unitarian Review* says of her, "She never lost any one of her purely feminine qualities. Graceful, heroic, retiring, she took upon herself the lowliest duties as if she had been born to them. She had a noble idea of what a woman should be. Whatever it is morally right for a man to do, it is morally right for a woman to do. And so this lowly, lofty, single-hearted woman did her great work."

In the year 1855, Miss Grimké became the wife of Theodore D. Weld, a man of superior mental and moral endowments, fine culture, and who had tastes and sympathies kindred with her own. Shortly, consequent upon over-work with voice and pen, her silvery tongue was silenced forever in public, and she quickly stepped aside, while yet her whole soul was filled with desire to do her chosen work. A friend whose letters have been frequently read in these columns, says of Mrs. Weld, as she last appeared on the platform, "She looked like an angel, as I, a little child, saw her in the pulpit of my father's church, for he was brave enough to open its doors to a woman. She was clad in a plain, rich, Quaker costume, and her fair, sweet face had a look of inspiration as I watched her through the open window of the parsonage."

One of her last efforts was to speak before the Massachusetts House of Representatives, then for the first time opening its doors to a woman. Soon after, Mr. Weld's voice also having failed from excessive usage, they, with sister Sarah, established a school, and for many years their usefulness as teachers can hardly be estimated. They were for some years at Eagleswood, N. J., under the auspices of Marcus L. Weld, a school of almost ideal perfection was maintained. Afterward, in Boston, with Dr. Dio Lewis, the work was continued, and pupils who held their memory in love and respect can be found in every State of the Union. During all this period, Mrs. Weld was growing spiritually; she far outstripped the orthodox churches, for she became liberal in one form, as yet to become liberal in all. And one cannot, with universal benevolence, cannot long tolerate the conception of a God of anger and eternal punishment.

From the year 1855, Mr. and Mrs. Weld and Sarah A. Grimké lived in Hyde Park,

Mass., where the latter, a less brilliant but equally unworldly character, passed quietly on, about seven years since. Thirteen years older than Mr. Weld, she had the same views of the duties and uses of life; they were twin souls and inseparable. It shows how nobly these three were companioned, to read Mr. Weld's tribute to the "saintly character" of Sarah. He says of himself that "with her in the same household for thirty-six years, a brother with an elder sister beloved and revered, gratefully records his loving veneration. In looking back all those years, we can recall no one whose character seems to him a nobler model." Finally, as Mrs. Weld neared the boundaries of this existence, the glories of the upper world were unfolded into her waiting spirit stricken with paralysis and so, speechless, a few nights before the last one, "with her face aglow with exaltation, she was singing in a strain so exultant that it still sings to me and echoes in my dreams. She was all the time humming in a kind of rhythmical chant, for three days and nights, except when asleep. It was inexpressibly tender and be-spoke perfect peace, while her face shone with a look so serene that day and night it beams upon me still. That rhythmical chime, soft as the warble of a bird, rose and fell; once, only, her speech came partially for a moment, and 'I'm singing to the dear father, happy, happy, happy,' was reiterated, till articulation died away."

What wonder that the bereft husband has strength yet to say, "The tears that freely fell were not of grief, but tears of yearning love, of sympathy, of gratitude to God for such a life in its rounded completeness, such an example, such fidelity to conscience, such recoil from self-seeking, such unwavering devotion to duty, come what might of peril or loss, even unto death."

In closing these words of Wendell Phillips, at her funeral, seem fitting, in speaking of such a life: "You, the dear ones so warmly loved, you know she has not left you. She has not gone away; she has only gone before. She may be with us, and see our actions, and perhaps help us. It was not the dust which surrounded her that we loved. It was not the form that encompassed her that we revered. But it was her soul. The hour comes—it is even now at the door—that God will open our eyes to see her as she is, the white-souled child of twelve ministering to want and sorrow; the ripe life, full of great influences; the serene old age, example and inspiration whose light will not soon go out. God keep us fit to join them in that broader service in which thou hast entered."

BOOK REVIEWS.

MODERN THINKERS. Principally upon Social Science: What They Think and Why. By Van Buren Denison, LL. D., with an Introduction by Robert G. Ingersoll. Bedford Clarke & Co., Chicago, Publishers. On sale at Religious-Philosophical Journal offices; price \$1.00.

This volume of 400 pages is solid in its paper and binding, and solid in its contents as well, yet not at all dull or heavy, but of value and interest to any thoughtful reader. Mr. Denison has his own views, decided and original, and illustrated them with force and erudite scholarship. "This book is affectionately dedicated to the Philosophical Society of Chicago," a company of choice men and women who meet weekly for the free and fair discussion of topics of moment, and of which he is a member. The articles which make it up were first published in the Chicago *Times* and were put in book form in response to many requests, from this and other lands. He passes by some idea of "a few of the leading thinkers on social science; upon the great questions arising out of the evils that afflict society and the supposed means of scientifically and philosophically counteracting them," endeavoring to elucidate their systems "construe and sympathetically."

Swedenborg, Adam Smith, the political economist; Jeremy Bentham, law reformer and utilitarian; Fourier, of co-operative association memory; Thomas Paine, Herbert Spencer; Haeckel, the demonstrator of evolution; and Auguste Comte, Positive philosopher and founder of the Religion of Humanity, have their lives sketched and a view of their leading theories given.

Essays of his own on "The Authorship of Junius," which he ascribes to Thomas Paine (as does W. H. Burr of Washington), and "Wealth, a Sequel to the Critique on Adam Smith," close the volume and serve to cover wide range of suggestive fact and thought. The idea and style of the author may be gathered from the closing paragraph of his introduction:

"It took two thousand years," says Condorcet, for Archimedes and Apollonius' investigations in mathematics and astronomy to so perfect the science of navigation as to save the sailor from shipwreck. But when the science was perfected, it totally superseded the efforts of the human mind to control through prayer or sacrifice, that divine mind which controlled the seas or the winds, or to secure safety for the ship by exerting a supernatural influence over its environment. So long as prayer strove to adapt the seas to the ship it went down. When science adapted the ship to the seas it sailed on. It cost a like period of study before chemists discovered that the basilisk, which haunted cellars, which was invisible, but killed all whom it looked upon, was carbonic acid gas. But when this was discovered, the basilisk's dreadful eye was no longer fatal. The world is still filled with invisible basilisks, invisible as knowledge makes them visible, but killing their millions. Epidemic diseases, cruel and false social theories, vast social wrongs and oppressions, great theological wastes of wealth relatively to no purpose compared with the good it might effect, are among these basilisks. Incantations have been chanted over them, but they still kill. Anathemas and prayers have failed to exterminate them. Slowly but surely the world's great thinkers are exterminating them; for what they think to-day forms the creed of educated men to-morrow, and of all men the day after."

The essay on wealth, in which he aims to show how "the reproductive wealth of the rich is the involuntary servant of the poor, and to illustrate the real benefit of capital and the greatness of our industrial civilization, which is contrary to the teachings of Jesus, who was mistaken, as he holds in this matter, is especially interesting. He makes an able plea and statement for protecting and building up a varied home industry, and is not in favor of "free trade" theories.

Thus much in just appreciation of the value of these biographies and essays, and now a word touching the author's mode of thought and investigation, giving its cast and hue to his productions.

The fact that Robert G. Ingersoll writes a preface, eloquent in its cordiality, indicates the leaning of the work toward inductive and external science, and of course toward materialism, and its contents show

a want of knowledge or comprehension of the finer life of man. In the preface this is revealed:

"The people demand to know, not merely what seers and prophets, oracles and men acting under some form of mystical inspiration or supernatural frenzy, have taught, for there is always a liability that these may be lunatics, but also what the calm scholars and rigid investigators who are favored with no divine afflatus, have thought concerning man, his origin, duty and destiny. For, while a few of the latter, like Newton and Comte, have suffered from cerebral disease brought on by stress of mental labor, even these differ from seem like Swedenborg and Mahomet in the fact that we are not indebted to their disease for their revelations."

It is certainly well to know what both the seer and the scientist have said, but whoever puts the seer down as a diseased victim of catalepsy or lunacy only shows ignorance of man, as spiritual being, and want of comprehension of clairvoyance, magnetism, psychometry and spirit-presence.

Buckiss well says: "We know little of the laws of matter because we know little of the laws of mind," and declares that "the inductive method, as the means of arriving at physical truth, has been the object, not of rational admiration, but of a blind and foolish worship."

He says that some great scientific discoveries, the law of gravitation among them, were deductive, or intuitive, on the start, and were verified by experiment. Indeed we are learning that the soul discovers and the senses verify its work for man is microcosmic and related to all.

The seer makes mistakes and the path of the scientist is filled with the stumbling blocks of his own errors, which he must push aside as he reaches the truth; but the illuminated mind sees beyond the reach of all experiments, and knows the laws which these experiments verify. Especially in ideas and ethics are we indebted to the prophets of the soul, gifted with no miraculous or supernatural endowments, victims of no disease leading to incompetence, but with their spiritual senses open—clairvoyants—or clear-seers—and clear thinkers, and able to entertain ange-guests, as was Swedenborg, and as men and women are today.

In the introduction Mr. Ingersoll still more thoroughly states and reveals his own views by saying: "After all God is but a guess, throned and established by arrogance and assertion... All honest founders of religion have been the dreamers of dreams, the spoils of insanity, the prey of visions, the deceivers of themselves and others."

The poor gazer, all the way from Plato to Thomas Paine, art to be pitied, Ingersoll being witness, for having any faith in their guesses after God!

The majestic shades of Buddha and Jesus, and the other "founders of religion," must feel humbled to learn what "deceivers of themselves and others" they were!

Verily we must say, in the poet's words altered for the occasion:

"On what meat
Hath this our Robert fed
That he has grown so great?"

The critical review of Herbert Spencer is forcible and original, aiming to show his defects as well as his excellencies, and the whole book has stored of varied information. It surely has the merit of frankness in speaking of "the mythological and unscientific cramps who have founded the world's religions," and in suggesting the "scientific elimination" of the ideas of "a future life and of worship," which are held as "results of human vanity and fears," from the world's thinking! To these conclusions the author holds that the "scientific method of investigation leads." In plain brevity this means that science leads to Atheism and Materialism, which is quite true of inductive science in its present method and spirit—external and fragmentary, studying the outer shell and ignoring the inner-life.

As to the future life, by a method both scientific and intuitive, Spiritualism proves its reality by an array of fact and illustration as great as evolution, or any branch of science, can show, yet that array dogmatic scientists ignore and repudiate as stoutly and obstinately as the Pope of Rome repudiated any heresy.

This talk about eliminating a future life from the world's thought scientifically, only shows ignorance or ignorance of spiritualism familiar to many, in many lands, from Zöllner and Wallace to competent observers in common life, and reveals a method of thinking which is shallow, and of expression which is crude and coarse to intelligent Spiritualists.

To spiritual students and investigators and thinkers, all this but shows how fragmentary and external is materialistic thinking, how small its information and how poor its comprehension of the rare and wondrous realm of the inner life of man.

Yours truly,
G. B. STEBBINS.

THE DISCOVERY AND CONQUESTS OF THE NORTH-WEST, with the history of Chicago, by Rufine Blanchard. Part IV., price 50 cents. H. Blanchard & Co., Wheaton, Ill.

This number continues the history of batites with the Indians, and follows with the early history of Chicago: contains an alphabetical list of old settlers, a well prepared paper on the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and much other valuable matter. Mr. Blanchard is a painstaking, conscientious historian, and is calling to his aid the best talent. As we have before said, this history is deserving the patronage of the public, and we hope the enterprising spirit of Mr. Blanchard will be duly appreciated, and that he will be amply remunerated by the sales, for the great labor and expense of his undertaking.

Magazines for July Not Before Mentioned.

The Herald of Health (M. L. Holbrook, M. D., New York). Contents: General Articles; Our Desert Table; Topics of the Month; Studies in Hygiene for Women.

The Normal Teacher. (J. E. Sherrill, Danville, Indiana.) Contents: Leading Articles; Correspondence; Notes and Queries; Editorial Notes; Grammar, Examination, College and Publisher's Department.

Golden Days. (James Elverton, Philadelphia.) A magazine for boys and girls. This number contains interesting and thrilling stories with illustrations.

Urania. (A. J. Pearce, London, England.) Contents—for May—Epidemic and Planetary Influence; Weather Forecasts for May, 1880; Geocentric Longitudes, etc. Ephemeris of Neptune for the year 1881; Horary Astrology; Successful Commanders; The Soul and the State; The Astrology of Shakespeare; Answers to Correspondents.

Part Ninth of the Second Volume of Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's History of the City of New York;

Advances the interesting narrative of the city's progress through the period when New York was convulsed with the effects of the French Revolution, and shows how intimately New York men were identified with national affairs, and gives a fresh and readable account of the strife in Washington's Cabinet between Hamilton and Jefferson, and of the appearance of New York City at the close of the century, with sketches of the Park Theatre, and a delightful romance in real life.

The opening attraction of this number is a full page illustration of the Collect or "Fresh Water Pond," a study from authentic sources, with the veritable steamboat of John Fitch making its trial trip in 1790. Two portraits grace this number, never before reproduced, that of Pierre van Cortlandt, who was Lieutenant-Governor of the State for eighteen years, and of Gen. Philip van Cortlandt, the latter from a rare miniature. This part also contains a fine portrait of Aaron Burr.

Mrs. Lamb's skill and good taste in im-

parting biographical and genealogical information in connection with public characters and events is one of the special charms of her great work. This information is always subordinate to the general subject, and is usually embodied in notes, at once concise and synthetic.

The high character of this great work is admirably sustained as its numbers appear from month to month, and it is rapidly increasing in popular favor.

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Powers of Finite Spirits.

In the early history of modern Spiritualism, those who carp at the reported phenomena would often bring up an objection like this: "If a spirit can move a table, why can't he move a meeting-house?"

The only reply that the scientific investigator is obliged to make to such objections brought against a simple matter of fact, is: "I don't know." We know not whether this unknown force (which you may call *spirit* or *x*'s force, just as you please)—we know not whether it can or cannot move a meeting-house. We only know it can move a table.

The following is a summing-up of the objections, which Dr. S. B. Brittan brings against the common notion that spirits have it in their power to present, to our senses of sight and touch, visible and tangible (and therefore materialized) representations of parts of the human body—a hand, a foot, a bust, and sometimes what may appear to be the entire human person, appropriately clad:

Many Spiritualists who ridicule the doctrine of the resurrection of the physical body, still believe that almost any spirit may at will be materialized in the most lifelike and lifelike work of art. This is not the all-embracing faith of Biblical minsters to shame. Such amazing faith is not to be denied. But if we are to believe in the doctrine above, the willing disciples of Art Master, I am little disposed to dogmatize about what the spirit may, or may not, be able to do; but it is very well which involves the question of the possibility of the resurrection of the dead in an unmaterialized system. If such corporeal bodies as the writer and his readers possess today were really formed and suddenly vacated, there is every reason to presume that they would be dissolved and scattered in the atmosphere, according to the laws which govern the natural chemistry of decay. A sudden disturbance of the circuit may cause a spirit to leave abruptly. The spirit is human, and in such a case would no more be able to sustain its own body than a man in such circumstances. It determines to go at the instant, it is likely that he would trouble himself about his cast of garments. No; never! If anything like a corporeal body had been formed, it would be a mere shell, and would dissolve that soon disperse and dissipate their bodies! Is it possible? When was a human spirit ever known to vaporize his earthly incarnation when he could not? If spirits could do this, it would be a great relief to us all, and a great boon for their mortal kindred. This would at once dispose of the cremation question, and save the enormous expense of immovable funerals, and the like. But we have no ascertainable facts to support the notion that there is no spirit's part in the formation of a man's mortal outfit, his organization, without some one discovering a corpse.

Dr. Brittan here assumes that a phenomenon that is contrary to all known natural and material processes, must be also contrary to all unknown natural and spiritual processes. Now we do not think the facts give a warrant for this conclusion. There are many things done by this unknown power (which for want of a more exact term we will call *spirit power*), that are wholly inexplicable on any principles admitted by physical science. For instance, what can be more abundantly verified than the ability of this spirit power to produce in a few seconds an amount of writing that no mortal hand could execute in as many minutes? Shall we therefore question the fact itself?

The fact of the visibility and tangibility of the spirit-hand, at a certain degree of "materialization," is not questioned. It is one verified by the senses and the common sense of any number of competent witnesses in their normal state. To say that such witnesses are biologized or psychologized by spirits, so as to regard as material what in truth is not material, is a poor way of getting out of the difficulty; for we might just as well say with Berkeley that nothing that we can see and touch is material—in other words that things merely affect our senses as material, but are in no sense what we suppose them to be.

Whether the matter presented to our sight and touch by this spirit-power belongs to the same, order and degree of matter as that which composes our physical bodies, is a question that no human being can throw light on until he can answer the question that has puzzled the sages of all time, "What is matter?"

We have thus far only a limited collection of facts by which to be guided; and those facts confirm the common belief that this spirit-power can present materialized facsimiles of parts of the human body—and if of parts, then inferentially, of the whole.

Dr. Brittan asks: "Do they (the spirits) really extemporize bodies possessing all the chemical constituents and organic parts belonging to the corporeal forms which they occupied during their rudimentary life on earth?"

Obviously this is a question which cannot as yet be scientifically answered either

in the negative or in the affirmative. There is good reason to believe that spirits economize their efforts, and give no more than is necessary for the purpose in view. If they can suggest identity by simply presenting a hand, known by some peculiar malformation, to be a facsimile of a hand once belonging to the earth-body of a relative or friend, they may confine themselves to this one manifestation. Sometimes merely the facial part of a head is presented, while the back part is hollow or amorphous. Dr. J. M. Gully, a well-known scientific investigator, says in regard to the experiments with Florence Cook:

"That the power grows with use" was curiously illustrated by the fact that at one time, only a face was produced, with correspondingly strong features, and movement with no back to the skull at all—merely a mask, with movement, however, of eyes and mouth. Gradually, however, after perhaps a week or two, the mask becomes more and more rapidly formed, and changed. In hair, dress and color of face, as we desired."

Mr. George Henry Tapp, of the Dalton (England) Association of Inquirers, relates that he was frequently permitted to scan the face and figure of the spirit form, known as Katie, coming through Miss Cook, in a good light. Once she laid her right arm in his outstretched hands, and allowed him to examine it closely. It was plump and shapely, longer than that of the medium. The hands, too, were much larger, with beautifully shaped nails, unlike those of Miss Cook, who was in the bad habit of biting her nails. Holding the arm of the materialized form lightly in one hand he passed the other hand along it from the shoulder. "The skin," he says, "was beautifully—I may say, unnaturally—smooth, like wax or marble; yet the temperature was that of the healthy human body. There was, however, *no bone in the wrist*. I lightly felt round the wrist again, and then told Katie that the bone was wanting. She laughed and said, 'Wait a bit,' and after going about to the other sitters, she came round and placed her arm in my hand as before." This time Mr. Tapp was satisfied; the bone was there. On another occasion he caught the spirit-form by the wrist, and he says: "Her wrist crumpled in my grasp like a piece of paper, or thin cardboard, my fingers meeting through it. I let go at once, and expressed my regret." Katie was assured him, and forgave the unintended rudeness, saying she could "avert any untoward consequence."

Facts like these (of which many of our friends and readers have had similar in their own experience) show that these spirit-materializations may be often fractional and imperfect. At the same time, we have reason to suppose that all the parts of a human body, exterior or interior, including the blood and the viscera, may, if wanted, be either imitated or duplicated by spirit-power. The fact that parts are often omitted in the materialization is no argument against the power to produce a complete whole.

But what becomes of the matter when these momentary forms disappear? Dr. Brittan lays stress on this inquiry, as if it were all essential in supporting the assumption that these fugitive forms which present themselves as material to our normal senses are, to all intents and purposes, just as material in degree as any corresponding object in nature. He thinks that a corpse ought to be left as evidence of the vacation of a body, whether extemporized or of gradual growth, by a spirit. Now until we know what matter is, and until we can accurately gauge the power of a spirit, it is unwise to assume that spirits cannot have the power of dissipating extemporized matter, so that the atoms (if atoms there are) shall be just as invisible as they were previous to the formation. The amazing cleverly with which they do this is no evidence against either the fact of formation or of dissipation; for we know that this spirit-power can exercise a superhuman cleverly in moving things and in producing long written messages. Every experienced investigator can confirm these facts; and if superhuman power can be exercised in one direction, why not in another? To give to this power the bad name of *magical* does not alter the well-attested facts. Every thing that is inexplicable to us may be stigmatized with the same epithet; and yet all finite causes and effects may be strictly within the sphere of the natural.

We do not see, therefore, that we can fathom the nature of these materializations until we know what matter is, and what spirit is; and, perhaps, to know that, we ought to have the secret of the Infinite Spirit, and be able to solve the whole mystery of the universe.

The gist of the inquiry is, shall we accept as palpable and material the forms which so present themselves to our senses? We see no escape from the conclusion that, with our present light, we are right in so accepting them, even though they may be transient in their stay and not subject to chemical analysis. Even according to materialistic science the ultimate atoms composing matter cannot be tested by the senses, or by any scientific examination; and yet the existence of these untestable atoms is assumed by materialism as a reasonable hypothesis. May it not be that spirits can exercise over those atoms a power not easily conceivable by mortal intelligence, in composing and dissipating transient forms, just as they can do many other things, as to which we cannot as yet begin to explain the modus operandi?

Dr. Brittan says: "While it is possible for human intelligence, on earth and in the higher spheres—by the concentrated application of subtle forces—to greatly accelerate the processes of the physical universe, we may not generate the simplest organic form by any means or methods outside of the established order of the natural world."

There is an important assumption adopted at the beginning of this sentence, but dropped toward the end of it. At first we have a "human intelligence" operating "on earth and in the higher spheres," and then we have the expression: "We may not generate the simplest organic form," etc.

Of course we—*we mortals*—may not do it. Nobody claims that we can. But by what authority can we say that human intelligence transferred to "higher spheres"—by which expression we can only suppose that the writer means *human intelligence able to put forth its spiritual power*—may not perform what we, while physicallytrammeled, may not be able to accomplish?

Because the Supreme Power operates, as far as our limited experience can see, in this terrestrial sphere by slow, natural processes, have we a right to assume that he, or even a finite spirit, emancipated from mortal impediments, is incompetent to produce a simulation of the results of slow material organization by an inconceivably rapid exercise of energy? How do we know that the "creative energy or formative power works by general laws, and never by special enactments, spasmodic efforts or miraculous means?"

Here is the assumption that what may seem to our human faculties "spasmodic or miraculous" is really such, when exercised by a freed spirit or by divine energy. What can seem more "spasmodic and miraculous" than the production of several hundred words on paper, or on a slate, in about five seconds of time? And yet we have the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Everett, and many other respectable witnesses, that this has been repeatedly done. Many of the phenomena through Slade, Watkins, Mrs. Simpson and other mediums are of a kind to corroborate the fact of the existence and occasional exercise of such a power.

The subject is one on which we do not pretend to dogmatize. All that we have attempted to show is, that Dr. Brittan presents no good and sufficient reason why we should not accept as "materializations" such forms as are visible and palpable, even though they leave no residuum of visible matter behind them when they disappear; that so long as matter is the mystery it is, we are not qualified to say that, when we see these forms with our normal senses, the supposed spirits are, in the words of Dr. Brittan, merely acting "on the nerves of special sensation so as to appear to clothe themselves with visible forms."

Before we can accept such a conclusion we must have it proved to us that we may be in a "psychologized" state even at the moment when we suppose that we are in the full exercise of our normal powers, and when after its occurrence all subsequent memory of the state confirms the supposition. We are well aware that our senses, unregulated by our intelligence, may often deceive us; but in such cases the deception is generally made apparent to our common sense, and explained by intelligible causes, familiar to our experience. But to have it proved to us that what we see and feel as matter is not matter, but merely an effect produced upon our senses by some outside power, whether of spirit or of mortal—we must have arguments very different from what we find in the papers on this subject, which Dr. Brittan has put forth.

For the Benefit of English Spiritualists.

The story which has been so industriously circulated and published in England, that Mrs. Richmond is hired by the First Society of this city for five years, that a building is being erected, etc., and that she has been granted a leave of absence for six months awaiting its completion, is on a par with the subterfuges resorted to by political cliques to start a "boom" for their candidates. The First Society of this city has neither money nor credit to justify its making a contract of any sort, or to erect a building. Only by resorting to various devices and makeshifts for raising money has it been enabled to meet the expenses of the past year. The truth is that the Society had run down to the lowest ebb and could not support Mrs. Richmond, neither could she secure an engagement elsewhere in America. The meetings for the past year have been thinly attended. On her last Sunday, though it was widely advertised as her farewell lecture, less than 250 adults were in attendance at the morning service, increased by about 100 in the evening. This, too, in a city of 500,000 inhabitants, with thousands of Spiritualists and investigators and no other Spiritualist meeting. We were lately informed by one of the trustees of the Unitarian church formerly occupied by Mrs. Richmond's Society, that the Unitarians did not use it evenings and might, therefore, have let her society have it, but feared to do so owing to the unsavory reputation of the concern. There is much more of the true inwardness of the hoodwinking methods used to cover up the Richmond fizzle in America that we could publish, but do not see that it would help the cause at this time. We make the above statement believing it due our English friends. Mrs. Richmond may temporarily advance her own interests by engineering such fictitious and deceptive reports, but certainly they are unworthy of the great cause of Spiritualism, and will in the long run react to the detriment both of their instigators and of the spiritualistic movement. To travel three thousand miles to get a chance to lecture, and then to attempt to Barnumize the English people with romances about her Chicago success may be business, but we doubt if it is Spiritualism.

The gist of the inquiry is, shall we accept as palpable and material the forms which so present themselves to our senses? We see no escape from the conclusion that, with our present light, we are right in so accepting them, even though they may be transient in their stay and not subject to chemical analysis.

Even according to materialistic science the ultimate atoms composing matter cannot be tested by the senses, or by any scientific examination; and yet the existence of these untestable atoms is assumed by materialism as a reasonable hypothesis. May it not be that spirits can exercise over those atoms a power not easily conceivable by mortal intelligence, in composing and dissipating transient forms, just as they can do many other things, as to which we cannot as yet begin to explain the modus operandi?

Dr. Brittan says: "While it is possible for human intelligence, on earth and in the higher spheres—by the concentrated application of subtle forces—to greatly accelerate the processes of the physical universe, we may not generate the simplest organic form by any means or methods outside of the established order of the natural world."

E. V. Wilson.

One day last week we visited Bro. Wilson at his home in Lombard. We found the old veteran sadly changed, the stalwart form once pulsating with the vigor of perfect health, was reclining in an easy-chair, the head drooping forward on the breast, and the whole ensemble the very opposite of the fiery combative lecturer and seer whose striking appearance is familiar to tens of thousands. For twenty-eight days he was unable to lie down, and sat day and night in his chair, snatching a few minutes sleep only in each twenty-four hours. During the past few days his symptoms have somewhat improved and he is able to rest better, still he is in a very critical condition. His regular habits and splendid constitution tell immensely in his favor, and there is a possibility that he will recover, but it will be a long time, if ever, before he can again take the lecture field. We found him clear-headed and full of courage, though very anxious to recover that he might free his magnificent farm from debt, and thus provide for his noble and self-sacrificing wife and beloved children before he should close his labors on earth.

He has a fine farm of 240 acres under a high state of cultivation and returning a yearly net profit of ten per cent. on its value of \$20,000. But, unfortunately, the farm is encumbered with a \$10,000 mortgage, drawing ten per cent. interest. Mr. Wilson's great anxiety now is to obtain a loan at a lower rate of interest and shape matters so as to avoid the imminent contingency of poverty for his family in case he should be taken away. Should any of our subscribers desire to place \$10,000 on good security at six or seven per cent. interest, we recommend correspondence with Mr. Wilson, who though unable to personally attend to letters has competent help for such matters in his family.

Mr. Wilson, as our readers know, has published a good sized volume, entitled "Immortality Proved Beyond a Doubt by Living Witnesses," compiled from twenty-five years' experience of what he has seen and heard, and making a most interesting and valuable addition to the history of Spiritualism. Mr. Wilson says he has data showing there are 25,000 Spiritualists who have been made such by his labors. He feels sure that every one of them would buy his book if it were brought to their notice, and he has asked us to aid him in calling attention to it. He says that he does not beg for charity nor ask others to pay his debts, but does ask his friends and all interested to buy his book, believing they will get value received for their money, and at the same time afford him a legitimate profit which will go toward meeting his heavy expenses. Now that his outgoes are so heavy and his income from lectures entirely cut off, he feels to more urgently push the merits of his book, the price of which he has reduced to \$1.50 including a fine cabinet photograph of himself. Friends can remit for the book directly to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill., either by money order or registered letter, or in currency at their own risk. We hope he may have orders for a thousand copies within thirty days.

Before we can accept such a conclusion we must have it proved to us that we may be in a "psychologized" state even at the moment when we suppose that we are in the full exercise of our normal powers, and when after its occurrence all subsequent memory of the state confirms the supposition. We are well aware that our senses, unregulated by our intelligence, may often deceive us; but in such cases the deception is generally made apparent to our common sense, and explained by intelligible causes, familiar to our experience. But to have it proved to us that what we see and feel as matter is not matter, but merely an effect produced upon our senses by some outside power, whether of spirit or of mortal—we must have arguments very different from what we find in the papers on this subject, which Dr. Brittan has put forth.

The old readers of the JOURNAL know that in years past there were serious differences between this paper and Mr. Wilson. Those things are of the past, and, as we said on assuming editorial charge, we have no feuds to perpetuate nor animosities to cherish. That Bro. Wilson has faults and has made mistakes he will as readily admit as any one. That he has done a grand pioneer work for free thought and Spiritualism all will agree. Therefore let us all forget his faults, remember his virtues and great services, and stretch forth our hands to assist him as he nears the mysterious land whither we are all bound and where we shall meet him ere long.

The Chinese Government Fighting Against Opium.

Who will say that the Chinese Government is not progressive in some respects? Recent news from China proves that the antagonism of the Chinese Government to the opium vice, is still active. We learn from the *London and China Telegraph* of May 18th, that a raiding has taken place on the southern confines of Shantung, about 600 li from Chinkiang, owing to the authorities insisting on the destruction of the poppy plants. A body of cavalry was sent down the river from Chinkiang on the night of the 29th of March, with instructions to proceed as quickly as possible to the seat of the disturbance.

And the same paper for June 1st gives amongst the Shanghai news the following: "The provincial governor, Tan, seems determined to continue his fight against opium smoking. He is the man who ruled Soochow before he was promoted to his present office. He has issued proclamations, shut up opium dens, punished offenders, in short, done all that he could to put a stop to the vice. He has recently ordered a census to be taken for the purpose of finding out the name, residence, and employment of every opium smoker in the city. He has ordered the smokers to break off the habit; and gives them three months in which they must do so. At the end of that time they are still offending, they shall be punished."

Cot. Ingersoll fights shy of Woman Suffrage because he fears it will unite church and state. Let Mrs. Saxon and other workers, turn their attention toward the disenfranchisement of woman from religious bigotry, if they feel they need the infidel Ingersoll's eloquent tongue to plead for the ballot, or convince the gallant Colonels that it is not manly to withhold a right through fear of the use that will be made of it.

The Publisher's Statement, which should be Carefully Read and Heeded.

When this paper was started, in 1866, it was considered best by Mr. Jones to adopt the credit system, allowing subscribers, after the first payment to have as long a time thereafter on credit as suited their convenience. Two circumstances conspired to render this plan, apparently, advisable, viz: (1.) the universal credit system in vogue throughout the Middle, Western and Northwestern States; (2.) numerous spiritualistic publications had been started and after a brief, sickly existence expired for want of support, leaving the prepaid subscribers in the lurch. The necessity seemed to exist of showing the public that at last a paper was to be printed which could live in any event, and this having been proven, no fears would arise as to loss. The credit system, however, is not the best for the subscriber, and may cripple the enterprise. Subscribers fall naturally into carelessness. We are weekly in receipt of letters containing remittances and acknowledging that nothing but negligence had delayed payment. Occasionally a subscriber feels seriously grieved to receive a courteous reminder of his indebtedness, thinking that it implies a doubt of his honesty. Nothing could be further from the truth. A day or two since we received a letter from a much respected subscriber, complaining very indignantly because we had sent a bill, and saying that not more than six months since he had made a payment. Upon looking up his account we found he was still considerably in arrears. There was no more reason for his indignation than there would be in ours if we resented the presentation of our dealer's monthly statement on the ground that we had paid his bill of the previous month.

The credit system of the JOURNAL is not one of our adoption; it comes to us with the paper and requires time, patience and the earnest co-operation of our constituency to change. Under the baneful credit system, we are at this season of the year dimly dependent on subscriptions already long past due. With a daily out-go of more than \$50, this dependency naturally

Voice from the People,
AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS
SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE
HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Bride of the Celestial.

Adown the archway of the sunbeams,
There crept a silence, abumbringly sweet;
And mid it with radii, radiance; day fair,
Where tears of earth and smiles of heaven meet.

A leafy bough fell on the trembling trees,
And soothed to sleep the cool, sweet-scented
grove,
Till down the stairway of the dark green leaves,
The voice of silence grew to voice of love.

No mortal voice, but strange, sweet, thrilling
I thought;
Came thronging down across my spirit sense,
A sudden gleam of love, divinely caught.
That showed me all of griefs fond recompence.

The trembling whispers thrilled the sunlight mist,
Till all my being woke to ecstasy,
As awake to music harpsinger sang to me;
And this the song the silence sang to me:

"Sweet bride of the celestial, clothed like night,
In vestments dark as gloom at midday tide,
Clothed of one in radiant robes of light,
Were such robes fitting for an angel's bride?"

A dreamy radiance of celestial love
Blew through the leafy laughter of the air,
With light enframed, with light enshrouded above,
A radiant angel stood beside me there.

Thrilled to the beauty of his aural glow,
I stood entranced, enrapt in heaven light,
All light, all love, an ocean's mighty flow.

Hushed o'er my trembling spirit, I swooned in sight.

I stood transfixed, clothed in that liquid love,
Till all my soul seemed swallowed up in him;
My heart had found its long lost treasure trove,
And all my woes had changed to bliss.

No more love's unfeigned craving nips the sense
From out the scanty chalice of my life,
My yearning spirit finds its recompence,
In that sweet thoughts—sweet thoughts;—su su
go's wife!

No more shall ebb back this love-best form,
Only pure white, as its celestial groom,
Purse as the dew-drop in the vermillion morn:
Bright as the love-light kissing buds to bloom.

O'er my dim pathway through life's untilt grove,
That dear form lingers in a field of rest.

Eyes, beamy tender with their depth of love,
Lock on my soul, and make it blest; so blest.

O sister mourners o'er a desolate heath;

Know that true love is love forever given,

By time and distance screened off on earth.

One with our loved, we are the bride of heaven.

—RUNINA.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Now that the lectures of the Harmonial Association are closed for the season, will you make room for a brief report of the efficacy of that philosophy of which three discourses were the chief position? During the last portion of the session, in accordance with a general desire, evening meetings were held at Birch Hall, with several persons by letter of voice, testifying to the value of the Harmonial Philosophy upon life and character. Ladies and gentlemen took part in these sessions, and Mr. Mary F. Davis a great presence and loving, inspiring words were always most welcome. What a blessing to see husband and wife walking side by side for the same beneficent ends! The atmosphere on that occasion was noticed to be full of truth, spirituality, spiritualized and uplifting. Songs were from inferior and angels' sources. From various letters read I have begged the favor of making some extracts: the first is from Calcutta, India, May 1880:

To A. J. Davis: My Dear Sir, I am exceedingly sorry that I could not acknowledge earlier the gratitude under which you have placed me, by magnanimously enriching me with that precious storehouse of invaluable treasury of true knowledge—I mean the five volumes of the Great Harmonia. I pore over the pages of the book with all my eagerness and enthusiasm, and have begun to be animated, entertained, enlightened, ennobled and sanctified by its perusal. On finishing the whole work I have a hearty desire to translate the best portions of it into my mother language—the Bengali! Verily, better days will dawn in Bengal, when the Bengali will be capable of receiving and being guided by the sublime truths and regenerating doctrines so eloquently preached in the Harmonia.

Your little work, that gem of books, I mean "Death and the After Life," has been a constant holy joy and hope to me. Lately I have been on a tour on a hill station. I used to repair there to the Samadhi, or the place where dead bodies are burned or left unconsumed by fire to become the food of birds or beasts of prey, and sitting in the shade of an umbreous tree in that solemn spot, I read of the bright and glorious realities of the Sunner Land, in your "Death and the After Life." Such readings in such a place did never fail to exercise the most chastening and sanctifying influences on my inner being. I did not know before that man was capable of doing so much good to a brother man....

Yours most respectfully,

JOHANNES NATH. DORN.

The following is from a gentleman in this city:

"What I have understood, from studying the Harmonial Philosophy has had this effect: I have been able to make a careful and unbiased analysis, as far as possible of my character and physical and mental habits and my temper. By means of the light which this philosophy has shed upon my understanding, I have beholden many errors and the resolution to overcome them has familiarized me with self-discipline. It enables me to discern truthfully, many things which were dark before, and opens a path which, my better sense tells me, will eventually lead on to the kingdom of heaven on earth—Harmonia. All this has been done by what has been learned in the Harmonia, through the intelligent use of that mighty psychological instrument—Witt."

A lady wrote: "The Harmonial Philosophy enabled me first to put away educational and religious prejudices, and start out on a new train of reasoning. It taught me that I must comb reverently and with singleness of purpose before our heavenly Father and Mother to learn the way of life, and in this holy communion my whole being is filled with unceasing love for all mankind. It has made me more teachable, and I have hope become a wiser and better sister, mother and friend!"

Another said thus: "The personal benefits of this eclectic philosophy have been—First: It affords me the only adequate solution of those perplexing and momentous questions which have so long vexed humanity. Secondly, It unfolds a future worthy of the human soul, and promises to satisfy utterly all my aspirations. Thirdly, It puts me upon my honor, makes me realize my responsibilities; it assures me that life's apparent deists can be made the soul's greatest victories. It explains the causes and transitory character of evil, and makes the effort to overcome it, touch the moral fibre of the soul. In fact, it would be difficult to say in what it has not been a help. Last, without it at some periods would have been impossible; Insanity or suicide were the only other alternatives—it needs more than a currency and superficial glances—it needs to be studied and probed. True, the ideal stretches away down the escurvities ahead of us, but there is never a moment when it is not the ruler, comforter and inspirer, holding me to the one grand purpose of harmonious development, an unfoldment from within, as the magnet holds the needle pointing to the pole. The motives of our strength are wide as the star-strown spaces. However weak, there is an infinite reservoir upon which to draw, a reservoir so boundless as the grand central sign of man and soul of souls."

This will give you, dear JOURNAL, an inkling of the uses of the Harmonial Philosophy to some of its students.

A. E. C.

New York, July 14.

"Hest Day" and Mourning Customs.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I would very much to know what nations keep the different days of the week, as days of rest. I have read somewhere that every day of the week is kept as a holiday, corresponding to our Sunday, but I have forgotten the names of the nations thus keeping them. It occurred to me that I could obtain the desired information through the columns of your valuable paper, for which I will be greatly obliged. What nations see the different colors for mourning?

Respectfully,
Mas E. C. Hyde.
Smithfield, Isle of Wight Co., Va., June 1st, 1880.

We doubt if every day of the week has been somewhat kept as a day of rest. We are not aware that the sabbatic idea extends beyond the Jews who keep Saturday, the Christians who keep Sunday, and the Mohammedans who keep Friday. The ancient Greeks and Romans had no week, but divided the month into three periods which among the Greeks were of equal length, and among the Romans were unequal length, divided by the nones, Ides and Kalends, and the festival or sacred days were announced by the pontiffs in advance for each month on the days known as the kalends. Throughout the Chinese Empire, including Tibet, the month is divided into six periods of five days each. The ancient Mexicans divided their year into 18 months of twenty days each. In both the Brahminical (ancient Hindoo) and Egyptian Astronomy the division of the month into weeks of 7 days each existed. But in the former the first day of the week was counted as coming on Saka era, the day of Venus, or Friday. Our term Friday is the translation into Saxon of the same idea, the Saxon Venus being named Freia. In Egypt the first day of the week was the day of Saturn, Saturday, and seems to have been regarded as sacred in some slight sense, or rather as an unfavorable day to work on because of the "unlucky" influence of Saturn. The Hebrews adopted the same day, probably from the Egyptians, but called it the seventh in their week instead of the first.

The fact that the Hindoo calendar made Friday the first day of the week, probably caused it to be regarded throughout Southern Asia and influenced the selection of this day as the Mohammedan sacred day. Both the Brahminical and Egyptian division of time into weeks is much older than the book of Genesis, which probably was not written until after the period of David and seven hundred years after the death of Moses. As the Jews were totally ignorant of astronomy, they must have derived their divisions of time from their more cultured neighbors. The division of time into weeks was not adopted into Europe until the introduction of Christianity, in the reign of Theodosius. The days are said by Dio Cassius to have then been named after the seven planets known to the Egyptian astronomers in the order of their then supposed distance from the Earth, beginning with the most distant, thus Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, The Sun, Venus, Mercury and the moon. The mode of naming the days according to Proctor and others authorities, is astrological. Each of the seven planets was supposed, in astrology, to rule over one hour of the day, and all in succession. There being twenty-four hours in the day, and seven planets, each planet had his hour three times leaving three over. Allotted these three to their hours the fourth began the next day, and being thus the presiding planet of that day, the day was named for him. Thus beginning with Saturn as the outermost planet, and running through the planets three times brings us to Saturn at the 23rd hour, Jupiter would preside over the 23rd hour, Mars over the 24th and the Sun over the first hour of the next day. Hence Sunday follows Saturday. So running through the hours of Sunday, brings the Sun over the 23rd hour, Venus over the 22d, Mercury over the 21st, and the moon would preside over the first hour of the next day which is therefore Monday. Pursuing the same course with Monday, the 23rd hour is presided over by Saturn, the 24th by Jupiter, and the first hour of the day following would be presided over by Mars whose Saxon name was Tuusco, hence Mars's day is Tuesday, Mercury's day is Wednesday and Jupiter's (Thor's) day is Thursday.

On the whole we are disposed to think the respect for one day of the week above another, is confined to the nations which have derived their astronomy from the Hindoo and Egyptian; that in those two peoples the days Friday and Saturday had some slight reverence, not resembling the sabbatical idea of the Jews, and that the latter knew nothing of the Sabbath or any other of the so-called laws of Moses until the reign of Josiah, but that from them in its present form the idea has spread into Christianity and Mohammedanism, beyond which it has never extended. If other searchers have reached other data or conclusions we shall be happy to hear from them.

As to the use of colors in mourning, black has been used by all the States of Ancient Greece except Argos, which used white, and by Rome, except from the period of Augustus women wore veils of white and subsequently full white suits. In Arabia the women stain their hands and feet blue as the color most expressive of gloom, and refuse to speak talk because its color does not accord with grief. The Chinese and Japanese mourn in white. All modern European nations mourn in black, except that the Sovereign, upon the continent, wears violet, and in early France and Spain the mourning color was white. Among the moderns, one may pass from black to the brighter colors, through the intermediate hues of purple and violet.

The ancient Egyptians and Jews, modern Syrians and Arabs do not appear to have worn any color for mourning, but tore their garments, threw dust and ashes on their heads, sat on the ground and abstained from washing. The more barbarous a nation the greater the intensity of its mourning. The Hawaiians paint their faces black and knock out their teeth. The Lycians, however, regarded grief as unmanly and enacted a law requiring men who mourned to wear woman's costume. The North American Indians howl, wail, dance and pierce the flesh with arrows. The Arab hired mourning women dance and tear their arms, face and hair. The Fuegians, upon the death of a chief cut off several hundred fingers and hang over his grave, while women burn parts of their bodies. About the fourth day after burial called the "Jumping of the maggots" celebrates the passing of the corpse into corruption, and on the tenth day the women braid the man, to express, we suppose, the righting in the next world of the wrongs of this.

The Britton-Tuttle Tilt.

Prof. Britton is mistaken in supposing that he can use the by-gone catch-words of the Christian pulpit, such as "without God in the world," and "cast it all right over the Adversary's grave," to scare modern Spiritualists. The existence of non-existent God, personal or impersonal, male or female, crucified or saved, is a theory that has no more to do with Spiritualism than has the existence of elocic, of luminous stars or of individual nebulae. Nor are there many modern Spiritualists who feel that if it were shown that no God now exists or ever existed, temples, ay even temples of worship, would be any the less frequent or useful. We doubt if any worship that ever existed, is so profound and enchanting in its emotional depth, to thy nothing of its value to the worshiper and to mankind, as that inflexible worship of pure truth which underlies all decent, sincere, scientific philosophical and historical investigation. It is a kind of worship in which the best of man have spent their lives, yet no temples whatever have ever yet been erected for it, and in the temples erected for the worship of Gods, pagan or Christian, this mode of worship is held in abhorrence.

There is but little disposition among the masses of Spiritualists to retain the somber catch-words of Christian dogmatists, after this, "Truth" and "Omnipotence" have been found to be "Justice" and, but for Spiritualists, no one of whom has ever received a communication from, or scientific proof of, the existence of a God, to attempt to hurl the anathema of a church over them. They are not even "concerned" still less believers, in the right of elocic, of luminous stars or of individual nebulae.

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VOL. XXVIII.

JOHN C. BUNDY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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[Chicago Daily Times.]

Having attended in person four sittings with Mr. Slade, during his recent stay in Chicago, and having been present on two other evenings, when from sixteen to twenty estimable and observing persons sat with him, and communicated the result in my hearing immediately afterward, and being still of an investigating mood, I feel like putting the results of all those sittings into the form of inquiries, and in this form propounding them for the consideration of more scientific, more scrutinizing, or better informed persons, with the view of eliciting their explanation of these phenomena. A recent authoritative article in the New York *Nation* takes the singular view that none but scientific experts are competent to investigate these phenomena, and that even they are not ready yet to proceed with the investigation, as science is not yet sufficiently developed to deal with it on any scientific basis. It was this remarkable statement, that there were some phenomena as to which science was not yet science, and "exports" were not yet "ready" (expedition and readiness being in fact the same thing), that stimulated me to take part in the inquiry, as it seemed like an admission of the existence of phenomena with which existing science was not prepared to cope.

A STUDY OF THE MAN.

I first sat with Mr. Slade, in company with four or five others, at the private residence of a friend. Upon being introduced to him I found him a person of middle age, probably forty-three, of spare, good form, motive, nervous temperament, though with a full, broad chest, rather slow of movement and speech when not acting as a medium, slightly hard of hearing, destitute of both the nerve and nervous quickness which I have always met with in men like Hermann, Blitz, Anderson, Carzanee, and all others who had any facility at slight of hand. I should pronounce Slade a more than usually stiff-limbed and slow-moving person except as, when sitting in the circle, his convulsive movements, resembling those of the recipient of a galvanic or electric shock may become quite not in a limber and supple way, but in a spasmodic and uncontrolled way. He is "loopy" rather than muscular or nervous. As he was attacked, on the first evening I saw him, with a severe fit of nervous prostration in which he imminently feared a renewal of his Berlin paroxysm, the interview was chiefly useful in acquainting me with his physical and nervous condition which are considerably below full tone, so that he is at times capable of only a partial use of his right side. The intensity of the pain he suffers at slight causes, and this anterix of his emotional excitement at witnessing, feeling, or hearing the very phenomena he sits to produce impresses one with the idea, that if it is all unchanged, as everything about him seems to be, then his nervous condition borders now on

CHRONIC EXHAUSTION.

producing a morbid and excessive sensitiveness of all the nerves. To this, however, is to be offset the fact that when he purports to be under the control of "Owasco," his favorite Indian spirit, he freely submits his flesh to be pinched and otherwise tested, and seems to have great cal-

lousness under all such tests as well as a vice-like power in the grip of his hand which indicates greater strength than one would expect from his appearance. On my first evening with him the interval between the periods at which he needed assistance to walk the floor, his hands and muscles flaccid and weak as a sick child's; and when vigorous rubbing, pounding and stimulants were applied to keep up the circulation and drive away temporarily his apprehended attack, and the period at which, in the circle, he gave each member thereof a grip that might have brought tears into their eyes, was less than half an hour. These are incidents of preliminary importance as bearing on the theory of slight of hand. I know of few persons less fitted, apparently, for feats of manual dexterity or unusual agility than Slade. Neither his looks, language, step, speech, gait, physique, or manner seem compatible with it, as he is "loopy" as a senator, slow as a parson, rather unpolished in manner, despite his wide experience of the world, and, if I mistake not, of slightly imperfect hearing.

Owing, as he said to his ill-health on this first evening, the manifestations were feeble, though some slate-writing appeared to be done, without the possibility of physical contact on the part of any person present with the pencil which wrote. Still, as the affair was less satisfactory than subsequent manifestations of the same kind I will not describe it.

ALONE WITH SLADE.

I next sat with Mr. Slade at his own rooms. We entered the back parlor, no other person being in the room, and the doors were closed. I examined the carpet-table, and wall, all of which were ordinary and honest. I did not search Slade's pockets, nor, as the before mentioned letter in the New York *Nation* recommended, did I look for concealed magnets thrust under his skin. This sequel will show that such precautions on my part would have been as futile as a means of discovering the mode in which the slate-writing was done, as the thrusting of "magnets" into or under one's skin would be as a means of writing between two slates. Nor is it material whether there was one slate or fifty slates in the room, as, in the mode in which the writing was done, the theory of substitution of slates cuts no figure. But according to my best observation the room contained but two slates at the time, both of which lay on the table, and both of which I examined on both sides at the outset and they contained no writing. Nor were there any springs about the slates by which as suggested by one imaginative "spirit exposé" in California, a roll of muslin indistinguishable from the surface of the slate was unfurled and spread over the slate. All such complicated and impractical devices only bring out into strong contrast the simplicity yet certainty of the occult power which was now to perform the writing. Slade first, in order, as he said, to inquire of his alleged spirit influences if they were ready, dropped a bit of pencil on one of the slates, passed it under the table with his own right hand, placed his left hand on my right as we sat facing each other at the corner of the table and asked if they would write. Three raps came and the slate was brought out with the words written thereon,

"WE WILL TRY."

This may have afforded some information to him but it amounted to nothing to me. He then removed the writing and let me place the two slates with the same bit of pencil between them, together, which I did, holding both slates firmly in my left hand and against or within an inch or two of my left ear. He then placed his left hand on my right, on the table, and, with his right hand held about as firmly as I, the two slates, his thumb coming on the outer side of the slate nearest to my ear and his fingers on the outer side of the farther slate. At no time was there anything doubtful about his grip of the two slates, his wrist and thumb being immediately before my eyes, and any attempt of his to get a finger between the two slates would not only have been promptly detected, but in that position he could not have done the writing as it was done had he got his whole hand in, since the writing would have been both out of his sight and upside down to him, and all the muscular motions of his wrist and arm essential to its performance would have been plainly before my eyes. The slates were not parted while in my hand, no attempt was made to part them, and yet while I so held them no sooner did his left hand touch my right on the table than I heard the writing, plainly audible between the two slates, at my left ear. It moved straight out at about the rate any easy penman would write, the up strokes and down strokes, separately and distinctly audible, and the whole sound as

DISTINCTLY RECOGNIZABLE.

as the writing by a pencil between the slates, at the noise of a saw-blade or organ grinding would have been distinguishable from any other sound that could be made. The sense of a pressure being constantly exerted on the slate, but harder with the down stroke than the up stroke, was about equal to that I would have felt if any person had been writing on the edge of the two slates while I was holding them in this position. Suddenly Slade removed his left hand from my right on the table, and, as instantly as if the motion were one controlled by an electric current which the removal of his hand had severed, the writing

between the slates stopped, but the pencil appeared to remain stationary, though the slate surface on which the writing was done was perpendicular. When he let fall his hand upon mine again on the table, the writing resumed and continued within the slate. This cessation of the writing he performed at quick but satisfactory intervals, but each time he restored his hand to make the writing went on within the slate. At length three raps on the slate, with the tiny bit of pencil, which was perhaps a quarter of an inch in length, were heard, and I opened the two slates with my own unaided hands, and read on what had been the inner side of one of them, substantially as follows, for I copy

THE MESSAGE.

from memory, and give it only to show its tone and tenor:

DEAR FRIEND: We aid you in this matter because we wish you to know that we are spiritual intelligences and that we can communicate with you. To what other agency can you attribute writing done under these conditions? The knowledge of this will grow, and as it increases it will be more useful.

J. TYLOR.

The only person I have ever heard of whose name resembles the above was Vice-President Tyler, of whom it is no part of my mental habit to think more than once a year. The signature, therefore, is without significance to me, and Mr. Slade professed to know as little of it as I.

Mr. Slade then asked me if I wished for any more slate-writing, and I told him that one such illustration was as good as many, as a proof that slate-writing could be done in his presence without any contact between any living person and the pencil that wrote. But I would like a communication that I could identify as that of a deceased person, if I could get it.

He requested me to write my request on the slate, and I thereupon wrote on one of the slates, carefully holding up the slate so that Mr. Slade could neither see the writing nor the motion of my hand:

"Will the spirit of my brother appear?"

I then, keeping the written side of the slate carefully out of the sight of Mr. Slade, turned the slate over, presenting the upper side of the slate for the answer, dropped on it the bit of pencil, and, holding it solely in my left hand, placed the end of the slate upon which the bit of pencil lay under the table for about two inches of its length, the remainder of the slate being full in sight and not a foot from my face. Slade sat facing me with his right hand disengaged and on his leg at first and then placed both hands on the table, one of them on my own right hand. Immediately the writing began on the little fraction of slate which lay under the table, no hand but my left touching the slate and both of Slade's hands resting on the table and the whole slate except the part written on being within from half a foot to a foot from my eye. The pressure on the slate as the writing began was such as to require some effort on my part to hold it in my left hand, and it vibrated down and up through the space of an inch or so under the force of the writing. I was holding it about two inches below the table top. In this condition of things I heard the writing as distinctly as before and the three slight taps with the pencil on the slate to indicate that the writing was finished. I then removed it with my own hand, Slade remaining without change of position, and found written upon the two inches of slate that had been under the table (and which when I placed them under the table half a minute or so before, were bare of writing), these words:

"Your brother is not present." I then wrote in the same manner the question: "Is the spirit of any person present who knows me?" Reversing it and placing it under the table in the same manner, the answer written on the upper side, under like conditions was: "Many such are present, but none who can control

HYSTERIA AND LUNACY.

I have read, with a sincere desire to get some light from it, Mr. Howell's careful analysis in "The Undiscovered Country," of the various stages of lunacy which induced his "Dr. Boynton" to look for spirit manifestations which they were not to be found, but I do not see that they shed any light whatever on a case where slate-writing is clearly done without the possibility of physical contact between any living person and the pencil. I have also read Dr. George M. Beard's efforts to connect the word "hysteria" with these singular phenomena. But I fail to see wherein they apply to such a case. My health was never so good and my mind never more calm than when observing these phenomena in my presence, or have described to me their nature immediately afterward. So far, I have seen as much intelligence, as much skepticism, as much calm, healthy action, learning and culture, as much familiarity with scientific methods and with slight of hand as the most querulous could wish, or as either Beard or Howell's possessives brought to bear to the simple problem, which it would seem a child ought to be able to solve, of detecting whether any human being was in physical

contact with the pencil when it wrote. They all say no such contact was possible.

All the "hysterism" there is in the case is in Slade's degree of nerve exhaustion and morbidly sensitive nerve state, and this is not greater in his case than in that of hundreds of thousands of over-worked professional men throughout the country who can call up no such phenomena. Out of fifty thousand other hysterical or morbidly sensitive persons, not one will produce slate-writing between slates. In this instance Slade's nervous condition seems to be the effect, not the cause, of the extent to which he has been called upon to produce these phenomena.

Make a draft, Messrs. Beard and Howells, on all the asylums of the world for hysterical patients, one of the symptoms of whose condition is either the ability to produce slate-writing or to make others believe that they can produce it, and your draft would not net a single slate-writer. Independent slate-writing has never been a characteristic of hysterics. Hysterical persons may believe they see what they do not see, but the principle of illusion has no application in this case, as fifty persons in the room at the time would all have seen the writing alike when it had been done, and all would have heard the pencil doing it. I did not see the pencil make its marks, and therefore there is no fact in the entire phenomena to which the principle of illusion can apply. The use of the word hysteria, therefore, where no illusion of the senses is alleged, is merely the impudence of ignorance. It explains nothing and designates nothing. When I examined the slates before the writing done no illusion theory applies, because nothing had yet occurred. When I examined them after the writing was over, no illusion theory applies, since the writing was undoubtedly there, and anyone of a million persons, if they saw the slate at all, would have seen and read it alike. The only part of the fact in relation to which the illusion theory can apply is that I suppose I held the slate-surface, where physical contact with the pencil on the part of some human writer would be impossible, when, in reality, I did not. But what is so easy as to hold a slate in broad daylight where

NO HUMAN BEING

can write on it, especially in a room where there is only one other person. To suppose that I can not do that, or that I can not know decisively when I do or do not do it, is part of the sheer insanity of impudence. It indicates that those who so assert have become infatuated to the integrity of the human intellect and have lost their power to remain loyal to the evidences of the senses, an assertion which involves no less than an absolute abdication of the throne of human reason. Nor does the theory of slight-of-hand apply, because in all cases of slight-of-hand the hand of the operator is in communication with the thing done, and a chief share of the difficulty is created by keeping this magical hand in such a state of swift and diversified motion that the observer could not follow it. In this case, however, both of Slade's hands were motionless, plainly in sight. A slight-of-hand man who never uses his hands, but whose hands lie flat on a table while everything is doing, would, indeed, be wonder unless he had an assistant, and Slade had none. What I had thus far seen with Slade did not differ essentially from what I had already seen with Mrs. Simpson who resides permanently in this city, except that Mrs. Simpson reads easily any question her visitor may write on the slate, without having that visual access to the slate which would be necessary to enable an ordinary person to read it. This, Slade tells me, he does not in another respect.

MRS. SIMPSON'S SLATE-WRITING

is characterized by an incident that does not appear in Slade's. This is the fact that the bit of pencil is placed on the slate and a goblet filled with water is placed over it so that apparently the pencil should be confined in its writing within the hollow space left by the concave bottom of the goblet which space would be about the size of a silver dollar. But on placing the slate upon the table, Mrs. Simpson holding one side of the slate and the observer the other, so that the top of the goblet rests steadily and firmly against the under side of the table, the pencil is heard to write in long lines across the slate as freely as if the goblet were not there and on removing slate and goblet from under the table without the possibility that either could have changed their relative positions during the operation, or could have been removed by so much as a hair's breadth from each other, the writing is found to begin on the slate at a point outside the space covered by the goblet to cross the slate again and again in half a dozen lines, none of which pay any regard to the physical obstacles afforded by the solid contact of the goblet with the slate, so that each line begins to the left of where the goblet stands, passes directly under it with broken writing, and reappears at the right of the goblet as if the goblet had not been there. When I saw this with Mrs. Simpson, the conditions precluded deceit or

SLIGHT-OF-HAND

as absolutely as in the case of Slade. But one other person was in the room, and he sat some twelve feet away. I had examined the carpet for trap doors, and think I am competent to say there were none, and had there been twenty they would have been of no service, as I held the goblet and

late so firmly and steadily while under the table that I knew that neither table slate nor goblet moved relatively to each other while the writing was being done. Not only was the writing done without possibility of any human person being in contact with the pencil while it was doing, but it was done by some agency which disregarded solid glass as an obstacle, and wrote as easily on a surface covered with it as on a bare surface. This, of course, raises the question why it should have used the pencil at all; but I am not answering questions, but asking them.

Moreover, at the end of the writing the bit of pencil was neither in the hollow space in which it had been placed underneath the goblet, nor was it anywhere on the slate; but it was at the bottom of the water on the inside of the goblet, and was worn by the writing it appeared to have done. The physically impossible fact, therefore, of passing one solid substance directly through another, without violence to either, occurred some six or eight times within ten minutes. After I had been forty minutes in the room, and knew that neither when I entered, nor since, had there been any other flowers, in the room than a growing fuchsia near the door, Mrs. Simpson undertook to produce a flower. Placing the goblet of water on the slate in like manner as was done for the slate writing, but with no pencil, after, perhaps, five minutes of up-

parent

STRONG ELECTRO-NERVOUS EXCITEMENT

In the arm which was holding her side of the slate Mrs. Simpson told me to withdraw the goblet from under the table, and in the act of doing so, the fragrance of the hyacinth filled the room and inside the goblet was a fresh, rich, unstained hyacinth flower of twenty-two petals just plucked from the stem, and which I took home with me and kept till it withered—perhaps a week.

Prior to my third session with Slade I was present at the residence of Col. Bundy when some sixteen persons of indisputable intelligence and some of them of special critical power, including Judge Bascom and Mrs. Barnum, Dr. Jewell of Evanston, editor of the best-reputed journal of nervous disease in this country and one of the foremost medical journals of the world; Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Stetson, of *The Western Magazine*; Mr. and Mrs. Perry, Mr. Gaze, Mrs. Willard Dr. and Mrs. Dickson and several others, all witnessed substantially the same method of slate-writing I have described and none of whom were able to detect any mode by which any living person could have communicated the moving force of the pencil which did the writing. Of course in all these slate writings there is no concealment, no turning down of lights and the slates are always in the hands of the observers, and not of Slade.

My third session with Slade was for the purpose of securing a "materialization," but as nothing appeared, I will not describe the effort further than to say that the friends who sat with me assured me that, a few evenings before, they had witnessed the materialized spectre, on one occasion of one person, whom they well knew, and, on another occasion of three persons, one of whom they knew.

MATERIALIZATIONS.

The apparatus for producing these visions is as simple as could be. Its only object seems to be to produce an aperture through which you can look into a darkened space. It is as follows: A black lap robe, perhaps four feet square, is hung across the corner of the room by "tacking" one edge of it to the wall and the other to the molding of the folding-doors. Behind this curtain there is a triangular space, whose right angle is the corner of the room, and whose broader side or base is the lap robe. The table at which observers are to sit is then moved up to within one foot, or slightly more, of the lap robe, so that the side of the table is parallel with the robe. Two upright wires are then screwed or clamped to the edge of the table, and along the top of these two wires a third wire is fastened with screws, and on the horizontal wire is hung a strip of black cambric muslin, perhaps two feet square, or a few inches less. Into this piece of muslin, whose sides and bottom swing loose, a cut is made in a U form, except that the bottom of the U is not curved but is square, and thus an inner curtain within the cambric

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Sideros and its People as Independently Described by Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

(CONTINUED.)

It is quite evident that the condition of things seen by her in this examination was very similar to that seen by other psychometers; so much is this the case that I think the meteorite must originally have been located near to the mining locality, which she and they describe. She sees what Mrs. Foote and Mr. Criddle had seen with a specimen from the same mass; colored men mining, and sees them placing what they dig in a basket, as Mr. Criddle had seen them, carrying rock out in baskets. She describes the trees that she sees as strange and short. The people are strange, with dark complexions, the dress of the woman is short, the climate is warm and the dwellings of the miner's rough and low. People ride in rough-looking, two-wheeled vehicles, and are drawn by animals that look like mules, and yet like goats, evidently strange animals, that she knew not what to call; and the dress of these people she finds to be gray. In all these particulars and in some others, that will suggest themselves to the attentive reader, her description resembles that which I have received from others independently, and I can only account for these striking resemblances by supposing that they visited the same world—Sideros.

'GREENLAND METEORITE.'

Having obtained a portion of the great meteorite mass found at Ovifak, on the western coast of Greenland, I gave this subsequently to Mrs. Hubbard for examination. She had not at that time, I am well satisfied, any idea of the nature of the specimen. She said:

"Strange forms come before me, but they disappear so quickly I can hardly describe them. I can see what look like human beings, but they are not like our people; they make motions to express themselves, and use no language that I can perceive; they make hideous noises. They move with great agility; they have hardly anything on. Their heads slope back. They are shorter than average persons here. They are of a brownish appearance. They subsist on what they obtain by hunting. It is rocky and mountainous where I see them."

"Now, I see a high mountain that runs up to a peak; it seems very steep. Small, inferior, stunted trees, grow upon it. I see little hut made of brush and things picked up. It seems like a home for them; they have that feeling about it. The people here do not seem to have any human intelligence, yet they make an effort to talk, but there is no articulation. They run like deer and leap over dangerous places readily. I see a large body of water. The people eat fish and all their food uncooked. They have small heads and small features; their hair is black and hangs down. I feel as if I was right there with them."

The Ovifak specimen took her, I think, to the same world previously described by Mrs. Foote and Mrs. Criddle; she sees it at an early stage of human development, when the distinction between the brute and the man has just become established. She notices the agility with which the human beings move and the ease with which they leap, in consequence, as I think, of the feeble attraction of their world. She sees that they are short in stature, as all, or nearly all, the inhabitants of Sideros appear to have been. The rocky and mountainous character of the country is described and the stunted vegetation. The whole world seems to have been deficient in the conditions essential to exuberant vegetation.

As wished particularly to see how her descriptions agreed with those I had already received, and since most of those that I had received described the human beings on Sideros at a more advanced stage of development, I said, "will yourself farther this way in time and see them further advanced." She then said:

"I seem to be on the top of a mountain; there is a chasm below, that looks fearful to me; it is at an immense distance. I see a place now like a low building in which men live; it is long and low. I see no women there. The men seem to work in here, but it is not a factory. I see what look like mining implements, pick-axes and such things. They seem to work metal in some way; it seems like iron. I see an anvil. They have fire and heat the metal. It does not look like a blacksmith's shop, but they work iron here. These seem more like our own people; but they are tawny, a yellowish-brown. There is a mine here where they get the metal out. It seems mountainous all around. There is a great deal of ore here mixed with the soil. These men are miners and this place is for their utensils, for sharpening and fixing them. I see one large, strong man with his sleeves rolled up."

"The general lay of the land is like what I saw before, but the people are so different. They have conveyances of some kind. The earth seems so peculiar, so full of this metal. They have something they use instead of a wheelbarrow, to carry things on; it has four handles on and two carry it. The climate is warm. Their dress is coarse for work; the clothing looks brown; they do not seem to have a great deal. The head man is much larger than the others; he is boss of the whole."

"I see water and a very rude boat that has no sail. They seem to have learned to propel the boat by some kind of power, though in a rough way. I can hear animals growl, but do not see any. I see a woman; she is dark; there is not much color to her clothing or style. Her dress is not fitted close. It is loosely tied round the waist. It is short, a little below the knees. They don't believe in tight waists. They live more truly to nature than we. She is connected in some way with the large man. They live in a low inferior building of one story. I think they must have built it themselves; everything about it is rude. These people are not like Indians, but their color reminds me of them. This place does not seem far from water."

Are there any domestic animals?

"I see an animal, but I do not know what it is; it walks very slowly. They use it in some way. It seems much like a camel—no, not like that either; I never saw one as small. It is a queer-looking thing. I do not know what it is. It is an inferior-looking animal, of a yellowish-brown color. It is kept for use. I see it hitched to something that it drags along the ground; it looks rough like all other things here. Whatever the people need to transport that is heavy, is done with this animal."

There are many interesting statements in the latter part of her examination. She sees a yellowish-brown people mining. Mrs. Foote saw a company of people with dark skins digging, while Mr. Criddle describes a mining people, who are dark and have black hair and eyes. She states that they had but little clothing and that looked brown. Mr. Criddle says the dark people "make cloth that is darkish-brown." She sees a rude boat propelled by power and consists of sails and this seems strangely out of character with the development of the people in other respects; but the climate of Sideros must have been an exceedingly equable one and winds were rare, so that unless boats were propelled by oars, they must have been propelled by power; and the inventive faculty of the Siderians must have been early stimulated to discover some way of propelling boats by power. The draught animal that she saw was probably closely allied to those seen by Mrs. Foote and Mr. Criddle.

MRS. EAGER'S TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Dr. Eager of New Haven, a sensitive and a psychometer, tried for me the fragment of the Painesville meteorite previously examined by Mrs. Hubbard, in total ignorance of its nature. She said:

"I feel as if I was up, and I see high, sharp peaks and a large sheet of water; overhead the sky is extremely blue. I see beings that I can hardly call human; their faces are broad and their heads long; they are short, chunky. There does not seem to be much vegetation. They eat something that grows on a tree without being cultivated. It is something round and brown like a kind of groundnut, that contains an edible kernel."

This examination as far as it goes is in harmony with the rest. Short people with long heads and broad faces have been seen on Sideros by many observers. She notes also the sparseness of the vegetation.

MRS. FLETCHER'S VISIT TO SIDEROS.

When occurring in Lowell last March, I discovered that Mrs. Abby Fletcher, the wife of M. H. Fletcher, a well-known manufacturer of that city, had considerable psychometric power. She tried for me a fragment of the Painesville meteorite in entire ignorance of its character and said:

"I feel as if I was in a very large city; people are coming and going, moving to and fro. It is a place where I never was before. The streets are not like ours at all."

"Now I see what looks like a mountain, but that, too, is not like any I have seen before. It is very singular, jagged, jagged, the worst imaginable. The lower part seems to have been dug out. There is nothing smooth about it; some parts are almost perpendicular. Persons go round to get up. I see no green thing connected with it. It seems as if a great amount of material had been taken out of here. Above that, it goes right up. It must be a good way round to the top. It is a queer-looking place. The main color of the rock is very dark, but I can see in the interior bodies of a different color. I never was in such a place and never saw such rock anywhere. It seems to take me a long distance from here. Persons have been at work here and a great deal has been done."

"Now it changes, expands and flattens; the space below is wider and seems almost a field. Persons are digging; a great deal is going on here. I can see deep cavities that have been made. One man has his sleeves rolled to his shoulders; the arm seems very dark. I see the face of one man that is very red and much covered with hair. It is a human being, but hardly looks like one; he is very broad across the shoulders. He has a hideous face. His whiskers are not long, but grizzly and thick. I can hardly see where the face is." At the close of the examination she said, "I seemed to go away from everything with which I am familiar. I seemed to walk about among large, dark caverns where men were mining."

Her description of the city is too short and general to enable a person to identify it, but the rest of her description harmonizes remarkably with the previous descriptions of Sideros, and its mining population. She sees persons digging, and as she subsequently discovers, mining, and notices that the arm of one, whose sleeve is rolled up, is dark, and that another one is broad across the shoulders. On the same day she made for me a second examination, of the same specimen, but with no further knowledge of its character than the previous examination had given:

"I seem to be in the same place, but changes have taken place (I can see just as well with it in my hand). It looks as if there was some valuable ore connected with that mountain; it seems to lie like a floor under it. Men are digging all around. There is something terribly hot in this specimen. I see many people, but not so clearly that I can describe them. I am moving about in those caverns. The people are not of any nation that I have ever known. They do not look familiar. I see a low forehead, flatish head and broad face. He is short in stature and has a very short neck. He has not much clothing on, a sort of loose blouse and his limbs are bare from the knees."

WHAT IS THE COLOR OF THE CLOTHING?

"It is a grayish dirt color."

Here we have strange looking people, short in stature with broad faces and bare limbs from the knee; which seem to have been fashionable with the Siderians. The influence of the specimen was for some reason very disagreeable to Mrs. Fletcher, and I was able to obtain but little more. She never recognized the fact that she was examining another world, yet in the evening of the same day, with the same specimen, she said:

"I seem to be almost taken out of the world, disconnected from every thing here. Where the people live seem to be like hovels. They dress is peculiar, a kind of frock and bare below the knee. The people look hard, and are of a coppery color. They have dug out an immense place here. As I front the mountain, the city lies to the left. There seems to be several kinds of metal combined here."

"This specimen has travelled, it has been all around. The mountainous part of this place is not like this specimen; it is more like ordinary rock. I see what seems to be copper ore all in layers; it comes off in scales. There is a great amount of iron with this copper. I can smell the copper. I see a kind of house near by, long and low; men go in and out. It looks barren around here. Water of a yellowish color runs out of this place; sediment settles from it like iron-rust."

THE YEAR OF SIDEROS.

I was desirous of discovering as near as possible the time required for the revolution of Sideros around the sun and requested Mr. Criddle to find a young child and follow him up to manhood. With the Painesville meteorite he said:

"Now, I see a child 8 or 4 years old, as we reckon time. His father is a representative and the child is with him in the capitol. Children are sent to school, but it is in a garden in the open air most of the time. It is spring, and the child is almost a man before the fall comes, between 19 and 23. The severe cold is not as long as I thought; grass grows all the time; it knows but a little: the grass has a yellowish hue. About the winter the child leaves his father and sits in the capitol as a senator or representative. The winter is nearly over, and he is about 30. I think the year must be between 38 and 49 of ours."

His last figures do not harmonize, however, with his previous statements. He starts with the child 3½ in the spring and finds him between 19 and 23, say 21, before fall. This gives us for spring and summer about 22 years, when winter is nearly over he is about 30; this gives us for fall and winter only about 8 years and would make the whole year not more than about 38 of ours. It must, however, have been more than this to correspond with other portions of the examination. He continues:

"The winter is about like that of Northern Texas. Some kind of grain is raised even then. The government stores up grain and keeps it at the same price all the time. I am round now to the same time of the year as before and he is a now a man of about 40."

This would make the year of Sideros about 38½ of ours. This is, of course, but a rough calculation, and may be erroneous to the extent of two or three years. If it was about three years less than this, then its time would correspond with that of the November meteors, which have a period of about 38½ years. If its period was then

about 30 or 37 years, it or its fragments may have been retarded, since that time to the extent of three years, as some comets are known to be retarded, apparently by the resistance of the medium through which they pass.

To be Continued.

REVIVALISM IN INDIA.

Keshub Chunder Sen's Strange Religious Movement.

(See Note D. Conway in the Cincinnati Commercial.)

It would be worth while for a student of psychology, or of abnormal religious excitements, to visit India just now. The minister of the Brahmos, Keshub Chunder Sen, seems to have had his head somewhat turned by—or at any rate since—his visit to England, and the marriage of his daughter to a Prince. He has built a splendid house in Calcutta, and atones for that worldliness by ascetic mortifications. He has announced that he is a special agent of Providence; he is not an incarnation of any deity; he is not a prophet; but he is something different from other men. His recent course and preaching have been fruitful of discord and agitations. The more educated of his followers, who have favored the Brahmo movement as at once a protest against idolatry and a refined theism, have become disgusted and left the church. A large number of the lower-class converts have been offended by the marriage of his daughter with a Prince, secured as it was by a partial surrender of the Minister's proclaimed principles against infant marriage, and they have abandoned him. And this parting with the elements of rational restraint and coolness on the one hand, and of humility on the other, appears to have been the means of revolutionizing a movement to which some had looked for great and beneficial changes in India.

Keshub Chunder Sen and his followers seem to have taken hints from the revivalists of the West, and formed something like a "Salvation Army." They are replacing their lost adherents with fanatics gathered in the highways and byways, the survivals of extinct excitement, and adopting their wild manners and customs, their pilgrimages, shrieks, dances, and superstitions, they are calling the grand totality a "new dispensation." But from the mass of evidence before me I should say that star of Bethlehem has a chance of guiding them to Bedlam, or the placed in India corresponding thereto. Sen himself has got so far in that direction as accepting a sort of worship from disciples kneeling around him (on the ground that he did not wish to stop the flow of bhakti—that is, devotion on enthusiasm), and holding personal interviews with Jesus, Paul and John. One consequence of this outbreak of fanaticisms is the loss of many of the educated: but it has secured the results which manifest to Sen a "new dispensation." That is, he has raised public curiosity; thousands go to hear him, and by using Christian phrases in his own sense he has roused the missionaries and made a sensation. They are denouncing him off one side, while the educated theists denounce him on the other; and the result is that on a recent occasion as many as 6,000 people went to hear him. The discourses he now delivers are quite valueless for any moral or religious teaching; they are merely frantic ejaculations about God and the prophets, among which Jewish, Christian and pagan are found oddly mingled.

The last phase upon which this now wild movement has entered appears to be the dance and the pilgrimage. They lately organized a pilgrimage to "Sinal." On the 22nd of February they all bathed, put on clean clothes, and followed the minister up into the "sanctuary"; here, if one is to believe reports, they passed eight days and nights, and communed with Moses reading over the Pentateuch and spiritualizing each verse; so that on the last day Moses is said to have spoken to them in some mysterious way; whether he spoke from a burning bush, or whether he materialized personally, cannot be gathered from the mystical narratives of the pilgrims.

The revelation made by Moses included a transcription of the Ten Commandments, and a proclamation to the modern Israel, in which he stated that Jehovah's voice was his only guide, his only book of wisdom, the only Scripture of salvation; and promised that "the Almighty shall lead Bengal out of the bondage of superstition and idolatry into a city overflowing with milk and honey of purity and joy."

"The Lord shall communicate to all his devotees, to every Moses in the land, the moral law through faith and conscience, and all India shall in time bow to the Supreme legislator.

"In trust and obedience I, Moses, fought my salvation and that of Israel; so shall every believer in the new dispensation try to prove loyal and obedient unto the moral law of Heaven.

"In essential features the law of ancient Israel and of modern Israel shall agree; but in detail they shall differ, and instead of one Moses there shall be many imbued with his spirit in the present age, and he be unto their countrymen law and conscience incarnate.

"Blessed, blessed, blessed are thou, modern Israel, for the Lord shall deliver thee and make thee a mighty nation."

This "revelation" is chiefly remarkable for the induction it gives of the extent to which the Aryan has been overlaid by the Semitic accent and style. It is without any trace of the Vedic style, though its Biblical phraseology is oddly interlarded with modern dialectics. The ancient scriptures of India have become the possession of scholars, and the Bible has been made by British conquest and missions the mold into which the molten mind and emotion of that country are now taking new shape. But instead of taking such shape as the missionaries hoped for, one that would make them supporters of the Christian church, the form is that which makes Jesus and the Bible into buttresses of Brahmanism, or rather of that potpourri of resuscitated Aryan fanaticisms which Keshub has collected and is stirring. The most startling and uncomfortable result thus far of the new enthusiasm for Christ which animated the Brahmos is the way they hold Him up as an ascetic (or, as they say, Vaishnava, literally "void of attachment"). They proclaim loudly all the texts which so represent Jesus: they dwell on His fast of forty days and nights, and His assertion that a certain kind of demon only goes out by fasting and prayer; they picture Him without a place to lay His head, and ordering men to sell all they have and give away; to lay up no treasures on earth; and to forsake family, house, land, all. This kind of thing is precisely opposed to all the Christianity which England has exported to that region. It is also true that Keshub Chunder Sen has not yet forsaken his fine house and family, but then he has never adopted Jesus as his only model and god, as the missionaries have, and, moreover, since his followers regard him as a "providential" man, he is supposed to have special reasons for carrying his asceticism into peculiar channels. (As a matter of fact he nearly died not long ago of self-starvation.) This representation of Jesus as an ascetic Hindu yogi, or hermit, and the utter disregard for dogmas not found mentioned in the Bible (Trinity, incarnation, etc.), is more bitterly resented by the Christians than was the long indifference. An old idolator is far more favored than one of those enthusiasts about Christ. Indeed, something very like persecution seems to have begun out there in some of the many cases in which Brahmos are employed as servants or agents in English houses or offices.

But it may be asked to whom or what shall we pray who have no knowledge of an individual God who will hear and answer our prayers; we know no God but Nature. Very well; then pray to Nature, for has she not made your wonderful body and more wonderful spirit, and can you be more wise than she?

Oh! Nature, of whom I am a child, hear this my humble prayer! I know that "in thee I live, move and have my being," and that from thee my body and soul are fed. I am suffering in spirit; I feel my weakness; my soul hungers, and as a babe upon its mother's breast feed me, I pray.

If this little invocation is offered in deep sincerity by a hungry soul, I say that some intelligence will respond and a blessing will follow just as certain as air and water will rush to fill a vacuum.

I hope to live to see the time when Spiritualists generally will recognize the power and influence of prayer. I hope to see our circles always opened with an invocation. It brings to our firesides bright and pure spirits. When we deny the efficiency of prayer we open wide the door to evil, mischievous and obsessing spirits, and to this cause we may trace much of the crude phenomena and silly twaddles, that has made Spiritualism odious to people of refined tastes and religious culture.

Columbus, O.

Modern Spiritualism.

Modern Spiritualism has wrought a wonderful change in all religious teachings of the Christian world. When asked what the spiritual philosophy has done or expects to do, you can point with pride to its mission. No reform which has blessed mankind has ever made such rapid strides as this. It has worked its way into the literature of the age. It is found in the poet's sweetest lines, and it is, to a degree, taught from the pulpit. Modern Spiritualism is not a fatherless child, though upon the cold charity of the world. It has godfathers and godmothers by the thousands. They are of every nationality and the spirit with which they manifest their regard for this adopted child, is sufficient proof, that come what may, the child shall be cared for and tenderly nurtured and fed.—*The Ohio Bronco*.

Relgio-Philosophical Journal

JOHN C. BUNDY, - - - Editor.
J. B. FRANCIS, - - - Associate Editor

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"Living In the Ideal."

In the interesting account given by Mrs. E. H. Jackson of this city, in the JOURNAL of July 10th, of a slave in London, at which Mr. J. C. Hush was the medium, she relates that the spirit of John King having presented himself, she asked him, If life in the spirit-world was at all analogous to life in this? He replied, "Somewhat," and added, "We live more in the Ideal. I can not expect now, because I have not the time."

John King, if it were really he, expressed a good deal in that little sentence. "We live more in the Ideal." Let us consider the meaning that may be drawn from it. There is no thoughtful man or woman who has not his or her ideal of what would be most agreeable in life. One is ambitious of power; another of wealth; another of love; another of a continual round of sensual pleasures. This boy would like to be a great orator, actor, poet or man of science; that boy would like to be a great scholar; another, a skillful sportsman or a first class clown at a circus. This girl would like to captivate all hearts by her charms of person and manner; that girl would like to be a great opera singer like Malibran; another would like to be brilliant intellectually like Margaret Fuller.

One person's idea of a happy, successful life is to bask in the eye of public envy; to be, like Vanderbilt, rich; to give grand entertainments, make splendid donations; to be courted, looked up to, admired. Another's prayer would be: Let me learn to be content with a little; to live a pure, benevolent, beneficent life, striving to help others rather than to advance myself in merely worldly prosperity.

We all have our ideals, but how few of us attain them! "To live more in the Ideal," then, as the spirit expressed it, is to live more in accordance with those tastes, aspirations, strivings, which we have made our predominant aims in this life. The man who finds his ideal in getting the better of his fellow creatures, without much regard to the means by which he rises, will carry his ideal with him into the next life, and with it the defects of character which the lowness of his ideal has caused. The man whose ideal has been to acquire the highest truth possible to a man in this life, and at the same time realizing that there is no higher truth than that of the importance of love and charity practiced toward his fellowmen, to aim at carrying out that principle in its fullness—will probably find in spirit life that the same thirst for knowledge and love of doing good will form the rudiments of a heaven for him in spirit life. The man whose ideal is in having fast horses, giving good dinners, and having a high, jolly time of it generally, will find that the traits of character which made him find his happiness in such privileges, will largely influence his future condition.

"We live more in the Ideal." That is, our dominant loves will do more to shape our destiny, and to facilitate the attainment of their own ends, in spirit-life, than in this. How important then, that in this life we make our ideals pure, noble, elevating, such as will bear the test not only of time but of eternity!

No religion is Spiritualism. There is a whole bible of religious warning, instruction and stimulus in that simple revelation: "We live more in the Ideal."

We republish from the *Times*, Prof. Denlow's account of his experiences with Dr. Stade and Mrs. Simpson. Some important typographical errors which appeared in the article as originally published, have been corrected in the JOURNAL's republication. The generous space allotted the Professor in the *Times*, as well as the able and candid character of the article, shows how readily our phenomena are accorded respectful and intelligent notice when observed under just conditions and freed from the claptrap which hedges about so many purported spirit manifestations.

A Chapter in Finance.

An esteemed subscriber in sending a new subscription to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL adds the following remarks:

To the Editor of the Relgio-Philosophical Journal:

This article entitled, *The Three Conventions*, has, I suppose, interested you, as it does me, in some respects. I am not a member of the JOURNAL, nor am I of the party of the three conventions, but I am of the party of capital, and having enough old credit and cast aside the colleges of priesthood, that will not let me out of the fold of the church. You say, "The lack of capital is the curse which holds the National party together." Do you intend to insult the millions of men who voted for Peter Cooper, and held the rank of members together when in his infancy it cast not 10 votes to the county? Can you conceive it possible for a man to be governed in his political course by such trifling an amount of capital? The Republican party together is vast untaxed funded wealth, corruptly used to bribe legislators and voters, and purchase additional influence. Another half day's diversion from stamping the doctrines of currency reformers, and you shall not be judged harshly if we do not find little fault with political nose-dropping out of your noble column.

Yours, etc., D. COMPTON.

After Iowa, July 14th, 1880.

We intended no slur, but the mere recognition of a commonplace fact in our statement that "In the Greenback-labor party the bond of cohesion is the lack of capital," and our correspondent in his reply impliedly admits the general statement by retorting that in the Republican party the bond of cohesion is the presence of capital or as he styles it "vast untaxed funded wealth." The core of the labor party is to be found, especially in cities, in the labor organizations or trades-unions which consist of wage workers alone and which admit no employer or capitalist into their councils. The Greenback-labor party is formed by a union of these with men of all classes in the community, who desire the Government to enter upon some plan for the general and extended issue of greenbacks, which they say will be sufficiently redeemed in corn, pork, etc., by being received by every seller of goods in exchange for what he has to sell. There is not, however, in all the country a single seller of goods who will not determine the price at which he will sell them, by looking at the market reports as they appear in our daily papers, and these current prices would depend directly on the premium which gold would command in the market by reason of any depreciation of the gold value of paper caused by any sufficient issue of greenbacks to unsettle prices. The redemption of paper money in corn and pork, throughout the country, depends upon the rate at which it is redeemed or purchased in coin at the commercial centers. We might as well vote against the tides, or against the diurnal revolution of the earth on its axis as to vote that paper money should not depend for its exchangeable value mainly upon the rate at which it is purchased or redeemed in coin.

While it is not so true of the Greenback wing, as it is of the Labor wing, of the National Greenback-labor party, that their bond of cohesion is the "lack of capital," yet it is true of them generally that their enterprise during the past fifteen years has caused them to handle and become responsible for more capital than they owned or could in the declining condition of industry earn an interest upon, and thus that many of them have been swung, by an unfortunate and as we think, unwise policy of the country in the management of its currency and debt questions, into the condition of helpless borrowers and ultimately of bankrupts. We do not say this to their disparagement, for we esteem the borrower who borrows capital for the purposes of industry, expecting to repay, *at least* as useful a man as the lender who advances the money expecting to collect his debt. The great mischief which has led to the impulse in behalf of more Greenbacks, at this late day, was perpetrated in the years 1863 to 1875, and in our judgment it is doubtful whether anything can now be done to remedy it.

This consisted in the adoption, first, of such a policy concerning the currency as would gradually force a currency worth 60 cents on the dollar, in gold, up to a value of par in gold, thus causing a direct depreciation in the selling value of all the property in the country to the amount of forty per cent, and an appreciation in the value of all the debts owed to the amount of 40-60 or 60 per cent, both of which processes involved indirectly a depreciation of values and appreciations of debts, through the sacrifice of insolvent debtors and their assets, of many times the naked percentage above given.

Secondly, simultaneously with this course in enhancing the value of the currency, the "heroic" policy of the party in power, in striving after the glittering appearance of success in effecting the rapid payment of the national debt, undertook to collect from the nation's taxpayers and pay over to the nation's bond holders during the years from 1863 to 1875, a far larger share of the earnings of labor and capital than either labor or capital could afford to part with.

Both these policies combined have cost the country more loss of capital and labor in the general prostration of industry which resulted from them than was cost by the war itself. Our ignorance of finance and of the principles of national economy in these years cost us more than the abolition of slavery. But we think our correspondent errs in charging this mischief upon the bondholders. To prove that it was not all or mainly due to them, you need only attack the two policies which actually brought them about, viz., the heavy taxation necessary to the rapid payment of the national debt, which was pursued during the years 1865 to 1875, and the steady insistence upon resumption of specie payments by forcing up the currency in circulation at the close of the war, and nearly every Republican and four-fifths of the Democrats of the country will endorse both measures. This shows that if these two measures were wrong, as we think they were, they were nevertheless

the aggregated voice of the popular will, which in this instance may have proved to be the popular folly.

Every newspaper of either party heralded every decline in the premium on gold from day to day, as a sign of national prosperity, wholly oblivious of the fact that it measured an increase in the burden of the debtor class. If we suppose \$600,000,000 of currency ad valorem and \$6,000,000,000 of private debts owing, a decline of one per cent. in the premium on gold meant, that the debtor class had got to pay \$60,000,000 more in gold on the principal of their debts than the rest of the world. The Republican party together is vast untaxed funded wealth, corruptly used to bribe legislators and voters, and purchase additional influence. Another half day's diversion from stamping the doctrines of currency reformers, and you shall not be judged harshly if we do not find little fault with political nose-dropping out of your noble column.

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The "State's Debt to the Church."

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* stung by the attitude assumed by the Republican platform, and by Garfield's letter, toward sectarian schools, says that "full payment of what the State owes the Church would bankrupt the State;" that the State "continues doing business on the percentage of national greatness loaned by the Church without confession of favors, yet that the spendthrift young State makes sport of its opulent old 'Dad,' the Church, 'on whose parental coupons it floats, meeting the open palm of bounty with the clinched fist of malice,' etc., etc.

Really, all this is refreshing! We were not even aware that in this country there exists a Church, and we still are at a loss to know where it is to be found, or in what manner the State lives on its shekels. It can not mean the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches "South," whose bishops, presbyters and exhorters, led substantially every member of their flock into the rebellion, and who now denounce all union with the Northern States; not so much because the North is Democratic and rich while the South is aristocratic and poor, as because the North is educated and "infidel." Surely the debt the nation owes to the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches "South," would not bankrupt the State!

Of course, the *Advocate* does not think that the debt due from the Nation to that "Scarlet woman," the Church of Rome would bankrupt the State to pay; nor would it rate very high the debt due to that ritualistic daughter of Rome, Episcopalianism, which traces its apostolic succession through Henry the Eighth; nor, in view of Wesley's remark to the Calvinistic Whitfield, that "your God is my devil," ought any creedal descendant of Wesley to place at very high figures the Nation's debt to the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches, both of whom worship the same God that Calvin did, viz., the Methodist Devil. We, therefore, infer that the church whose bill, if presented, would bankrupt the nation, is the Methodist Episcopal Church North. This "Church," according to its returns of 1874, had 1,345,080 members, to help sustain whose faith in God, the Nation and States waive their taxes on churches and parsonages to the value of \$78,512,000 or about \$59 per capita for each member. As the State and Nation remain under the same obligation to protect this property from crime that they do the other and taxed property of the country, it follows that the reason why the debt of the nation to the "Methodist Church North," if promptly paid, would bankrupt the Nation, is not because either of its financial support or its honest example; for, in the only respect in which it touches government at all, viz., as a taxpayer, it evades the performance of citizen-like duty, and asks non-Methodist citizens to pay for protecting its property, in order that it may have more money to log-roll in the legislature with for the further protection and exemption of its property.

The *Advocate* says, that "no corrupt politician can be a Christian." But we assure the *Advocate* of what it well knows already, that most of our corrupt politicians are Christians, for two reasons, viz., first, because Christianity is the only mode of faith which will win them votes, and, secondly, it is the only doctrine which promises to exempt them, and to the beat of its power does shield them, from the just punishment due to their sins, including that of political corruption. Ingersoll could have been Governor of Illinois and Minister to Germany, if his political right to precedence by virtue of his talents, had not been neutralized by his hostile attitude toward Christianity. The pure statesmen of philosophic minds, who have been infidels, such as Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Chase, and probably Sumner have held their position as statesmen only by abstaining from any aggressive exercise of their influence on religious points. On the contrary a host of shifty and crafty忙lers of place and pelf, most of whose names appear in the credit mobilier, whistkey-ring, black Friday, San Domingo and other political exposés, have eked out their scanty political talents by stumping for Jesus in Sunday schools, appearing on the Lord's side at camp meetings, or being admitted to the Methodist church on a religious experience forwarded by telegraph. The most corrupt member Lincoln ever got into his cabinet, viz., Senator Harlan of Iowa, was a Methodist minister, appointed expressly in order to pay off some part of the debt supposed to be due to the "Methodist Church North," for the loyal manner in which its members helped to rain cold lead into the hearts of the members of the "Methodist church South."

The *Advocate* refers to an alleged plan of the brewers to found a "Brewer's University," with a Professor of Beer, but which in all other respects should be Christian. The story reads very much like a "trade lie" got up to promote Methodism. We beg to inform the *Advocate* that Christianity was founded by one who, if not a Professor of Beer, did not scorn to be a distiller of wine, and hence while a Brewer's University would be very un-Christian, it would be in any way un-Christian. Before railing at the possible effect of introducing a beer hydrant into every public school, the *Advocate* would do well to eliminate the monthly wine-hydrant from every Methodist church. For a single swallow, of the genuine imported port wine, used at Methodist communion tables, contains as much alcohol as a whole tumblerfull of lager beer.

The *Advocate*'s as a final ground for claiming the gratitude of the State for the emi-

nent services of the church, refers to the "provention of a large portion of the uncommitted crimes." It so happens that, search our prisons through, and nearly all their inmates are orthodox in belief. They believe in the Christian God, in heaven, hell, the fall of Adam, the whale and Jonah story, the fiery furnace and the blood of Jesus. Our dissolute and abandoned classes of panderers to vice are all of the same faith. Of the murderers whom we hang, in 50 die believing in Jesus, and not one in twenty probably, has ever read Paine, Voltaire, Tuttle, Davis, Underwood, or any skeptical work whatever. How then would it bankrupt the State to pay the debt it owes to the Church for teaching myths, which have no tendency whatever to deter from crime. Does not the *Advocate* know that if at the end of the criminal code of any State, after announcing some terrible penalty for every crime, there should be written the brief clause, "Whoever after violating any provision in this code shall father and shave, shall be exempt from all punishment," it would amount virtually to a repeal of all the previous penalties? Why, then, can it see that the Gospel scheme of insurance against divine justice, after threatening the slightest peccadilloes with endless hell, writes at the end of the law the final clause, "But whosoever after deserving hell believes in Jesus, shall be saved," therein repeals the entire code as a code of punishment for sin, and leaves nothing whatever to be punished except failure to lather and shave. Is the State under such a debt of gratitude to a Church which repeals all punishment for moral transgression, *per se*, that it would bankrupt the State to pay the debt? Away with such childish folly! A man who can only earn his living by repeating such twaddle, had better be a Professor of Beer in a Brewer's University, for there at least he could disown the substitution of resin for hops.

Dr. Tanner's Twenty-first Day at Fasting.

It appears from a special dispatch to the *Chicago Tribune*, that Dr. Tanner commenced the twenty-first day of his fast last Sunday in a remarkably cheerful mood, which was in marked contrast with the "bear-with-a-hole-head" order of abstinence which has characterized his prolonged abstinence from food. He drank about thirty-six ounces of water during the day, and, as an examination of the excreta accounted for only two-thirds of that quantity, the balance, the doctors who have watched the experiment at a distance say, must have been absorbed by the tissues of his body and he must have derived a considerable amount of nourishment from the liquid. This average daily loss in weight, is now about eight ounces, or only one quarter of the daily average while he was abstaining from drinking. He turned the scales at 135 pounds when weighed in the afternoon. Two rides in Central Park and a trip to the photographic gallery varied the monotony of his day's existence. Those who have watched him closely from the start say to-night that his skin is normal and unshrunken, and that he looks better than at any time since he began his experiment.

The Liberalists of Michigan lately held a convention at Lansing, and *The Rattler Appeal*, the organ of Michigan Liberalists, in an editorial on the meeting says :

The meeting was called as a distinctively Liberal meeting. It is well known that many Liberals hesitate to co-operate with any movement with which Spiritualism is connected. And yet but for the presence of the Spiritualists at the Lansing meeting it would have been almost a total failure. It was they who made up fully nine-tenths of the small audience that gathered under the shed on the Lansing fair grounds on the first Sunday.

This preponderance of Spiritualists will be found to prevail generally in similar meetings. Without the presence, influence

Voice from the People,
AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS
SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE
HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

'Tis Love That Makes Our Cares Take
Wings.

BY MELLE BUSH.

"Perfect love casteth out fear." We dwell above earth's clouds and storms; We bow no more to creeds or forms; When love of Truth our spirit warms.

When comes to us the habitude Of thinking all things wise and good, Then is our soul with strength endued.

Then do we drop our load of fear, And rising to a higher sphere, We breathe a purer atmosphere.

There are no dark and dreary days; To those who tread lord's shining ways, But all are bright with wisdom's rays;

No fading flowers or autumn rain, No wailing winds or desert plains; Can give them thought or sense of pain.

Not e'en the sere and withered leaf, As quiet winds sobbing out their gales, For summer hours that seemed too brief,

Can mar the soul's full harmonies, That with our thoughts and feelings rise, When love reveals her cloudless skies.

The outer and the inner life - Doubt lay aside its ancient shroud, In every soul where love is life.

And Nature fair, in every mood, Will wake our heart's best gratitude, And give us joy when understood.

The heart that, like a trusting child, To all things here is reconciled, Hath passed thro' sorrow's tangled wild,

And gained a land whose skies are clear, With love's beat sunshines there all year, Where nothing is to harm or fear.

Thus oft I hear the angels sing, "The love that makes our cares take wing, True love doth always sunshine bring."

NATURE AND EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

Read Before the Brooklyn, E. D., Conference by D. M. Cole.

I wonder how many generations of men had lived before one attempted to solve the problem of life; for how many years men had eaten, before trying to understand the process of digestion; for how many centuries men looked upon the glories of creation before they conceived of God as its creator and upholder; how long had men prayed before they talked of prayer, and asked questions like that before us to-night? In the older times men have made the same inquiry, and the dialectics of rival Greek schools have held fierce debate on the question we so quietly discuss here, and doubtless came as near to settling it as we ever shall. How the name got joined to the thing would be an interesting inquiry, if there was any hope of certainty in conclusion. But no professor of the science of language has yet been able to trace the spiritual element in words—the exact correspondence between the material expression and the spiritual force, so that we could tell how words were born and grew under the spiritual and material conditions existing at their birth.

Prayer exists, and we call it prayer; our task is to define it. If we analyze all the meanings given in the dictionary, we shall find none that fully express its nature, though they all point to one all-comprehensive definition. Prayer is the expression of desire. It is not either a genus or development, the result of a mental process; it is purely intuitive at first, and its activity even unconscious—the most universal of all states; every thing in the universe pray, for desire in the physical universe is shown just as clearly and unconsciously by the attraction of atoms known as gravitation, chemical affinity, attraction of cohesion and by all growth and development, as it is by the daily prayers of the infant nestling on the mother's breast, and the gray-headed abbot, who desires and therefore prays that there be no God.

Prayer is a law of nature; nay, as I have shown, it is the law by virtue of which all other laws exist, for without a manifestation of this desire, there could be no growth; the universe would resolve into its original atoms, and creation would have to begin again. All the masses of rock, all the waters of the sea, all the varied beauties of the land, and all the grandeur of the heavens are but results of prayer—satisfactions of desire. This satisfaction of desire proceeds always according to law; it is not eccentric and variable. Flowers do not desire undecomposed animal food—there are only a few species that could use it. An animal could not desire noble thoughts—it could not receive them.

To get this paper within reasonable limits, I must condense all my points and leave out many. Passing the vast field of speculation and illustration which the universal idea of prayer presents, I turn to prayer as it affects and is affected by man. We do not often think of prayer except as a group of words, more or less artificially arranged (less rather than more), from that designated as "the most elegant prayer ever offered to a Boston audience" to the most dislocated stumbling utterance of a young convert, the sweetest nonsense, the most illogical argument, the most holt-cross submission, the most self-assertive condescension, heresy in a profoundest theologian! The prayer of the day are full of gross absurdity and error, because of words, for many do not know how to use words, least of all to express the inexpressible, and while the real prayer is all one, because impossible of utterance. What is called a prayer is sometimes a lie; frequently in force of repetition, sheer hypocrisy. Trench says of the Lord's Prayer: "Men mostly lie straight through it."

This is the danger of ritualism, of forms of prayer of all public prayer. Their unformulated teaching that our words reach beyond earth's atmosphere to a God far above us (as if in a boundless universe there could be any above or below); as if man and sun were not so often below as above us), teaching that all prayer must be in words; so the words are remembered as the chief thing, add reason to be an inconvenient introducer following the ritual; or if there be no ritual, the master is not helped. No man can pray instead of another. It is attempted in thousands of churches, nevertheless with the results that people either pray their own way, disregarding the speaker, or intellectually follow the speaker, or do not pray at all, only judge a spoken prayer, or assume the appearance of praying with no thought of doing so. Public prayers are fruitless organs of an hypocritical monstrosity to soul-health under the name of, nay, prescriptive theology. This I believe to be true to-day.

There is another side to this picture of the result of public prayer. If the prayer be not too pronounced, or too boisterous, in utterance, he may not prevent gentle and fervent aspiration; but these have withdrawn attention from him that they may pray, while the majority of the assembly, the sympathy of those around, help the aisle; but they pray their own prayer, not the speaker's. Men, however, and the women are never spoken. Words are only one form of manifestation of desire. The sturdy mechanician, loving his family, perhaps never says so, but through the long day and day after day, he strikes sturdy blows for them—every blow a prayer, though his words may be curses. "Actions speak louder than words" is prayer as well as other things. Many, oppressed with deep sorrow, could not tell what to say, but dumbly waiting before God, waiting for help—what sort of help they knew not—have found an answer to their faintest editorial prayer.

A writer tells of seeing a beggar, with torn and ragged clothes, through the ruins of which his bare limbs protruded, standing silent in the streets, with misery written all over him, and, see-

ing him simply stand silent, said impatiently, "If you want help, why don't you say so? Why don't you beg?" "And isn't every bone in my body begging?" was the reply. What need of words there.

Intercourse, words, often are a real weakening of prayer: as a dilution sometimes enables us to see the scope of our desire, otherwise so nebulous we should not ask for anything. It would be better so, but we are always impelled to bring our divinest dreams down, too, that they may be judged by the grosser elements of our material life; so written prayers arose—men believing words indispensable, and having no words, they were glad to receive forms warranted by the church to be good. As prayers, they do not amount to much as helps to concentrating attention on spiritual things, they are useful as crutches to the lame.

A Bishop of the M. E. Church, south, having to offer a public prayer at the opening of a railroad, wrote his prayer (a most unusual thing for one of that church to do), thereby much annoying an old colored man, who declared when the MSS. was produced, "It was de fast time he ever knowned de Lord to be written to on de subject of railroads." Whether there was any use to "written" de Lord, at all, on such a subject, will be considered in second division of the subject.

EVIDENCE OF PRAYER.

No question has been more violently debated than this. The scientist has tried his hardest to convince me that prayer is useless, but his effort is vain. Men must pray, while they need, and they always do and always will need. Men may stop using words of prayer, but the thought is eternal. Has prayer any efficacy? Does it produce what is asked for? Two very different questions, often confounded in a general question. Are prayers answered? If the requirements of the law be not, yes, always. The trouble is that the petitioner and the scientist alike fail to perceive what is the law of prayer, and what the true mode of answer. Many a seeming answer is only a coincidence—must be, for there may have been a thousand praying in direct opposition to the one whose desire seemed to be granted.

If the lonely in us seeks the Israhil in God (infinity is dual in manifestation); if we ask spiritual help we surely get it, and this without supporting any special vocation of God. We are in a higher state when we desire to be; our prayer is its own answer, the declaration that the holy spirit shall be given to those who ask it, means just this. God hears; for, as Taber well says—

"God is never so far off

As even to be near;

He is within our spirit;

The home he holds most dear.

So even while I thought myself

Homeless, forlorn and weary,

Mising my joy—I walked the earth

Myself God's sanctuary."

Read those most human of all compositions, the Psalms of David. Never do we begin with prayer, but we end with praise. The very thought of God brings blessing; it like the aeronaut rising into an air far above the earth; there are storms, but they are below him; to calm security and peace by roots out, undistracted—his chief dangers begin when he descends. So the man who prays for peace gets it—"the peace of God which passeth understanding, and help of a spiritual kind." And it is readily seen that it is a cruel wrong for more children to be born than can be well educated and cared for. So long as there are "undesirable" children there will be inharmonious homes, and vice versa, with paupers and criminals in society. It is marvelous that so few religious teachers take any cognizance of this subject. Telling children that they "must be good," is right and proper, when the conditions of goodness are possible; but what avail it to tell a child of wretchedness, and of crime, born in "Poverty Lane," where few sunbeams enter, to be good? It would be hard for the preachers themselves to exhibit the "Christian graces" in such localities, and with such antecedents. Is it the scripture lesson given to them that seed cast upon stony ground return to them "take root"? The soil must be cultivated before the seed is sown, and when it emerges from the earth it still needs "culture," and culture the plant must have in order to thrive and grow symmetrically. But if the plants remain cultivation, and the "lower animals" improvement, what does humanity require? If children have any rights of birth, or education, can they find them in a bower, or by working eleven hours a day in the attic of a five-story factory?

But men pray for other things; mean prayers, disgusting prayers, terrible prayers; prayers prompted by pride, vanity, animal passion and revenge—does God answer these? Not but they get answered according to the law controlling them. Desire for material things or material changes must be manifested and answered according to the laws of matter. If we want bread we must get it by material forces. True, we may use spirit forces, for life itself is the result of spirit force, but it must be manifested by material movement. If by desire our energy is aroused, our brain is cleared; say, if our burden seems to us to be placed on God, we are stronger and bolder than we have been; we can accomplish more. When the desired bread comes, it is not because of the material form of our desire, but their spiritual essence. Divine help has been given according to the law of spiritual manifestation. God did not order you should have bread, but hindrances in you were removed by yourself, and the particular thing you prayed for you got, according to the law of material aggregation; you prayed for it with your muscles; God provided and you appropriated.

You, or some of you, will say that this makes answer to prayer only a matter of faith, another name for delusion in your thought. Faith is not a delusion. The most irreligious know its power as well as the most devout. The only difference is what you have faith in. Physiicans say that camphor has absolutely no power of destroying contagion, yet it does prevent people being infected, because they believe it prevents contagion and their vitality is not depressed by fear.

There is no strength like spiritual strength; no power so perfect as "the peace of God." Men have always known this, and to the man of the scientist, I oppose such utterances as those, known in your deepest consciousness to be true, needing no demonstration: "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just, and he but asked, though locked in steel, whose quarrel with injustice he corrupted." "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." "If God be for us, who can be against us?" These all tell the same story of faith arousing our powers, and making us stronger, more self-reliant and able to answer our prayers ourselves.

A prayer is universal, so it is eternal. Never, while God lives, while the universe quivers and pulsates with the life he pours into it, while there is a human soul to aspire, will prayer cease. The secret soul of all progression, it is limitless in its scope and eternal in duration. Until we think of a Buddhist heaven with its absence of desire (which is annihilation); till we imagine a God who is limited—a purposeless life. A living death; an eternity of torpor, or a God smaller than ourselves, can we conceive of a state so high that prayer shall be unknown.

I have arrived at the following conclusion:

Prayer is the manifestation of desire, which is the controlling law of the universe. It needs no words—is most real where words are impossible. Public prayer is frequently ineffectual, though whether it proves so or not, depends on those who hear it. Real prayer always is answered, if the conditions of the law appealed to are observed.

Prayer bears its answer with it, and the answer is always to us and in us, and touches no one else. I will mention only two other points, power and purity. Wonderful is the might of prayer in the material world. The flower stalk that you can scarcely touch without bruising, will curve around or push away stones large enough to crush it, if it may come to the light and shed its beauty and perfume over the world; or the tree seed in the rock cleft, grows and struggles in its stony prison with a very agony of prayer, till it rends the rock and is free to fulfill the law of its being. So is the spiritual world, in spite of all obnoxious influences, prayer lifts the soul to a purer atmosphere; in spite of limitations of matter, prayer lifts the soul to the region where the force dwells that controls matter; in spite of temptation, evil suggestion, of all things tending to impurity or spiritual inaction, which is death, prayer lifts the soul to God and crowns life with a joy that is pure, a peace—that is neither astute nor indifference. Who, seeking good, can find evil? Who that really prays can impure? Prayer makes all earth's stumbling-blocks stepping-stones to heaven; consecrates every joy, soothes every sorrow, helps in all difficulties, guides in all doubts—it is the life of God in the soul of man proceeding from him, reaching out to him.

If, then, one is in your hearing unversed at prayer, or pronounces disgust at the mention of it, heed him not, except to pity him. Such a one prays even while he utters. He only refuses to pray consciously, preferring to pray as the brute does, unconsciously. If your eyes are opened, your ears unstoppered, it is worth while to try to demonstrate the power and the joy of prayer. One who has not the capacity of perceiving it? That he cannot see, cannot hear, may be true—it is a sad misfortune for him, but might not to make you doubt the evidence of your spiritual senses.

Be ashamed only of pretending to pray; asking for good only—not seeking it; praying for purity and living impurely; seeking love and denying it.

"Be what thou seemest, live thy creed. Lift up to earth the tariff-dimes, Be what thou meant to be made, Let prayer and word and act combine."

Rights of Children.

BY H. M. CHESAPEAKE HARRIS.

A Society was formed some time since, in New York, to defend the "Rights of Children." I am glad that somebody is giving attention to this subject. It seems to me that it is right to bring children into the world, they should be treated like human beings after they are born. If children are of as much importance as horses and cattle, why not establish societies for the "Prevention of Cruelty" to them? Should not they be treated as well as dumb beasts?

A few years ago the "Gracile Mills" disaster, of Fall River, Mass., the burning of children to death, with no means of escape, was a terrible crime, and where real responsibility? Or is nobody responsible for such wholesale cruelty? Where were these little children before the dreadful fire? Ainsi were we compelled to think of them, tolling on from day to day, and even from year to year, dragging their weary limbs up and down the long flights of stairs, to the attic, where they were forced to toll eleven hours a day, in a badly ventilated room, and perhaps under the surveillance of some ravenous and cruel overseer. All who have worked inside the walls of mill, know with what little consideration children are often treated. The writer has seen enough of harshness to children in factories. The memory of it will serve for a life-time!

We sometimes feel, in thinking over such a disaster as that of Fall River, that death, to many of those poor children, is dreadful as it was, when kinder than life. What bad they look to for hope—for the buoyancy and elasticity of childhood all crushed out of them? No play-spa in the green fields! No opportunity to pluck the sweet wild flowers that grow, in profusion, on the hill sides! No chance to listen to the birds' free song, or to inhale the spicy air of the shadowy groves! Sometimes the children of the Sunday school, in bright dresses and with cheery faces, are treated to an "excursion" among the fields and towers; but seldom do the wheels of the factory suspend their round whirr for the recreation of the "children of the mill." No; it is toll, toll, from one year to another, with little prospect of release. Some of them, as they grow older, and the light fades from their eyes, simply accept their lot as fate. Others crawl in the harness, and seek redress, while yet others may mockily tell on the pleasures, the schools, and advantages of rich men's children, and ask: "Why is it so?"

But where are the parents of the overworked children in the factories? If not once factory children themselves, or subject to the tyranny of want and hunger, can they allow their little ones to labor, like slaves, through all their childhood? Have they no rights which parents are bound to respect, neither before nor after birth? It is the writer's religious belief that it is a cruel wrong for more children to be born than can be well educated and cared for. So long as there are "undesirable" children there will be inharmonious homes, and vice versa, with paupers and criminals in society. It is marvelous that so few religious teachers take any cognizance of this subject. Telling children that they "must be good," is right and proper, when the conditions of goodness are possible; but what avail it to tell a child of wretchedness, and of crime, born in "Poverty Lane," where few sunbeams enter, to be good? It would be hard for the preachers themselves to exhibit the "Christian graces" in such localities, and with such antecedents. Is it the scripture lesson given to them that seed cast upon stony ground return to them "take root"? The soil must be cultivated before the seed is sown, and when it emerges from the earth it still needs "culture," and culture the plant must have in order to thrive and grow symmetrically. But if the plants remain cultivation, and the "lower animals" improvement, what does humanity require? If children have any rights of birth, or education, can they find them in a bower, or by working eleven hours a day in the attic of a five-story factory?

But not only in factory-life, or among the poor and the outcasts, but in outwardly prosperous homes, are children deprived of the rights of parental love, and ennobling teaching. The common mode of correcting the little ones of the household often has a tendency to arouse their combative feelings, or develop the worst passions of their nature. The flushed face, the trembling lip, the grieved heart in the highly sensitive child; the angry, flashing eye, the little hand raised in defiance, or self-defense in the more obstinate, might often be avoided by calmness of spirit, and the gentle magnetism of the parent. A tear of sorrow in the mother's eye is a mightier conqueror than sharp words, or bitter recrimination.

Yet the mournful fact is, that mothers themselves are often so worn by the accumulating care of the household, and the demands of maternity, that they are incapable of self-government, and so much of the plastic minds of their children. And then, the children of the same family, may require very different treatment. As a mother once said: "There are plants that spring late great vigor if the pressure of a footfall crush them; but oh! there are others that even the pearls of the light dew bend to the earth." And this was a mother who spoke from a sad experience. She had been taught to believe in a very strict and stern way of enforcing discipline, and sent her sensible little Nellie to bed, one night, and refused to kiss her, because she had committed some fault during the day. The child had forgotten the offence, and stood wonderingly before her mother, with paler lip, and gathering tears in her large mournful eyes, when she saw that the haughty kiss was withheld from her.

"I can't go to sleep unless you kiss me, mamma," spoke a sobbing voice, later in the evening, from the child's bedroom. The words fell upon the mother's ear, but wishing to impress the faint, move indifferently, she still refused the kiss, although her heart yearned to bestow it. At last Nellie fell into a troubled sleep, repeating, in her dreams: "Kiss me, mamma! Oh, kiss me, mamma!"

During the night the child was taken with a brain-fever, and through all her delirium, until the hour of her death, her pitiful cry was: "Oh kiss me, mamma! I can't go to sleep!" "God knows," said the bereaved, and almost frantic mother, "how passionate and how unavailing were my kisses upon my darling's cheek, after that fatal night! I would have plucked up my very life, could she but once have been conscious of them, and of my forgiveness."

Thus we learn that children have a right to love, and to love's fits and bolts expression; a right to harmonious homes, and pleasant surroundings; the homes of peace, the sacred retreat, where strife, hardness, and jealousy, are unknown, and where all the heavenly grace reigns. It may cost much effort to attain the voice and gesture to harmony, but it will save us many a regret and heart-ache.

Vine Cottage, Hopedale, Mass.

Unfoldment.

It may be said, superficially, that life and intelligence constitute the soul or interior of the spiritual body. It is not, however, the subject of chemical analysis; the properties are wholly unknown except as manifested through matter in the various degrees of refinement. Those component parts appear to exist everywhere—have no limit in extent or duration, and only need the necessary conditions of procreation to become utilized, each organization appropriating to itself an abundant corresponding to its necessities.

The material world is the arable soil of the spirit, in which the organized intelligence is spiritual, develops and unfolds, preparatory to its ascension into higher conditions. Just as the germ contained in the acorn requires to be planted in the moist, warm earth before it will germinate, so must the spirit associate with gross matter, so that it will unfold and grow into perfect man.

It would be interesting to trace the varied changes which exist in the different forms of life, but we are dealing with principles rather than minutiae or results

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Truth bears no mask, bows at no Human Shrine, seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only asks a Hearing.

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EARLY DAWNINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Interesting Experiences in the Life of Different Ones.

BY H. S.

The proofs of the nearness and activity of the Spirit-world are so abundant at the present time, that we have hardly need to draw from the storehouse of the past. And yet it is pleasant to know that what is now so clearly before the world, has been seen—dimly perhaps in most cases—by the highly intuitive and spiritual in all the past ages, particularly by those whose earthly lives were passed in a more immediate nearness to the open advent of our modern Spiritualism.

My present purpose is to give, for the benefit of the readers of the JOURNAL, some of these gleams of the early dawnings of our faith, only a few, however, such as I happen to have conveniently at hand, leaving the great storehouse of similar illustrations to be explored by some industrious student of the future.

I now refer to the early prevalence of spiritualistic ideas and experiences, and not to the phenomena, the last of which have already been largely collated and brought within our reach in Robert Dale Owen's invaluable work, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World."

These spiritualistic ideas prevail largely in the productions of the best writers—especially the poets—of the first half of the present century. It would be easy to fill many columns of the JOURNAL with quotations of this kind from well-known poets of this period. But besides these there have appeared in the public journals from time to time, fugitive pieces of unknown authorship, in which the gleamings of the brighter faith are clearly to be seen—touching and beautifully so sometimes.

I have now before me an instance of this kind, which is so much to my purpose that I cannot forbear giving it entire notwithstanding its length. These lines must have been written many years before the advent of modern Spiritualism, as I have had them in my own possession for nearly forty years; and, in an introductory note accompanying their publication in the paper whence I took my copy, the following statement is given by the person sending them: "From whom these lines first came I know not; but, copied from hand to hand, they have been going about comforting such as have valued friends among the departed, and telling of the choice spirit, though not of the name of their author. They reach the heart, and so they came thence, let them bear longer and wider the true thought they so well embody. They will comfort more. Who in more hopeful and touching strains has spoken of immortality and a reunion for the departed?—the dictate of reason and affection, the joyful assurance of Christianity."

To these earnest words, as well as to the sentiment of the lines themselves I give my most hearty assent; and so, through the kindly convenience of the JOURNAL, I send the good angel voice once more on its work of beneficence, and at a time when the world is far better prepared to hear wisely and favorably than before:

"The dead are with us."

"And they groan around us every way;
In our hearts can we not detect
When round the Earth we gather,
We know that they're there."

"And with them our spirits go
In the holy place of prayer."

"Around our couch at midnight
The forms come slowly by,
As in the plain, they may speak to us
As they fade into the gloom,
They walk with us and sing,
And their voice is like the murmurings
Of swallows on the wing."

"And when in social circle
We join the many band;
Or in the hour of sorrow,
Silent hand it's hand,

They come and sit beside us
And gaze into our eyes,
And we listen to their voices then,
With a calm and mute surprise.

The departed! the departed!
They crowd around me now,
And a sweet and cheerful light of peace
Takes up my eye,
I know they have not left me,
Though no more I see their form;
And their presence mid the strife of life
Is like sunshine in the storms.

The beautiful! the beautiful!
All silently they stand
With the quiet eyes of my soul
A fair and innocent hand.
And from out those chambers, now and then
This cheerful voice is given—
Oft faint not while ye walk below
Ye dwell with us in heaven.

No earthly sorrow blights us,
No chill misfortune chills us,
There was not, though with you no more
In form we walk again.
Ye feel that we are with you,
When ye wander by the streams,
And ye see our faces, as of old,
In the pleasant lights of dream.

And when in twilight waning
Ye think of us as dead,
And o'er our grassy resting-place
The sweet spring flowers ye spread.
Remember for the soul that lives
There can be no ending he;
Remember that the soul, once born,
Lives through eternity.

The deep, death-like trance—even now
imperfectly understood—has been
known and sometimes recognized in all ages
of the world; but in most of the cases pre-
ceding our era of Spiritualism, in the pre-
vailing ignorance of such things, the condition
has been mistaken for that of actual
death, and many have thus been laid away
in the final earthly resting place before the
electric umbilical cord which constitutes
the final hold of the body upon the spirit,
has been severed; or, in other words, whilst
the spirit was only absent, not separated
from the body. Probably a large majority
of the premature burials of past ages have
been of this character. I will give a single
illustrative instance. My account is taken
from a work of Prof. Bush entitled, "Mes-
mer and Swedenborg," published someth-
erly or forty years ago. It is headed

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL
TRANCE OF WILLIAM TENNENT.

and this account is said to be exceedingly
well authenticated. The remarkable event
occurred in New Brunswick, N. J., about
the middle of the last century. Mr. Ten-
nent was a student in theology, and was en-
gaged in preparing for his examination,
when he was seized with a severe illness
which finally, to all appearance, terminated
his life. But a young physician, his par-
ticular friend, thinking that he saw some
slight symptoms of vitality in the body, in-
duced (with much difficulty) a delay of the
burial for several days; when, as the last
allowance of time was just expiring, the
patient awoke with a deep groan. With
much care and effort he was finally restored
to active life, but his memory of the past
was wholly gone. He was compelled to
begin his studies entirely anew; but when he
had progressed so far as to read and
pronounce such words as "thee" and "thou,"
his recollection began gradually to return
and continued until his restoration was
complete. He afterwards became a minis-
ter of the gospel; how long he continued
the account does not state.

But the most remarkable part remains to
be told. He had a recollection also of what
transpired during the trance, and although
loath to speak much upon the subject, he
finally made some disclosure to a particular
friend, from which the following is taken:

"As to dying," said he, "I found my fever
increase, and I became weaker and weaker,
until all at once I found myself in heaven,
as I thought. I saw no shape of the Daily,
but glory unutterable!... I saw a great
multitude before this glory, apparently in
the height of bliss, singing most melodious-
ly. I was transported with my own situa-
tion, viewing all my troubles ended, and
my rest and glory begun, and was about to
join the happy multitude when one came to
me and looked me full in the face, laid his
hand upon my shoulder and said, 'You
must go back.' These words went through
me; nothing could have shocked me more.
I cried out, 'Lord, must I go back?' With
this shock I opened my eyes in the world....
And for three years the sense of divine
things continued so great, and everything
else appeared so completely vain, when com-
pared to heaven, that could I have had the
world for stooping down for it, I believe I
should not have thought of doing it."

This I regard as a genuine case of intro-
mission to the Spirit-world, whilst the spirit
was still held in the body in such a way as
to allow of its return. But had it not been
for the determined effort of the medical
friend, the body would have been buried
and the earthly life forcibly extinguished,
thus adding another to the long list of those
who, through the prevailing ignorance of
natural and spiritual law, have been pre-
maturely forced from the earthly life.

It will be observed that old theological
ideas prevailed largely in this experience;
that the heaved into which the subject entered
was much in accordance with the
general expectation of persons of his pos-
ition and belief. But to my mind this does
not militate against the genuineness of the
experience, since, according to our most ad-
vanced knowledge upon the subject, this is
what should naturally be expected. For
we have reason to believe that the Spirit-
world is so wisely and benevolently con-
stituted that there are no sudden and ex-

treme breaks in the experience and precon-
ceptions of those entering there. In other
words, we are not to be suddenly forced out
of old errors and prejudices, but gently and
gradually led on into higher states of
thought and experience. Hence the first
condition on entering that life, is generally
one that does not widely differ from the
preconceived ideas existing at the time of
leaving the earthly body.

VISIONS OF THE DYING.

These have been common at all stages of
the world's progress; but as in the case of
the trance, they have grown more frequent
with the nearer approach to our era of Spir-
itualism. But these visions of the depart-
ing ones had been almost invariably misun-
derstood until our more recent revelations.
In the former times, it was supposed that
what thus occurred during the separation
of the body and spirit, was the result of a
natural, naturally attending the event.
Hence but little attention was paid to it as
a significant fact of human experience. And
thus whilst the spiritual senses of the de-
parting one were already becoming open to
the grand and beautiful unseen realities
around, and delightful visions and voices
of loved ones of the beyond were greeting
the newly awakened faculties, and anthems
of spirit voices were heard inundating the
soul with unspeakable bliss, the few discon-
nected words uttered at such times have
been ascribed to wanderings of delirium,
and only expressions of wonder and com-
passion have been uttered in return by the
mistaken by-standers, whilst the true ex-
pression should have been that of joyful
congratulation to a soul thus being born in
to the new life.

But since the advent of the Spiritualism
of to-day, we can in some good degree un-
derstand and appreciate these scenes at the
bedside of departing ones. We now know
that the separation of the spirit from the
earthly body is a process which, in some of
its leading features, closely resembles that
of the birth into the earthly life. Clairvoy-
ants, gifted with the spirit-seeing capacity,
have often witnessed and described the en-
tire process. It is seen that the head of the
spirit-form, including all the centres of the
intellectual life, first emerges from the
body, and that the process continues until
the entire form has thus become separated
from the material body, but often remain-
ing connected with it for a while by a cord
of light closely resembling the umbilical
cord of the natural birth. And while this
connection continues, we are told that there
is a possibility of a return to the earthly life,
as has sometimes been the case in what
have been claimed as resurrections of the
dead.

It would seem that in certain instances
of these human departures wherein the pro-
cess has so far advanced that the head, with
its brain organism, is already embodied in
the spirit-form, the mental powers still re-
taining as is often the case, a good degree
of activity and clearness, the spirit sense
being thus called into action, the sight
and sounds of the Spirit-world become pres-
ent realities; and when the power of ex-
pression through the earthly organism still
remains, that expression—often quite labor-
ed and imperfect—is an effort to convey to
medium friends the spiritual realities into
which the dying one is just entering.

We have also learned through our inter-
course with the Spirit-world, that at this so-
called hour of death, groups of loving
friends from the other side are always pre-
sent to welcome the expected one to their
own happy circle. And so it naturally hap-
pens that the first opening vision of the
departing one is made to rest upon the spir-
it-form of some especially dear one who is
then considered by many as border reflans,
completely metamorphosed my physical
condition, and without a particle of med-
icine, placed me again in the full enjoyment
of life and health. This was one instance,
I think, wherein his intuitive or medium-
ical tendency served to deliver him from
the oppressive power of old and false ideas
and customs into the freedom of a natural
and rational life.

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At Andover where he pursued his theo-
logical studies under the especial patronage
of Dr. Woods, he became so disgusted with
the hollow, formalistic customs, and the
sophistical supports of irrational doctrines
prevailing there, that when he went forth
into the ministerial field it was with a
strong bias toward the liberal and rational-
istic faiths of the day, and eventually he
became both a Unitarian and a Universal-
ist, as it would seem, for he adopted the
distinctive doctrines of both these denom-
inations, but ever after maintaining an
independent ecclesiastical position.

In the summer of 1821 he spent a few
weeks at a celebrated watering place in
Kentucky. Here, being the only clergyman
present, he was urged to preside on Sunday;
but having no written sermon with him,
he threw the pill boxes and vials out of the
window, and without leave or consultation
with any one, he started off on a tramp
through the Western States which lasted
for seven months. The result as given in
his own language was that "travel, hunting,
fishing, rough fare, sleeping on the
floors of log cabins, fatigue, wet, cold, a con-
stant change of scenery, and a succession of
stirring adventures among those who were
then considered by many as border reflans,
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spirit was that of a young girl whose moth-
er had died at a period so early in the child's
life that the loved features had failed to
leave their impress in her memory. She
had, however, become acquainted with these
features from an excellent portrait of her
mother upon which she was accustomed—
especially during her last sickness—to gaze
with the most absorbing interest. As the
spirit of this young girl was about taking
its final departure, all at once a brightness
as from the upper heavens burst over her
colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed
open and the lips parted; the wan curling
hands flew up in the little one's last impulsive
effort as she looked piercingly into the
far above. "Mother!" she cried with sur-
prise and transport in her tones, and passed
with that breath into her mother's bosom. Said a distinguished divine who stood by
that bed of death, "If I had never believed
in the ministration of departed spirits before,
I could not doubt of it now."

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF REV.
THEODORE CLAPP.

From the autobiographical sketches of
this highly intuitive and devoted Christian
minister, I shall venture to glean somewhat
largely of illustrations bearing more or less
directly upon my theme. I give the full
title of the volume that others may be able
to find and read it for themselves, a process
which I have been one of especial interest
to me.

I have called Mr. Clapp a highly intuitive
man, and the perusal of the volume before
us will, I think, fully satisfy the reader that
such was the case. With the help of this
faculty, this openness to the influx of the
higher truths, he worked his way from
Andover orthodoxy up through Universal-
ism, Unitarianism and Liberalism generally
to a position which, in all important re-
spects, was identical with Spiritualism,
though he does not in so many words de-
clare himself to be a Spiritualist. But I
will now give a brief outline of his career,
including especially those incidents which
have a bearing upon my especial theme.

Mr. Clapp was born in Western Mass-
achusetts in 1812, and entered Yale Col-
lege in 1811; but soon broke his health from
overstudy, was prescribed for by the doc-
tors, but instead of taking their medicine,
he threw the pill boxes and vials out of the
window, and without leave or consultation
with any one, he started off on a tramp
through the Western States which lasted
for seven months. The result as given in
his own language was that "travel, hunting,
fishing, rough fare, sleeping on the
floors of log cabins, fatigue, wet, cold, a con-
stant change of scenery, and a succession of
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of life and health. This was one instance,
I think, wherein his intuitive or medium-
ical tendency served to deliver him from
the oppressive power of old and false ideas
and customs into the freedom of a natural
and rational life."

It is quite possible that some of these
statements may seem over-strong even to
Spiritualists, especially those concerning the
entire absence of fear and of pain at the
hour of death, in the case of those deemed
irreligious and evil; but what Mr. Clapp
asserts is certainly not without substan-
tial reasons, some of which are given in
the narrative. But, at all events, such positive
assertions of facts in human ex-
perience by one whose field of observation
has been so extended, are worthy of the
close attention of the thoughtful. Is not
a part of the explanation to be found in
the fact that the old theology has
so over-drawn its terrors of death and the
hereafter as to render them utterly un-
reasonable and harmless even in the sight
of uncultured, but common-sense evildoers?

Besides, is it not probable that, when
thus so closely on the border land of
the Beyond the spirit invariably becomes
open to the light of the coming dawn, a
light which reveals the utter falsity of the
old dogmas, and makes it clear to the dy-
ing that they are in the hands of perfect
wisdom and love, and not the subjects of a
God of terror and vengeance, who, as held
forth to them in the past, has seemed to be
worse even than themselves?

A few more quotations from Mr. Clapp,
appropriate to our subject, and I will draw
this article to a close. The first is from the
account of the death of a young man of in-
telligence and culture whose father had
recently departed from the earthly life, and
is as follows:

"Every word of this prayer he repeated
after me in a distinct and audible voice.
At the close he exclaimed: 'It is finished,'
and then gazing with fixed eye as upon some
object on the ceiling over him, he said, 'God
be praised, I see my father!' Doubting as
to what he meant to say precisely, I asked
what father do you see, your heavenly or
your earthly father? He answered, 'My
earthly father. Can you not see him?
There he is (pointing upwards) smiling down
upon me, arrayed in splendid garments, and
beckoning me to follow him to the skies.
He is going—he is gone.' On uttering this,
his arm which had been raised heavenward
fell lifeless, and he breathed not again.
There was a smile, an expression of rapture
on his face which lingered there for hours....
This incident made a lasting impression
on my mind. It deepened, it strengthened
immensely my belief that the soul sur-
vives the body. Who knows, said I to my-
self, but every one of these hundreds that
are dying around me, when they draw their
last breath are greeted by the disembodied
spirits of those whom they knew and loved
on earth, and who have come to convey
them to a better home?"

* Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections dur-
ing a Thirty-five Years Residence in New Orleans; by
Theodore Clapp. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Com-
pany, 1870.

which bear more or less directly upon the

Sideros and Its People as Independently Described by Many Psychometers.

BY PROF. WM. DENTON.

(CONTINUED.)

When I had discovered that the period of Sideros was between 30 and 40 years, I was led to think that it was once a world revolving in the same track as that of the November meteor, had become broken up and that the meteoric showers, which occur every 33½ years between the 11th and 18th of November, are caused by the fragments of this disrupted globe, approaching so near to our planet as to be drawn by its superior attraction from their orbit and showered upon the earth. Tempel's comet, whose period is 68 years and 63 days, and the comet of 1860, whose period is 33 years and 64 days being only larger fragments of the same globe, which will probably reach our planet at some future time, to the great consternation of some of its inhabitants.

The question then arose, what could have given such an eccentric orbit to this world, sweeping it away into space beyond the orbit of Uranus, and then around the sun in a path nearly coinciding during a portion of its course with that of our own planet, and where did it come from originally? The planet that travels around the sun in a period nearest to that of Sideros, is Saturn whose period is nearly 20½ years. When I came to examine carefully the satellites of Saturn, I found them to be very strangely distributed. In ten thousands of miles from Saturn they stand nearly at the following distances: 12, 18, 19, 24, 34, 59, 95, 229; the nearest being 120,000 miles distant, and the farthest at the enormous distance of 2,200,000 miles. The distances between them are nearly represented by the following figures: 3, 4, 5, 10, 45, 181. It is easy to see that the spaces between the fifth and sixth and between the seventh and eighth are enormously large compared with those between the others. The sizes of these bodies are peculiar; the sixth is more than half the diameter of the earth, the seventh is very small, the smallest of them all, and the outermost is nearly as large as the moon, while the rest of them are small. My opinion is that somebody from exterior space, perhaps a fragment of a dead world beyond Neptune, drawn by the attraction of the sun, as meteors are drawn to the earth, came either in contact with one of the satellites of Saturn, or very near it, and in consequence the satellite was either driven or drawn out of its orbit and became a comet flying in an eccentric orbit similar to that now followed by the November meteor, its fragments. When this was done, Sideros in all probability was a sun and the satellite had advanced to its carboniferous period. I have received as yet but one psychometric description that indicates this, and I merely present it as extremely probable. I said to Mr. Cridge, "Go back in the history of Sideros just as far as you can." He said:

"I see it come up as far as its carboniferous period, and then change took place; it goes to another sun and turns back to molten matter again."

As I understand him, it was then revolving around Saturn, at that time a sun, when from some cause, which he did not know, it began to go to another sun, which I think was the centre of our solar system, and this change caused its return to a molten state. If it was struck by an immense body returning to the sun the heat produced by the collision might have been sufficient to return it to the molten state, when it commenced its new and eccentric career around the sun." He continues:

"It threw off many masses as it went. Within half an hour every living thing upon it died. It seems to have gone from the sun it revolved around and a larger one swept it off. It seems to have been in a terrible commotion for a long time. It did not revolve regularly. At certain times the old sun affected it. Every time it came close to it, it seemed almost to stop, and its heat was greatly increased at such times. It became smaller, for it threw matter out into space every time. It seems as if a brake was put on. Its direction was sometimes entirely changed. It seems to come nearer and nearer to the original sun (Saturn as I think) during several thousand years, and then it was driven off by some convulsion, and gradually returned and went through the same round. A crust would form and then be broken up and the world would become molten and almost turn to vapor again. Finally this ceased, its old sun lost its influence upon it, and in time it started into life about as our world did."

"It was to these disturbances in its youth, in all probability, that Sideros owed its exceedingly rugged character, many of the masses that were then thrown off, returned at various times, falling upon its surface in great rocky fragments, seen and described by several psychometers long before I had any conception of the cause."

IOWA METEORITE.

On the 26th of January of this year, with a meteor specimen that fell in Iowa on the 12th of February, 1875, Mrs. Denton said:

"If I get this from the specimen, it was a body with a very uneven surface, hills, valleys and crevices. I think it is a globe, but it is a small one compared with the earth and has a very uneven surface. There are splinters of rock, more than a quarter of a mile long, and they are piled up, one above another and one across another, and pointing in every direction, but more of them in one line for more than a mile in height. No human being could by any possibility climb over this rocky chaos. I can only conceive that it came into this state by a hollow globe, say four or five miles in diameter, being shattered into fragments on the spot."

From other examinations I have every reason to believe that the Iowa meteorite came from the same world, though from a very different locality, and I think that the locality seen by Mrs. Denton is the one seen by Mr. Cridge, when he passed through Sideros, while examining the Texas meteorite iron and said, "The other side has a great deal of rough, torn-up land."

METEORIC CONDITION OF SIDEROS.

The atmosphere of Sideros at all times seems to have been light compared with that of our planet, vegetation sparse and very few large trees, none that would be called large on our globe. In consequence of the lightness of the atmosphere large tracts of land were uninhabitable, indeed they could not be visited, and they were free from snow even in the winter time, because the atmosphere at their height could not uphold the clouds. Some human beings in consequence of this were, during some periods of its history entirely cut off from others, having no more communication with them than if they had lived upon another world. There was always a lack of aqueous vapor upon this world, the oceanic areas at all times being much smaller comparatively than it is upon the earth. The climate, notwithstanding its immense distance from the sun when Sideros was at its aphelion, was much warmer than that of the temperate zone of our world. It was never very hot, the high lands, perhaps, tempering the heat of its summer. The warmth of its winter can only be accounted for by assuming that distance from the sun does not produce that intensity of cold that we have been led to suppose. Indeed what we know of the climate of Mars might lead us to this conclusion. Although its mean distance from the sun is 90 million miles greater than ours, yet, judging from the size of the snowy

caps upon its poles, its climate must be very similar to that of our planet.

As a consequence of the lack of vegetation on Sideros, it appears to have had very little coal, so that it was hardly ever used for fuel, and the lack of timber compelled the inhabitants at a very early period to construct their habitations of stone. There was, however, a considerable amount of petroleum and asphaltum, and rock saturated with petroleum took the place of coal to a considerable extent. This may seem strange to those who suppose that petroleum is the product of vegetation, but, as I have shown in the first volume of the *Soul of Things*, petroleum was originally deposited by certain coral polyps in their tabulated cells, and, when found in other rocks than limestone, has passed into them from the beds in which it was originally contained. The number of races of men on this world was quite large, I think as many as nine or ten; this may have been partly caused by the insulated character of its habitable portions; life having advanced independently to man along various lines, which could never have retained their independence, had there been ready opportunity for mixture. There seems scarcely to have been time for the formation of a homogeneous population, for the planet ripened and died prematurely, and it fell as falls a premature apple, long before there was time for the production of its sweetest juices, and its greatest beauty. Here is a picture of it in its Silurian stage:

SIDEROS IN ITS SILURIAN PERIOD.

"At times it rains terribly; the clouds come very near the earth and then the rain comes down in sheets. It is rather mountainous back from the coast. The country is very narrow—ribbon-shaped and circles round. I see star-fish on the shore, some of them are a foot and a half across, of a pale yellow color and translucent, and others nearly transparent; there are black specks in them. Sea moss grows upon the rocks, that are covered with water at times, and are sometimes bare. The water is hot and the air is poisonous. The sea-moss covered rocks are quite high when the tide is down. Some of the moss is a dull green; it is very thick. The rocks look like lava. Masses of jelly-like matter are here, having hardish crust on the outside. I see nothing that I recognize. There is a sea-weed that grows two or three feet long and small mollusks in the mass; they are long bivalves."

"Sometimes a volcano springs up out of the ocean and changes the whole appearance of things. This water is almost boiling; nothing advanced could live in it."

The development of Sideros through the geologic ages seems to have resembled that of our own globe, though we have spent but little time in its investigation, its human history being by far the most interesting;

Mrs. Eager describes it in its early condition and sees some of its rudest human types:

"I see mountains very large, and high and craggy, with large cravicles. It seems to be the same world as I saw with the specimen yesterday [Colorado meteorite]. There are no inhabitants; none ever lived here. The atmosphere is very dense; it is dark and dreary as hades. The sun does not shine here; it is all the time like twilight. Fragments are constantly being thrown off in large quantities; some glisten as if made of metal. The atmosphere is very warm, nothing could grow here."

"Now I see a broad sheet of water that looks very smooth, but is not clear, it is a bluish cast. I see many singular shapes in it; they may be fishes; but they differ from all that I have ever seen before. This is a broad river and leaps into a yawning abyss, a foaming, rushing cataract, as it pours down 8,000 feet, I should think. She comes forward in time and says:

"Now I see a valley; the air is much better and rocks are not as high and very different. They are of a lighter material, a layer of light and then a layer of dark, that has a metallic look. I see now a hut and near it a shrub or bush with broad leaves. The hut is built very roughly; fibres of wood and roots have been thrown upon it. Here is the most singular being I ever saw. He is nude, has a large head, broad between the ears and the ears are large and upright. The head is very sloping and extends very far back. He has large, long claws and looks like a man and yet differs very widely from him. He is covered with long, coarse hair about three inches long. He is seven feet high I think; his mouth is very large, his nose flat and his nostrils dilated, as though from running. He generally goes on all fours like a monkey, but walks upright at times; his claws are full, his limbs taper and his feet have long claws that look strange. I see trees with thick juicy leaves, which he pulls off and eats. He is of a dark brown color, with keen, dark, wild-looking eyes. I can hear him growl at times."

"There are a great many in this part of the country, but not very near. They seem to know but little and fight a great deal; and use for this purpose clubs that seem hard and strong. I see a female with shorter hair on the body; she is nursing a young one."

Humanity on all worlds must of necessity have advanced from the brute, and there must have been a time when the keenest observer would have found it difficult to distinguish between the beast and the man.

ANIMALS OF SIDEROS.

The following from Mr. Cridge belongs to a much more recent time:

"The houses here are round, but rude. There are trees larger than I have seen before. This is a village near a forest and near an ocean. There is an animal here that looks like a tapir; it is no larger than a dog; it is domesticated and petted, and yet eaten. There are more birds and animals generally here than I have seen before. There are horse-like animals about the size of a deer; there are also wolfish dogs that have been domesticated. All the animals seem to have long heads. The dogs have long hair and look like sheepdog dogs. They use them for hunting the deer-like horses. The hair on the tail is not as long as a horse's and the mane is woolly. They have tried to domesticate them, so that they could use them as beasts of burden, but do not seem to have been successful. They keep them for the sake of their hair, of which they make cloth. The people cultivate the soil a little and use iron. Water seems as plentiful as it is here."

"This is an island about 600 miles long. The people have boats made of boards; their tools are soft, I don't think they have any steel."

(To be Continued.)

Faint not; the miles to Heaven are not few and short.

A young man cannot recover the loss he suffers here in practice of bad habits, though by patience and godly sorrow he may regain the celestial companionship of his mother in the Spirit-world.

It was remarked that no physician in Europe who had reached forty years of age, ever, to the end of his life, adopted Harvey's doctrine, of the circulation of blood; and that his practice in London diminished extremely from the reproach drawn upon him by that great and signal discovery.—*Hume*, v., 87.

The Religion of Spiritualism.

Barbara Sentinel, N. Y.

Mrs. Maria M. King, the inspirational writer and speaker whose volumes on "The Principles of Nature" were noticed a few weeks since in *The Sentinel*, has been passing a few weeks in the mountains north of Saratoga, for her health. Being about to start for her home at Hammonston, New Jersey, she consented to meet a few Spiritualists of this vicinity at the residence of E. J. Huling on Caroline street, last Friday evening and make their acquaintance. After an hour or more spent in social intercourse interspersed with music, Mrs. King was impressed to deliver a message to the friends present, which, being taken down and written out, has been revised by her and is as follows:

My Friends: I am happy to greet you to-night as the friends and representatives of Spiritualism in Saratoga. I am one engaged with you in a cause which we claim as that which vitally interests humanity at large. We stand as exponents of a faith that is despised by many, and, in my opinion, for the reason, mainly, that it is misunderstood. Our religion, which we agree is pre-eminently a religion of good works, has a spiritual side which the world in general does not understand. I feel impressed to speak a few words here on the religion of Spiritualism.

Jesus said: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst and that to bless." *The Spirit of Truth*, which Jesus may be supposed to have represented on the occasion of his uttering these words, has a representative that speaks to every individual soul or man on occasions when the spirit is free to listen to its promptings—when the passions are hushed, and the yearnings of the soul after good are breathed forth in earnest aspirations to the divine source of the "beat gifts." Yes, and when the careless, heedless mortal is, as it were, trembling on the verge of disaster in so to affect the spiritual man, this representative is the voice within that awakes the terrors of "Sina's thunder," that utters threats of future retribution; that speak a God obeyed, and justice ready to strike the offender. And it is the "still, small voice" that will make itself heard by such, at times, bringing conviction for sin, and stimulating desire and resolutions for a holier life, though its whisperings may be but dimly discerned in the tumult of passion wherein the higher nature is subjugated, or perverted by sensuality.

In the order of the higher life it is appointed to every dependent mortal or spirit to be, in a manner, in subjection to a spirit that represents to it the "Holy Spirit"—"Holy Ghost"—according to the language of the church—that represents God, or goodness, holiness, purity, truth. I say a spirit; I will add a fine, or succession of spirits to the supreme order of spirits in the highest heaven; each successive higher one representing more of God to the dependent soul, as the latter is developed to appreciate it. This guide, prompter in spirit, is one adapted to the individual in magnetic condition sufficiently to be thus the "voice in the spirit," in every time of pressing need. This spirit is superior to the immediate guardians, being prompter to them in all that concerns the welfare of his ward. He must be, in every case, superior to evil—in a plane of development that constitutes him a safe guide to whosoever is entrusted to his care.

This science of social order that inspires the order I am attempting to delineate briefly, the old theologies have hardly discovered or revealed to mankind, while claiming to be exponents of God's ways to man. Christian theology tell of a Holy Ghost, a Savior, an all-pervading spirit of God that speaks to every individual soul of man as its prompter to good, but leaves the mind in vague uncertainty as to what all this signifies. Now we claim, most emphatically, for Spiritualism, that it teaches the doctrine of regeneration—the necessity of the new birth, so-called, which we claim is a gradual unfoldment of the spirit into the divine image, from the germ of the divine which is the birthright of every one, and constitutes every soul or man the direct lineage of God. In essential points regarding the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, we differ from many Christians. As for instance the substitution of a Jesus sacrificed instead of offending man, has fastened itself upon Christendom, and is a relic of a sacrificial religion whose cornerstone was fized, offered up for sins which might be piled upon an unoffending victim, that was to suffer while the sinner escaped. The belief is the gift of the Holy Ghost to be conferred through faith in the sufficiency of this sacrifice, a superstition in itself, has its foundation in truth, as all primitive religious notions are apt to have. The sacrifice of sin, of all evil propensities, which are symbolized by the animals that were anciently offered in sacrifices—all animals symbolizing the animal passions or nature of man—is what brings the gift of a spiritual renewing, which is the beginning of spiritual regeneration.

The difference between true Spiritualists and many Christians in regard to the essentials of religion, particularly what I have been speaking of, I claim to be in the interpretation of terms and experiences which are shared by both.

Some Christian experiences, the experiences of mediums in the present day whose work is the revelation of the Divine principle of the Spiritual Philosophy, and those of prophets and seers, the mediums of ancient times, exemplify the influence of the superior spirit upon the individual for spiritualizing, and enlightening, and for uplifting the whole being. Experience, after all, is the best teacher; what is learned by it is learned thoroughly. There is no room for doubt where the mind has been convinced by the stern logic of circumstances, experience. I speak these things at the prompting of a spirit, and yet I speak what my own experience has verified.

I will state a few facts in relation to my own experience, which I do not doubt corresponds to that of many others among earnest Spiritualists and mediums. Previous to becoming a Spiritualist and medium I was a Christian, and sincere in my religious convictions. I had an experience as a Christian which convinced me of the reality of what is called, in the church, religion. In my youth I was seriously inclined, and, having near friends who were Christians and church members, I naturally inclined in their direction—sought satisfaction for my longings for something beyond me in religion. I believed there must be a reality in what was so much talked about and written of in religious books, and so I resolved to seek it for myself—to know for myself what a religious experience was. This was not in the excitement of a crowd of penitents and exhorting revivalists, but at home. I was moved upon by the spirit independent of this psychological influence which drives crowds to the profession of a spiritual change which too often is but a ruffling of the waters of the spirit by an ephemeral breeze that passes, and is apt to leave stagnation behind. I devoted myself to prayer and reading the Scriptures, and serious thought during leisure time. I put myself in the exact condition, as I now understand it, to receive spiritual baptism, and I had it. In the quiet of my chamber, and while engaged in ordinary household duties, but contemplating religious things that pass, and is apt to leave stagnation behind. I approached the table of the Lord, and kneeling on his right hand, he remaining sitting, they place their hands on the Gospels lying open before them and say, "Yes, I do swear;" and the President then answers, "If you do so, may God reward you, and, if not, may he call you to account." This formula was re-established in 1876 in the constitution voted by the First Cortes under the Restoration. It is copied from the Constitution in force during the reign of Queen Isabella. At the time of the Spanish Revolution, from 1868 to 1874, no oaths were required in the Cortes, and when the First Cortes of the Restoration met, in February, 1870 Senator Castellar protested against the oath, and at first refused to take it, but finally submitted. In the Second Cortes of the Restoration, in 1876, the Democratic and Radical minority of 15 Deputies, under Castellar and Martínez, again protested against the oath of allegiance, and took it after publicly stating their mental reservations, but no instance exists on the records of the House that a Deputy declined to take the oath on the ground of atheistic convictions. For such cases no rule has ever existed in the Spanish Cortes.

"Articles 87 and 88 of the Rules of the Spanish Congress say that Deputies, before they can take their seats, shall make the following oath, which is read aloud by the Secretary of the Congress, all present standing: 'Do you swear to observe, and make others observe, the Constitution of the Spanish Monarchy? Do you swear fidelity and obedience to the legitimate King of Spain, Alfonso XII?' Do you swear well and truly to behave in the mission confided to you by the nation, always and in everything seeking the welfare of the nation?" The Deputies then, two at a time, approach the table of the President, and kneeling on his right hand, he remaining sitting, they place their hands on the Gospels lying open before them and say, "Yes, I do swear;" and the President then answers, "If you do so, may God reward you, and, if not, may he call you to account." This formula was re-established in 1876 in the constitution voted by the First Cortes under the Restoration. It is copied from the Constitution in force during the reign of Queen Isabella. At the time of the Spanish Revolution, from 1868 to 1874, no oaths were required in the Cortes, and when the First Cortes of the Restoration met, in February, 1870 Senator Castellar protested against the oath, and at first refused to take it, but finally submitted. In the Second Cortes of the Restoration, in 1876, the Democratic and Radical minority of 15 Deputies, under Castellar and Martínez, again protested against the oath of allegiance, and took it after publicly stating their mental reservations, but no instance exists on the records of the House that a Deputy declined to take the oath on the ground of atheistic convictions. For such cases no rule has ever existed in the Spanish Cortes.

"The President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, seeing a new Deputy in his place, says: 'I invite the honorable gentleman to take the oath in the form following:—'I swear to be faithful to the King, and to observe loyally the fundamental statute and the other laws of the State, with a single view to the inseparable welfare of the King and the country.' The new Deputy then, in his place, stretches out his right hand and pronounces the word, 'Giuro,' I swear.'

another secure foundation to stand upon. I commenced reading the works of Mr. Davis, and before completing this perusal I discovered a foundation that I believed would sustain me, and stepped upon it, and from that time to this, it has seemed to strengthen beneath me. I have, as it were, been permitted to count stone by stone of the solid masonry set upon the everlasting rock of God's immutable law, and growing up into a structure broad and strong enough to sustain all of thinking men evermore. My new faith shed light upon my old light, that interpreted all that was dark in the Bible and Christian experience. I was soon arrested with the conviction that the gift of mediumship was to be conferred upon me—I may say unsought, but not undesired. It has been in the course of my development under the supervision of a spirit of power that I have experienced, in full measure, the repetition of these spiritual baptisms, *baptisms of the Holy Ghost*; I may well term them, which commenced when, as a child, I rejoiced in the influences of spirit resting with power upon me, and stimulating me to a good life, and pointing me heavenward. There is a prominent landmark in my experience during the first month of my development, that I am convinced was placed there by my reverend guide, for the one important purpose, among others, of convincing me of the true source of the spiritual experiences of mankind, attributed to the spirit of God, to Jesus, or to the Holy Ghost.

This spirit obtained such power over me that he could sway my mind at his will; could arouse emotions of one kind or another, as pleased him, by his psychological power, or by bringing me into rapport with certain conditions. On one occasion he, as it were, unveiled himself to me. And what shall I say? How describe my emotions? I felt, I believe, as nearly as mortal can, what it would be to have God, in the perfection of his love and holiness, reveal himself. His words were, "My daughter, my charge"—uttered to my spirit, and my soul was subdued into the depths of humility, while all of joy, thanksgiving, gratitude, of which I was capable filled my spirit. Oh! It was a glimpse of the real heaven—the gates momentarily swung ajar, and I was permitted a glance within, and what is more an experience of what the delights of redeemed souls are. It was a momentary, non-durable, non-united bliss, it is written; and in this moment I realized it, I could not have lived in such rapture, and with such emotions of gladness continued. But the glory then revealed left its halo around my pathway ever since.

The dark places over which I have been compelled to travel have been enlightened by it, for I know that my Redeemer liveth, and is strong in God's strength. He stands by me in every time of pressing need as a helper indeed. Through him the Everlasting Arms are outstretched to embrace me, that I fall not nor falter in what is laid upon me to do. This guide, teacher, friend, is one that "can be touched with a feeling

Woman and the Household.

BY MARY M. POOLE.
(Metuchen, New Jersey.)

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes; they were
all that stood alone,
While the men she agonized for, buried the con-
tumacious stone;
Stood alone, and down the ages saw the golden
beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by the
truth divine."

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes an-
cient good enough;
We mount upward still and onward, who would keep
a breath of truth.
Lo, before us glisten our watch-lines; we ourselves
must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through
the disparate Wilder sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal with the past's
blood-stained key." [Lowell.]

The writer has constantly endeavored in this column to avoid dwelling upon the dark side of human nature, upon themes that easily lend to harsh criticism and controversy. She has essayed to bring into prominence all efforts that have for their object the good of humanity, all that helps to right the wronged and uplift the world. It is good to chronicle the growth of that great principle, Justice, upon which all others are built; to see ancient fortresses of error, reeking with the heart's blood of generations, crumbling before the masterful progress, not of the intellect, but of the spiritual powers of the race. Especially has she rejoiced at any effort that gives woman to herself, that enlarges her horizon, fosters her reason, and intuition, and renders her helpful and self-supporting. As the peer of man she has an inherent right to all that is his birthright, and to deprive society and government of her influence in education, temperance, purity and true religion, is to perpetuate wickedness and despotism.

On reading an article in a late number of the JOURNAL, (which Mr. Stebbins has answered), derivative of woman suffrage and some of its leaders, I determined to break from my usual line of conduct sufficiently to indignantly protest against any such manner of treating the question and its advocates. He who penned it will one day bitterly regret its insolent vulgarity: meantime I regard its matter and manner as utterly unworthy the JOURNAL. As a criticism, it was about as appreciative of the object in question as that of a French dancing master who might have endeavored to annihilate Lincoln and the emancipation by sneering at the awkwardness of the martyr-President.

We may question the good taste of some of the extreme suffragists; we may differ with them in regard to the efficacy of the ballot; that has nothing to do with the justice of the cause they advocate, and for which they are honest workers. While half the population is struggling against overwhelming waves in the pull for life, there is something better to do than stand on shore and laugh at the rescuing party. There is something beside good taste, there is Justice at stake, and no hog-tie, well-meaning person but will agree at the terrible odds that have always been arrayed against woman, both from law and custom. In regarding the woman question as the question of the hour, all truth-loving persons are now generally united. Mr. Stebbins came to the rescue and demolished the un-Manly article in question, for which he deserves our just appreciation.

Let us see how the best man of the age regard woman. Hudson Tuttle, in the "Ethics of Spiritualism," says: "To decide what are woman's rights there is but one question, is she a human being?" If yes, be the reply, then she has all the rights of a human being. There can be nothing more evident. If it be asked, Is she the equal of man? We reply, that she is equal in some respects, inferior and superior in others. Her constitution and the sphere it prescribes is different from his in a portion of its arc, but in the main coincides. Her equality or inequality, however, has nothing to do with the question. The highest form of civilization must give woman equal rights and equal opportunities with man. Emancipated from the slavery which from the dawn of the race has been her lot, and freed from the mental traits which this slavery has cultivated, her future will be inconceivably glorious. She is now behind man in the race because she has been retarded. Her future is now opening before her. Everything she may desire to do awaits her hands."

Selden J. Finney, in one of his eloquent lectures, writes in this strain: "What is the great lack in our national institutions today? I answer, the presence and influence of the other half of the world—woman. Now, the nation is agitated and torn because it has not yet learned what is the proper attitude in the state of man and woman, because it has sacrificed the interests, the powers, the saving forces of woman, to the dominance of mere coercive force in the state. Do you suppose that, had woman's voice been as distinctly heard in national affairs as man's has, had she been left with her soul untrammeled, to lay her affectionate hand on the national authority, to modify the laws and attend to the national housekeeping, that this national housekeeping would have been in such a dilapidated and anomalous state as it is to-day?"

In the fourth volume of the "Harmonia," A. J. Davis, in a most truthful presentation of Woman's Rights and Wrongs, says: "The question is, is woman governed by her consent? Is she taxed only through representation? We are informed that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." Shall woman not resist, therefore, all political injustice? She is both governed and taxed as a minor, a chaste, a slave, though her love may be worshipped, and her intellectual capacity inferior to that of no priest or politician. Every government which denies the right of suffrage to woman, is essentially corrupt and despotic. In America we have the two extremes, the best form of liberty and the worst phase of slavery. It is said that woman's situation here is superior to any previous estate; but the same is true of trees and railroad stocks, and of all branches of industry. What we ask for woman is absolute equality. We ask, for the sake and safety of our country's freedom, that woman be allowed to have an equal voice in the framing and construction of laws in the legislature. Think you we should have imperious rulers if woman should vote? She would soon dissipate the grossness of masculinity from our courts, and then deliver political parties from their abominated corruption."

Mrs. E. S. Saxon, of New Orleans, a lady noted for her philanthropic work, literary taste and general culture, and Mrs. Mollie Davis of Texas, a poet, writer and critic of eminence, are on a visit to Americola. The ladies are cousins of the princely proprietor of Americola, Hon. Tom Crittenden, and will make an extended visit to him rapidly. —Daily Times, Chattanooga, Tenn.

An Extraordinary Occurrence.

(Zion's Herald.—Reprinted by Request.)

The following communication has been handed to us for publication, by a gentleman of this city, who received it as, he stated, from the late eloquent and pious Summerfield a short time before his death. We know the writer; he is a man who is distinguished alike for excellence of character, credibility, piety and moral worth. His name would at once remove every possible doubt as to the faithfulness and correctness with which the narrative has been furnished, and as to the certainty that the account we now give was communicated to him by the above mentioned.—Ed. Zion's Herald, Feb. 15, 1870.

The following account I received from the late Rev. John Summerfield soon after his return from England. Mr. Summerfield informed me that he obtained the narrative from Rev. Richard Watson, the gentleman who is now writing the excellent work entitled, "Theological Institutes," one volume of which has reached this country. Mr. Watson received the account from Rev. Mr. Mills, a minister of talent, integrity and high standing in the Methodist Church in England, and who was the actor in the extraordinary scene. Mr. Watson further informed Mr. Summerfield that he was intimately acquainted with Mr. Mills, and knew him to be a man of the greatest moral worth by no means credulous.

Mr. Mills had traveled a circuit in England, in which lived a man by the name of James, with whom, his wife and children, he had been intimately acquainted, and at whose house he lodged in passing around the circuit. He left the circuit after having traveled it one year, to attend to the Conference, and was again returned to it a second time. But in the interim an epidemic disease had prevailed in the place where James resided, and both himself and his wife were carried off by it suddenly, and within a short time of each other. Mr. Mills, however, as usual, went to his old lodging, which was then occupied by the children; but he felt gloomy and distressed at finding the abode no longer enlivened by the presence of its former pious heads, who had been his intimate friends, and in this state of mind retired to rest in the same room in which on former occasions he had been in the habit of sleeping.

Soon after lying down, however, Mr. Mills, with considerable astonishment, heard, as he supposed, some persons whispering in an adjoining room, into which he immediately repaired to ascertain who they were, but found no one. He again lay down and concluded that he must have been mistaken; but the circumstance brought to his recollection a rumor which he had heard at a place not very distant and to which he had paid but little attention, that James and his wife had been several times seen since their death. While thinking on this rumor, he again heard the whispering renewed. This increased his surprise; and a second time he arose and searched the room, but with the same result. He arose the third time from the same cause, but after a strict search, could find no one. After this he resolved to disregard it, and fell into a sleep and heard nothing more.

The next morning he left the house without mentioning the circumstance to the children, to attend an appointment about three miles distant, and as usual, dined at the house of a poor old lady in the neighborhood of the place. The woman, though poor and aged, had always insisted on the preachers staying with her; and through respect for her age and excellent character, they indulged her wishes. She had provided for Mr. Mills a frugal repast, but declined eating with him, stating that she preferred waiting on him. The old lady was generally known by the familiar name of Nanny, and by this name she was called by the preachers. While Mr. Mills was eating his meal, Nanny, who was seated some distance from him, said, "Mr. Mills, I have a request to make of you." "Well, Nanny," he replied, "what is it?" "Why," said she, "that you preach my funeral sermon next Sabbath." The request astonished Mr. Mills, who, looking at her with surprise, said, "Nanny, what is the matter with you? Have you lost your senses?" "Oh, no, sir," she replied, "I know perfectly well what I am about; for I shall die on Friday at three o'clock in the afternoon; and though you will be some miles from this place, I want you to comply with my request; and if you have ever known anything good of me that may be serviceable to others, you can tell it." "But," said Mr. M., "before I promise to comply with your request, I should be much gratified if you would inform me how you know that you will die on Friday, this being on Tuesday?" "Then, sir, I will inform you. You know that reports have been in circulation that James and his wife have been seen in different places by various persons since their death." "True," said Mr. M., "but I regarded it as a mere rumor." "But, sir," she replied, "I saw them this morning! You saw them!" "Indeed I did, sir. Early this morning while sweeping my entry, I looked up toward the road and I saw two persons, a man and a woman, coming toward the house, who appeared to me to resemble James and his wife. I ceased to sweep, and looked steadily at them until they came near to me; when I found it really was them." Said Mr. Mills, "Why, Nanny, were you not afraid?" "Me afraid, Mr. Mills," she replied, "What had I to fear? Indeed I was not afraid, for I knew James and his wife in this world and I am sure they were good people, and I was quite certain they had not become bad since they left it. Well, sir, as I was saying, they came up to me, and I said, 'James, is that you?' and he said, 'Yes, Nanny, it is me; you are not deceived, and this is my wife.' And I said, 'James, are you happy?' and he replied, 'I am, and so is my wife; and our happiness far exceeds anything we ever conceived of in this world!' 'But,' said I, 'James, if you are so happy, why have you returned?' To which he replied, strange as it may appear to you, 'There is still a mysterious tie existing between us and our friends in this world which will not be dissolved until the resurrection; and, also, Nanny, you know that I and my wife died suddenly, in consequence of which it has been supposed that I left no will; and in order to prevent some uncharitable respecting my property, we have been permitted to return to the world and inform some person that I did make a will and where it may be found.' We went, he continued, last night to our former mansion to inform Mr. Mills respecting the will, but found he was somewhat frightened, and therefore concluded not to tell him, but to see you this morning and request you to inform him, as he will dine with you to-day, for we passed him on the road; and we knew, Nanny, that you would not be frightened." "No, indeed, James, I am not alarmed," I replied, "for I am too glad to see you, especially since you are happy." "The will," he said, "is in a private drawer in the desk,

which opens by a secret spring (her giving a full description of it), which the children do not know of, and the executors live in the neighborhood. Request Mr. Mills to return to the house after dinner, and he will find the will, and can see the executors and can have things satisfactorily settled in the family. And," said he, "Nancy, we are permitted to inform you that on Friday next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, you will die and be with us!" "Oh, James!" I replied. I am too glad to hear it. I wish it was Friday now." Well, said he, be ready, for the messenger will certainly call for you at the hour I replied, 'Don't fear, James, as the grace of God I will be ready,' and they left me."

Mr. Mills heard the account with no small degree of astonishment, and concluded to return to the house from whence he came in the morning. Without the least difficulty he found the drawer and will. He also saw the executors, and was pleased to find that the will gave full satisfaction to all concerned. On the following Friday, at three o'clock, pious Nanny died; and Mr. Mills informed Mr. Watson that he preached the funeral sermon on the succeeding Sabbath. Mr. Watson remarked to Mr. Summerfield that he had always before been an unbeliever on the subject of apparitions, but that he did most fully credit this account.

Neshaminy Falls Camp Meeting.

We learn from the Philadelphia Times that this camp meeting was opened with fully five thousand people present. Perfect order and harmony prevailed. The farmers and country people were present from far and near. By all appearance the whole population of the towns and villages and hamlets seemed to have poured itself out into Neshaminy Grove. The Times says:

"Neshaminy, as everybody knows, is in Bucks County. It is a great stronghold for Quakers and Methodists. Especially are the latter numerous. There are five Methodist churches in a radius of four miles from Neshaminy. These are at Somerton, Scottsville, Bensalem, Neshaminy and Atchbury. Besides, there is a Presbyterian and Quaker church within about the same range—the former at Bensalem and the latter at Atchbury. At first the staid and conservative old citizens of this part of Bucks County did not know what to make of the Spiritualists placing themselves in their midst. They looked on with open eyed wonder and kept off. Curiosity gradually got the better of them and they began to attend. Some of the mislusters began to preach against them. Strict church members were not among those who had given Spiritualists the countenance of their presence. It was the more liberal element, some only having a sort of bias on the Church through the membership of their wives or mothers or sisters. But a good many of them belonged to the church, nevertheless, yet thought that no religious precept could be violated by their going to hear what there was to say, and this number from being small in the beginning has grown rather large. It may seem rather surprising that a considerable portion of those who go to Neshaminy are Quakers. Yet it is their proudest boast that nothing that can be heard at the Spiritualist camp meeting of a doubtful character can hurt them, while many of the theologians heard there do them good. The opportunity for healing the feelings of the surrounding neighborhood in regard to the Spiritualists was had yesterday afternoon in the attendance of so many country people. One wealthy farmer, living within half a mile of the ground, was there with his wife. The latter was a Methodist. Mr. — was nothing.

"What do you think of the Spiritualist doctrine?"

"It suits me," said the farmer. "A man that couldn't live under the doctrine they preach, ought to live at all."

From the farmer's wife, who stood by and heard this, a different answer was expected.

But she endorsed it with the voluntary remark that though she was a Methodist she felt that a person must have very little religion who could not "hear all sides."

"What they preach here," said she, "is nothing more than what is taught in the Bible. The only difference is that they give it to you in a different way from that in which you get it from the pulpit."

Another farmer, Mr. Fulton, who lives adjoining the grove and is not a member of any church, but whose religion, he says, is the "golden rule," is warm in his praises of the Spiritualists.

"There's no question but they bring a great many church members here," he says, "and without doing any harm to the churches. A man can accept the doctrine of Spiritualism and still be a member of the church. It makes him all the better church member, I think, when he obeys the Spiritualists' watchword and does right to his fellow-man. There were quite a number of elders and deacons came here last year and I think there were some preachers. There was Dr. Redding, of Somerton—a man whom everybody in the country respects and loves—he is a great churchman, a Methodist exhorter who preaches besides practicing his profession. He came here last year and heard Mrs. Watson speak. Well, he thought it was grand. He went home and next time he brought his wife; this second time he did not like her so well. I have not seen him here since. You know it is that way. I may go and hear a sermon and like it very much. Next time I go the minister may not have quite as good a sermon as the last, and I won't like it so much. That is the way with the Spiritualists. What I say is, don't condemn the whole doctrine because some speaker may not please you."

So far this year there has been no preaching against the Spiritualists up that way, though it is a fact that there is a strong division of sentiment between the strict and liberal church people in reference to the latter's attendance of the camp meeting.

One instance last year is mentioned where the pastor of one of the Methodist churches learning that one of his parishioners had been at the camp meeting had remonstrated with her, and upon her reply that she could see no harm in going there, became quite warm and spoke in such terms against the Spiritualists and the people who go to their meetings that she became mortally offended, and has not been to her church since. The speaker at the camp meeting yesterday were William J. Colville, Mrs. H. Shepard and Cephas B. Lynn.

The abolition of intemperance is not a part of the teachings of the Church, because the Bible is their standard authority. Christian theology does not include temperance. The subject only referred to occasionally, but "only occasionally, and then in a very feeble chapter."

The most powerful advocates of the cause of temperance are men who never enter the pulpit. They are men and women who have looked at this growing evil from a coo Christian stand-point.

Magazines for August Not Before Mentioned.

The Popular Science Monthly. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Contents: The Kearney Agitation in California, by Henry George; The Interior of the Earth, by R. Hadley; On the Method of Zetetic, by Prof. T. H. Huxley, F. R. S.; The Medicinal Leech, by Dr. A. Bergmann; Recent Original Work at Harvard, by J. R. W. Hitchcock, A. B.; Geology and History, by Prof. Grant Allen; The Cinchona Forests of South America, by H. S. Wellcome; Types of the Nubian Race; Algebra, Spaces, Logics, by Geo. H. Halsted, Ph. D.; Chemical Exercises for ordinary Schools, by Miss Eliza A. Youmans; The Extreme Rarity of Premature Burials, by Prof. See, M. D.; The St. Gotthard Tunnel; M. Fouqué's Santorin and its Eruptions; Biographical Sketch of Frederick Wheler, by Prof. C. A. Joy; Correspondence; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes.

Scribner's Monthly. (Scribner & Co., New York.) Contents: Frontispiece—Savonarola; Our River; The Whip-Poor-Will; About England with Dickens; The plain story of Savonarola's Life; Will the French Republic last? Midsummer; The Grandissimes; The Sweet of the Year; Jim Allithings; The Western Mac; Peter the Great; Cor Cordium; Mr. Seymour Haden's Etchings; At Night; Curiosities of Advertising; The Book of Mormon; A Sketch of American Diplomacy; Marrying Titles; Topics of the Time; Home and Society; Culture and Progress; Communications; World's Work; Brica-Bra.

This Midsummer number opens with a remarkable frontispiece engraving by Cole, from the famous picture of Savonarola, by Fra Bartolomeo. The most novel and interesting art feature is Philip Gilbert Hamerton's study of "Mr. Seymour Haden's Etchings." A number of etchings are reproduced in small, with an artistic accuracy which, it is claimed, has never before been approached by similar means, namely, wood-engraving and steam-printing.

Urania. (A. J. Pearce, London, England.) Contents—for July—Wild Fire; Sun Spot Astrology; Geocentric Longitudes, etc.; The Conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in 1881; Launch of H. M. S. Constance; Meteorology; Weather Forecasts for July, 1880; The Scriptures and Astrology; The Astrology of Shakespeare; Answers to Correspondents.

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CHICAGO, ILL, July 31, 1880.

The Spiritual Movement.

The spiritual movement is a great awakening, a rising tide of intuition and spiritual life, making possible light from the Spirit-world and the real presence of those we have called dead. Such awakenings come like tides in the ocean, only not at regular intervals. Usually they have centred around some man, and seemed to flow out with the sweep and reach of his personality; as Protestantism from Luther and Quakerism from George Fox. But the student discovers that Luther gave voice to the rising thought of his time, and that the quaint yet searching words of Fox voiced the motions of a spirit alive in many waiting souls.

The present spiritual movement has had no great central figure on earth. Gifted and inspired men and women have taught its ideas and pointed out its facts, but no single person has been its central soul—its Luther or Fox or Wesley. It has been, instead, a Pentecostal movement, coming down from the Spirit-world because the immortal dwellers there saw that their time had come, and that the souls of those on earth were open, as never before, to their influence. So the movement started with manifestations and mediumship. The tiny ray sent its pulsing thrill around the world, written messages from the dear departed stirred hearts as no voice of preacher could, new channels of communication opened, thought was aroused, the slumbering spiritual life of the race was awakened, eloquence, inspiration, philosophy and natural religion followed, and so came this great movement of the age, in the midst of which we are, borne along by its power and too near it to see or appreciate its greatness—the historian of a century hence will see that.

Thirty-two years from those raps on floor and walls of the little brown house at Hydeville, to seances in palace and cabin from Hindostan to Oregon, critical investigations of the first scientists in the world, scores of volumes of fact and argument, great audiences spell-bound by inspired eloquence, and a great enlightening and enlarging influence felt by millions!

At first one exclaims: "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" but, on second thought, one sees how this has moved on, and the words of Lowell come to mind:

"We see but half the causes of our deeds,
Breaking them wholly in the outer world,
Unconscious of the Spirit-world, which though
Unknown to us, and ours in us the gorme
Of pure and world-wide purpose."

What has been done, so far? With little organization, that of the simplest kind, and the few efforts for larger organizations of little use, with the crude imperfections of a new movement, with the human frailty and folly that is everywhere, great and blessed results have been reached, wonderful indeed, all outward things considered.

Creeds and dogmas and all manner of supernatural authorities have been shaken into ruin and decay.

A great revival of intuition has come, and a new sense of the sanctity and authority of the spirit—which needed in this day of materialistic and external science.

A wonderful development of magnetic, and spiritual healing has taken place, and of clairvoyant power to describe disease, both of great relief and benefit to the sick and both to conquer medical bigotry and be a part of the healing art in future.

A rational system of psychology is coming in sight, based on the dual life of man, and the continued existence of his inner or spiritual body, untouched by death.

A finer knowledge and appreciation of the inner-life of man is being reached.

MEDIUMSHIP and spirit-influence have brought us the proof-positive of immortality, and of the return of our friends from that country no longer "undiscovered"—the Summerland—and so given peace and joy inexpressible to faint and longing hearts, robbed hell and the grave of their terrors, given us more rational and encouraging ideas of the future that awaits us, and a

higher practical philosophy of daily life on earth, a religion "pure and undefiled" by blood or superstitious fear or dogmatic bigotry.

A subtle and wide influence has gone out, pervading literature and even reaching the pulpit, infusing a new element into our books and giving a silver lining of spiritual light to the sombre clouds of clerical superstition.

A spiritual philosophy, competent to meet and melt away the materialism of our day, is shaping itself in thinking minds, and has been taught by the seers and students of our time with a firmer and wider basis of intuition and illustrative facts than ever before.

In all this the spiritual movement has had large part, and should hold and increase its influence.

What is to be done? The good results are to be emphasized, and made more clear. Magnetism, spirit-healing clairvoyance—all that pertains to the inner-life and psychological power of man—is to be carefully studied and put in practice. Private and family mediumship are to be encouraged, and all phases of spirit intercourse and influence to be sought with reverent care, and made sacred and beautiful, yet convincing to the candid inquirer. In place of the dying dogmas of theology great spiritual realities in accord with reason and conscience and intuition must hold exalted place.

Clean lives and true conduct must be emphasized. As in the old Jewish dispensation the priests who ministered in the temple were to be "without spot or blemish," so we must say that such priesthood as ministers in our spiritual temples—the pioneer and teachers of our host—should be living examples of purity and devoted sincerity. Spiritualism must develop character, or it can have no lasting influence. It must be a power to reform the world.

We must sustain our journals and books, those great means of wide usefulness and influence and of keeping up a living interest in our work. Our efforts in this way should be doubled; and in the way of keeping the best speakers and mediums in the field, and of assembling ourselves together in societies and audiences, we can double our work, and should. In all ways we want an inspiration to live and learn the great lessons of spiritual culture, and to give these lessons to a world lying in darkness.

A great organized movement may or may not grow out of Spiritualism—never a sect, for when that comes inspiration dies and growth ends. But the more we do, the more truth and light will abound, and the more glory will come through the "Gates Ajar," and that is enough for us.

Dr. Wilhelm.

According to the New York Times, just across the Delaware, on the Pennsylvania side, and about ten miles above Frenchtown, N. J., lives as eccentric a man and as odd a genius as one strikes in a decade. He calls himself Dr. Wilhelm. He has a house of most marvelous construction, at the edge of a huge forest. All around the house grow all manner of herbs and vegetables, and within are vials and animal skins. The shining hide of the rattlesnake graces his private office, and all that is weird and uncanny surrounds him. Men and women who have been under the care of some of the best physicians in the State, and some who have been treated by eminent specialists in New York and Philadelphia, go to him, and profess to have been greatly relieved or entirely healed.

A reporter of the Times who visited him thought that it was an odd sight to see a hundred or more people, old and young, scattered about the woods, much after the fashion of a picnic, with lunch-baskets and shawls, yet having only the intention of seeing the doctor. There was nothing particularly striking in the Doctor's appearance; however, when the visitor was ushered into his room. His sharp, keen eye was noticeable after a moment. He seemed to take in at once the bearing and ability of the stranger. He denounced the leading schools of practice, and claimed that men would eventually return to the use of the plants nature had bestowed, leaving the elaborate preparations of the chemist behind. He said his family received their skill from an old Indian "medicine man" who had lived in that part of the country late in the last century, and his spirit guided all their directions. The Doctor said he never treated a patient without first consulting the spirit of the Indian. When asked how he knew that the spirit in question directed him in his movements, he said he offered a prayer to him, and as soon as it was finished a strange light surrounded him, and a voice told him what to do. A request to prescribe for a sprained ankle, sprained in the White Mountains and still somewhat swollen, revealed the Doctor's method. Examining the afflicted part moment, he knelt on the floor, looked upward, and then prostrated himself at full length. This was kept up for a short time, and then he began lifting himself up, and swaying back and forth. He continued this proceeding until the perspiration rolled down his face. Suddenly he smiled very blandly, nodded his head several times, said, "All right, thank you," and arose. Going to a shelf, he brought forth a small bottle of liniment, gave some simple directions as to its use, and said the member would be speedily restored. He asks no compensation, but takes whatever is tendered him.

We received a call from Dr. E. S. Cleveland, magnetic healer of Detroit, Mich., this week.

The Decline of Faith.

The Rev. Dr. Boynton preached recently two sermons in Cincinnati, in which he called attention to the visible decline of Christianity, in that city. He complained that "the people and the poor are not to be found in the Evangelical churches." A count of the audiences on a recent occasion showed that in more than 100 Protestant churches, the congregations averaged a little more than one hundred, and in sixteen of the largest churches only a little more than two hundred. In all the Protestant churches there were but 18,500 persons, while the estimated attendance at the Catholic churches was 40,000. Dr. Boynton said "our Protestant churches have to an alarming extent lost the love and respect of the population, and hence the Gospel is not preached to the poor." Dr. Boynton discussed the influence of church edifices upon attendance, and thought the small, cheap parochial "meeting houses" less favorable than large artistic edifices, to call out the crowd. He considered the question how for the non-attendance was due to the growth of infidelity, and denied that the majority of those who stay away have lost faith in the Bible. In his opinion, "The devil can invent nothing equal to the word God," which, of course, implies that all the other books which can attract the mind are the invention of "the devil." He then enumerates the various "experiments" resorted to by the churches of Cincinnati to "draw" the people, such as preaching in Opera Houses, music by "full and good bands," etc., and finally concludes that the only way to fill up the churches, is to enter on the home mission work, whereby "the people, and the poor and neglected, are won by the personal visitation of Christians, and by kindness and sympathy which relieve physical suffering." He says, "This city contains, it is said, 250,000 people. Suppose 15,000 gather in the Protestant churches and 40,000 are under Catholic influence; there are still nearly 200,000 people that are outside of all religious organizations." On the ensuing Sunday, preaching on the same subject he said, "Now if any one will look upon the half or more than half empty churches, and then observe the thousands outside, and consider where they go and what they do, he can determine whether the gospel is preached to the people. How can Christians see the aspect of things, and sitting with those who too often are only the remains of departed congregations, say to each other 'all is well.'"

The Catholic Mirror, of Baltimore, echoes the same testimony to the "decline of faith" in another form. He says:

The battle for supremacy in our time is between faith and infidelity. Europe is hopelessly bound with every hostile alliance upon the foundations of religion, and America is far from safe from the attacks of the deicides of infidelity. Amidst the powerful nations of the Old World, England seems most impotent, France is vacillating, Germany is declining, Russia is reckoning her arcanum, but Catholic countries, but Sweden, lumber under them, does not Catholic Germany, so does France, and so would France were Paris to rule her. The Pope is not safe, nor is the Papacy. The world is in imminent danger. The men who are the task of teaching our race are the men who have grown to reputation in its midst by teaching infidelity, mainly pervades Germany. Infidelity is rampant in France. Infidelity is rampant in Italy. Infidelity is rampant in Russia. It is the concomitant of flashy learning. If the reading which is given can be called "learning." The writer who does not cover his sins with it is pronounced guilty. The reader who does not cover his sins with it is cubit into his subject, no matter what it may be, and is condemned without fire. The poet who is not imbued with it is not original, for originality is a departure from poetic instinct. In Germany, the Pope is not safe, nor is the Papacy. The world is in imminent danger. The men who are the task of teaching our race are the men who have grown to reputation in its midst by teaching infidelity, mainly pervades Germany. Infidelity is rampant in France. Infidelity is rampant in Italy. Infidelity is rampant in Russia. It is the concomitant of flashy learning. If the reading which is given can be called "learning." The writer who does not cover his sins with it is pronounced guilty. The reader who does not cover his sins with it is cubit into his subject, no matter what it may be, and is condemned without fire. 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and as the mother said, "Yes, my angel," and took another look at his face, she found him dead and beyond all pain and suffering.

Excellent Test by Mrs. Crocker-Blood.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
Judging from your JOURNAL, that all testimony which proves the possibility of our spirit friends returning to communicate with us, is acceptable to you, I take pleasure in sending the following evidence, given through the mediumship of Mrs. Crocker-Blood of Chicago. About one week previous to her arrival in this vicinity, friends came from Baraboo, Wis., who told of a wonderful test received from her by Mr. John Young and family, of that place. Last winter a sad accident occurred there, at three persons, a young man and two little girls, were drowned, because of the ice giving way while they were out skating and swimming. Two of the bodies were recovered, but one, that of the daughter of Mr. Young, could not be found. Mrs. Blood received a letter from the afflicted father, asking her assistance in discovering the missing body. Mrs. Blood, holding the letter in her hand, became entranced, and gave a description of the place where the accident occurred, told where the body lay, how it was dressed—said that it had not passed over the dam, as they believed that it must have done, but that the child's clothing was caught by something in the river, and that it would be recovered by them after a storm, when the water would rise; that some one would discover it who was not looking for it; that it would be below the falls, in a good state of preservation, undisturbed by the fishes, but that their satisfaction in finding it would consist in knowing where it would be, as on being exposed to the air it would rapidly decompose.

Some time subsequent to the sending of this letter, written by an amanuensis, as Mrs. Blood is totally unconscious while under control, a gentleman, a stranger to Mrs. B., came to her house and requested a sitting. Upon her becoming entranced, her control, the Indian chief, Wild Eagle, immediately recognized Mr. J. Young, of Baraboo, repeated the assertion made by letter, that the body would eventually be discovered unexpectedly, but said they did right to make effort, as they were doing, to discover it, as it relieved their suffering and anxiety to do all in their power to find it. He told the father that his child was with him, that she wanted him to tell her mother not to sit by that window overlooking the river, and cry, and that her mother had packed away the clothing and playthings which formerly had belonged to herself, and would look at them and mourn for her lost child. The little girl then named several of her friends and playmates, and requested that all these different articles which had been hers, should be distributed among them, so that her mother might not grieve over them no. After some weeks had passed, Mrs. Blood received a letter saying that the body had been discovered floating below the dam, in a perfect state of preservation. It was first seen by a gentleman who was crossing the bridge early in the morning—not looking for anything of the kind.

The parents wrote to Mrs. B., thanking her for her kindness and sympathy, and more than all else, for the consoling evidence, to them, that their child still lives. Hearing of these facts naturally awakened an interest in our neighborhood before Mrs. Blood's arrival here, and a few of us resolved to avail ourselves of the opportunity of testing for ourselves these evidences of the immortality of the soul, and the ability of our departed friends to return and communicate with us here on earth. Several received most wonderful and satisfactory proof of this truth; but I will confine the remainder of this communication to our own experiences. Before Mrs. Blood came to our home, I wrote several questions on a slip of paper, which I placed in my portfolio, merely as an aid to my memory, as I knew that Mr. B. does not claim to be a test medium. One afternoon Mrs. B. said, "There is a spirit present, your sister Fannie, who wishes me to tell you she is often with you to help and to bless." Mrs. B. then became entranced, and to my surprise and pleasure, proceeded to answer satisfactorily every question I had written, which referred mainly to business affairs that had caused me great anxiety. She then described a pink dress my sister used to wear more accurately than I could have done myself, though she never had met her in earth life.

At another time Mrs. B. said to my husband, "You have a younger brother in spirit-life, and he now stands beside your chair." My husband did not at once recall the fact that at his mother's death he also lost an infant brother. Again Mrs. B. described a spirit friend standing in our midst, whom she said, she had seen at times ever since she came to our home. Her delineation was so exact there could be no possible mistake as to whom she saw, and she also described the sensations he experienced at departing from this life, and then her control came and told us his name and that he was drowned.

One evening Mrs. B. came from my mother's, two miles north of here, and my husband came from his father's harvest field, three miles south of here. As soon as my husband entered the room, Mrs. Blood became entranced and her control said, "William, your mother is here, and wishes me to say that she was with you this afternoon when you felt so ill, and that you washed your face and bathed your head in the spring." We all were in ignorance of the fact until she had spoken, and my husband confirmed it, by saying he was taken quite faint while working, and believed he had a narrow escape from sunstroke. Other and similar facts are given, but I will relate but one more instance to illustrate the variety of the higher phases of mediumship possessed by Mrs. Blood. I took a large number of photographs (unknown to her) and after she was entranced, produced them, asking Wild Eagle to tell me all he could concerning them. It is impossible now and here for me to relate all that was given, suffice it to say that he never once mistook in saying whether they were in spirit or in earth life. He described places, gave names, recalled reminiscences and delineated character with unvarying correctness and precision.

If throughout our land, in places like this, remote from the city, such as she would go for a change, which is rest, during the summer months, it would be a source of pleasure and benefit to themselves, as well as to the many who are "an hungered" for the positive knowledge that our loved ones are still with us; and though unseen and unheard by us, it is only because "having eyes we see not, and having ears hear not." For truly has the poet said:

"The blind world is not remote,
Our eyes are closed, our sense are gone."

LIEUT. C. GAGL.

Caldwell's Prairie, Wis.

The Philadelphia Press on Bishop Simpson.

The *Press*, after exhausting superlatives on Bishop Simpson and his departure to China and Japan on a six month's mission to extend the sway of Christianity among those "benighted people," continues:

"How dark the shadow of reproach which such a career casts upon the conduct and character of those who for their own pecuniary aggrandizement go about sowing the seeds of infidelity, and even atheism itself, that the soil which they have sown with their culture may yield the dreadful harvest of anarchy, crime and social ruin, and who seem to exult in their efforts to rob man of his dignity, making him, instead of "a little lower than the angels," only a little higher than the apes."

"Christianity, it may well be assumed, has

nothing to fear, so long as there are

Bishop Simpons to vindicate its claims, illustrate

its spirit and labor for its progress. There

is, at all events, this peculiarity about it,

that it is the only system of faith whose

adherents are willing, under the law of self-

sacrifice, to toil and travel for its diffusion.

We hear of no infidel associations sending

forth their missionaries to communicate

their principles or command their course to

the ignorant. They are not willing to run

any risks of exposure or expense to

shed what they profess to regard as the

true light as to man's moral and religi-

ous relations on their benighted fellow-

beings. And yet the Church, to her praise

be it spoken, is ever contributing of her

means to impart the knowledge of the

truth to the destitute, and ever sending

forth her sons and daughters to instruct the

bewildered nations of the earth in the way

of life, and to toil on for the attainment of

this end, amid perils and privation, until

life itself is sacrificed at the post of duty."

It would be difficult to write in as brief

a space a greater amount of misstatement

and falsehood. Is it infidelity which "yields

the dreadful harvest of anarchy and social

ruin?" It was the infidelity of Paine and

Jefferson which secured the great constitu-

tional charter of rights to the United States.

The Christian Church taught obedience to

tyrants; the right of master over slave; the

subjection of woman until compelled by in-

fidelity to yield. "No other religion or sys-

tem of belief, whose adherents are willing

under the law of self-sacrifice, to toil and

travel for its diffusion!" What of the Ma-

hammedan missionaries in Africa, who are

fast extending the sphere of their influence,

and when they meet the Christian mis-

sionaries, are driving them from the field?

Who shall say that Ingolsfbl himself does

not make sacrifices in journeying over the

country, perhaps quite as much as Bishop

Simpson, in his trip to the orient?

The writer of the above bigoted article,

in his zeal for Christianity, is utterly blind to

the good qualities of other religious systems.

He is ignorant of the pilgrimages to the

holy Carava at Mecca; ignorant of the team-

millions who travel almost fabulous dis-

tances to bathe in the sacred waters of the

Ganges, and have their religious precep-

tions refreshed; ignorant of the unwear-

ying journeys of Buddha and his disciples,

carying his sacred word to Hindostan and

the recesses of China; ignorant of the self-

sacrifice of Confucius and his devoted fol-

lowers, extending what they considered the

truth, and which has been so accepted by

hundreds of millions for more than twenty-

five centuries; ignorant of so much, and

knowing so little that his words are the

babble of a child.

Again he praises the church for "con-

tributing of her means to impart the knowl-

edge of the truth to the destitute, and even

sending forth her sons and daughters to

instruct the bewildered nations of the earth

in the way of life." Well, it is not so cer-

tain that the church should be praised for

its missionary zeal, or not. Reward in his

travels around the world utters some sad

words about missionaries. Missionaries!

The savage races, have they been convert-

ed? Nay! they have been missionarized to

death! Have the missionaries converted the

red Indians? From race owning a

continent, they now only linger awaiting

pitiable extinction. The Spaniards convert-

ed the swarming myriads of Mexico and

Peru. Where are now the converts?

After the vast outlay of missionary labor,

there is not an important Christian country

constructed of originally heathen elements,

in Africa or Asia. The churches of China

and Japan were founded on sand, and de-

spite the great resources of the Jesuit build-

ers, crumbled. When the great religions,

Buddhism and Islamism, come into conflict

with Christianity, the latter succumbs, and

already Islamism has wrested the conti-

nent of Africa from Christianity. The

Sandwich Islands are a fair example of the

effects of the contact of Pagan people with

Christians and Christianity. Captain Cook

at the time of his visit to that paradise of

the Pacific, 1770, estimated their population

at 400,000,000. This people were a finer race,

who had started on the career of a most

promising civilization. In 1822 the census

was 13,813. New England missionaries,

New England rum, New England Bibles,

and with these a disease that is the yawn-

ing mouth of death, had during this inter-

im been introduced. The decrease in popula-

tion henceforth is frightful to contem-

plate, and this of a people, the flower of their

race, and inhabiting a paradise. In 1858 the

census returned 73,137! The census 1860,

gave 62,700; that of 1868, 63,037; 1872, 56,807,

and the estimated population is now 40,000. This is not an isolated case. The *Press* can

be furnished with a full page of its issue if

desired. Is it satisfied that some mem-

ber of its staff has made it ridiculous in the

eyes of every one who has even a pre-

ference to learning?

T. H.

Dr. Samuel Watson writes as follows

from Memphis, Tenn.:

I have been busy as a "bee" for several

weeks, lecturing in Arkansas, and writing,

finishing my book. Last week, by special

invitation, I lectured in the Presbyterian

Church, at Cotton Plant, and when in the

State, before occupied the Methodist and

Baptist Churches.

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Collected from Mrs. F. L. Watson's Address.

them to the scenes of a higher and nobler existence?

"Shortly after this, I was standing by the bed of a young lady in her last moments, when she called to me and her mother saying, 'Do you not see my sister (who had died of yellow fever a few weeks before) there?' pointing upwards. 'There are angels with her. She has come to take me to heaven.'

"Perhaps these facts are in harmony with the doctrines of modern Spiritualists. One thing I know. There is not a more delightful, sanctifying faith than this—that as soon as we die, glorified spirits will hover about us, as guardian angels to breathe on our souls their own refinement, and to point our way to the heavenly mansions."

The following extract is concerning Mr. Clapp's own personal experience during what seemed at the time to be the closing hours of his mortal life:

"That point of my disease termed the crisis continued two or three days. During this time, I was unable to close my eyes, and had abandoned even the hope of recovery. One night I said to Mrs. Clapp, 'I am dying.' She thought so too. 'An icy coldness had nearly reached the citadel of life. We were alone. I was in perfect possession of my consciousness. From some cause or other my mental powers were much more active than when in health. My memory was so excited, vigorous, and grasping, that I recalled the whole of my life and could repeat to myself passages of the Hebrew, Greek and Latin languages without an effort. All the literature that I had acquired came up before me with supernatural freshness and charms. A true record of my thoughts and feelings that memorable night, would fill a volume infinitely more interesting than any other exercises I have ever enjoyed.

"Strange as it may seem to some, that was probably the happiest night of my life. My soul was filled with delightful imaginations. I fancied that I saw angels playing on their golden harps in the most exquisite and enrapturing airs. A kind of profound curiously, mixed with the highest delight dwelt in my mind. For at that period I was not afraid to die. I kept looking to catch a glimpse of the spirit-land whose scenes I expected every moment would burst upon me; when I should close my eyes on earth and open them upon the light of a day whose sun will never go down.... And feeling not unlike regret accompanied my first impressions that I was returning back to mingle again in the trials, duties and vicissitudes of earth."

But although Mr. Clapp finally recovered from the severity of this attack, he was never afterwards able to perform in full the duties of his ministerial life, but after a voyage to Europe (in 1847) he returned and resigned his position at New Orleans and took up his residence at Louisville, Ky., where these memoirs were written. The following incident occurred during his voyage which shall be my final quotation, although there is much more that would be exceedingly interesting to the reader:

"My fellow-passenger was a resident of New Orleans. Although a most intelligent, agreeable, and worthy gentleman, and most excellent company, he was at that time inclined to be skeptical on the subject of religion; but when I met him last winter I found that he had become an ardent zealous Spiritualist, and of course a firm believer in God, immortality and resurrection. The change was to me the more extraordinary, because he had a mind remarkably cool, clear and philosophical. I have never known a person less liable to be led astray by sophistries and enthusiasm of any kind. Who dares say that there is nothing true, divine or beautiful in modern Spiritualism?"

It should be borne in mind as explanatory of some of these quotations, that although the incidents given occurred many years before the established era of our faith, yet they were not recorded in a book-form until about ten years subsequent to this era, when Spiritualism had obtained for itself a firm foot-hold in the world, especially in our own country. Hence it was natural that one of Mr. Clapp's advance thoughts—being as he was almost, if not entirely a believer—should make frequent references to this faith in writing on his personal sketch of the past.

These illustrations of the earlier gleamings of the light of our faith might be indefinitely extended. But I close for the present, being aware that I have already occupied the full extent of space that should be allowed to an article like this.

"Liberals" and Democracy.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I see that the notorious *Truth Seeker* editor asks "Liberals" to vote the Democratic ticket because the Republican party, as he alleges, supports sectarianism. No great party can rise far above the average of public opinion, and so no doubt, that party may be swayed somewhat by the great power of sectarianism. Yet it feels, too, the power of liberal opinion, and declares for unsectarian schools and a separation of church and state in general terms.

But how about the shameful subversion of the Democratic party to the Catholic church, the granting of hundreds of thousands of dollars of public money to Catholic schools in New York, by its leaders in power there, the orders of their priests, from the pulpit that the hearers must vote the Democratic ticket and like acts?

I look upon an effort to form a political party on a "liberal" basis as an absurdity, as other grave issues will overshadow this, and man will not leave their parties for it. Criticism of parties and of candidates, and support of men, who, while true in other directions, will help liberty of conscience and that justice to all which comes with separation of church and State, taxing of churches, etc., is well.

The first thing is to keep up a standard of high personal conduct. Those who follow vulgar and weak leaders fall into the ditch and lose all moral power.

G. H. STEBBINS.

A correspondent writes: "Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten is speaking in New York to good houses this month, notwithstanding the city is suffering from intense heat, and every one is out of town that can get out. These gifted lectures always will draw good audiences wherever she is."

The finding of a petrified shark at the La Panza gold diggings, Cal., is reported. Its weight is about two hundred pounds, and its original length was about eight feet. A petrified whale, some forty feet in length, is embedded in the earth in the same locality.

Dr. Ehrenmeyer gives it as his opinion that the Semitic nations, including the ancient Hebrews, were left-handed, and that this peculiarity was the reason why they wrote from right to left.

WOMAN'S WORLD AND WORK.

The Subject of Mrs. Watson's Address.

An Eloquent Plea for Justice to Women—Mrs. Watson's Departure.

[Petroleum Word, Titusville, Pa.]

It is but seldom that the people of any city are favored with an address so full of earnest thought, wise lessons and impassioned eloquence as that delivered at the Universalist Church last evening by Mrs. E. L. Watson, upon the subject, "Woman's World and Work." A large audience was present and listened to the speaker with intense interest. It is doubtful if a more eloquent plea for the equality of women was ever delivered in the State, and certainly there never was one more delivered more earnestly or sincerely. Following is the synopsis of the address:

History was made by man, and written by man, for man. Woman was given no part or place in the work. For weary centuries one-half the human race has been compelled to stand by as the silent, inactive witness to the deeds and misdeeds of the other half. Individuality is the universal law in mind and matter—in everything that lives and grows. But woman's individuality has been denied her. To read history one would think that woman was a mere nonentity, a speck in the great atmosphere of existence not worth the recognizing. Yet the smallest leaf that grows, the tiniest insect that creeps, the dim comet speeding through space, each blade of grass—each has an individuality, a fixed definite destiny which it performs in accordance with the law which called it into being. The history of one woman's life, fairly written, would convince the world of her fitness to a distinct individuality and lift her up into the position to which she is entitled in the great family of humanity. The question "Where is woman's world?" has been answered time out of mind, "In the household, in the family, in the nursery." It is true that these are parts of her world and her work, but they are not the limits. She is entitled to a place, she has a mission to perform, in the world now occupied by men, to purify the public service, to promote morality and bear a part of the responsibility in the affairs of State and Government.

Are not gentleness, tenderness and purity as lovely and desirable in men as in women? Are not strength of mind, firmness of character and integrity of heart as glorious in woman as in man? If they are, then it is woman's right and man's right to cultivate them alike and with equal advantages. Woman's world is an undiscovered country. It is overshadowed by clouds of ignorance which hang above the world like an eternal curse. Now and then a woman whom fortune and destiny seemed to have chosen as an especial favorite has risen up before the world in testimony of the grand possibilities of womanhood. There was a Madame Roland, who with her husband bore equal shares in the cares of State. There was a Florence Nightingale whose purity and sweetness of life conquered a corrupt and vicious soldiery and enabled her so to influence the army that she seemed an angel risen out of the hell which the demons of war dig for our common humanity. There was a Caroline Herschel who sat with her brother through the lonely watches thousands of nights studying the problems of the stars, and became as famous as her brother. But these women were not favored or assisted by men in their great works. Destiny or some special Providence lifted them up to the full dignity of womanhood in spite of custom, in spite of ridicule and in spite of the contempt which men are only too ready to cast upon all women ambitious of reaching the great possibilities of their lives.

It is urged against the plea for the enfranchisement of women that they are already represented by men at the polls. On the contrary they are wholly and persistently misrepresented. To represent woman man must be acquainted with her wants, in sympathy with her aspirations and have a knowledge of the intricate workings of her inner spiritual life. Men do not possess this, they do not try to possess it, and therefore they do not, they cannot represent woman as she ought to be represented in the government of the country. What is history, what is government, what is human progress? They are the aggregate, the sum total of this life, and in all their varied works woman should stand upon the broad level plane of equality with man. The law of heredity proves beyond doubt or question that woman's influence in moulding the lives and characters of the race is ten times greater than that of men, and if there should be but one educated class it should be the women, who rock the cradles and direct the destinies of man.

If every great man in the world to-day could rise up here-to-night and express the honest convictions of his heart, in ninety-nine cases out of every one hundred it would be found that for her intellectual and moral greatness, for her purity and nobility of character he was indebted to his mother. In the highest civilization women are freest, and where women are freest there will be found the best and purest society. To judge of a man's character find out his opinions about women. Corrupt and evil-minded men will express coarse and vulgar thoughts, while the pure and upright man will always speak reverently and in praise.

They who argue that woman's mission is the silent one, the mission of secret ministration and voiceless prayer—they who echo the misinterpreted manifesto of Paul, "Let your women keep silence in the churches," but fail to understand woman's relation to human progress. They urge that woman cannot take up arms, and therefore should not be given a voice in the control of the government. But is war the highest plane of civilization? Is there no coming time when the gentler arts of peace, love and the common brotherhood of humanity will rule the land, and the black clouds of war vanish in the sunlight of universal peace? They say the enfranchisement of women would bring them into the petty political wranglings which mark the cub and low of party spirit. But is there no hope of a future, when principles and not personal prejudices will rule the public voice, when statesmanship will mean something beyond mere partisan advantage, and the government regenerated and reconsecrated in the flood of intellectual progress? The woman's world lies all about us. It is as broad as humanity itself, and reaches from horizon to horizon of human nation. In woman is embodied the prophecy of a race, the promise of a race yet to be. A Sappho, a Joan of Arc, whose heroism inspired the warriors with fresh conceptions of patriotism; a Grace Darling, whose valor put to shame the boldest courage of men; a Caroline Herschel, who divided the honors of astronomical achievement with her great brother, a Vinnie Ream, be-

fore whose artful chisel the marble chip fell away, revealing an ideal of the sweet-faced Lincoln so true and perfect that beholders wept even as they admired—these are instances of the grand possibilities of woman's life and mark the path through which she has tread onward and upward for unnumbered ages.

What would the church have been without the devoted self-sacrifice of woman? A shadow of a departed substance, form without spirit, a mockery of faith, and a travesty on true religion. But the patient woman, she whose heart is filled with love and a tenderness unknown to man finds more consolation, more real sympathy in the shadowy recesses of the cathedral than in the glamour of the crowded church. Woman's devotion, her deep inner spirit of self-sacrifice, upholds the church and gives it all its strength.

Let girls be trained up as boys are. Let them be taught the nobility of labor, and that they need not sacrifice any of their loveliness in earning an honest living. Let women be the equals of all men. They should be tried before courts and juries of their peers. To-day they are tried under laws of men and by juries of men. They are denied a right guaranteed by the Constitution.

The enfranchisement of women would promote morality and temperance, strengthen the Government in every part, and purify politics. Woman's mission is to work—work with heart and intellect—for the purification and elevation of the race. If it be woman's sphere to be housemaid, let her do her best and be sublime. If she is gifted for an artist, let her excel in her calling, and be the peer of any king. And let us all remember that the mother, she who sustains and trains the infant man, is the grandest, the divinest of all queens.

MRS. WATSON'S DEPARTURE.

It having been understood that this would be Mrs. Watson's last public appearance prior to her departure for the Pacific Coast, the Titusville Spiritual Society took occasion to offer an expression of regret at her withdrawal. At the conclusion of the address Mr. Harp, a prominent member of the Society, stepped upon the rostrum and in manner full of emotion, addressed Mrs. Watson as follows:

DEAR SISTER: It is with great sorrow that the Spiritualist Society of Titusville, this evening, says to you, our beloved sister, good-by; and I can safely say that this sorrow is shared not only by all who have known you in this city—your home for so many years—but by all whose privilege it has been to make your acquaintance, or listen to the inspired utterances voiced forth by you in this our Eastern country. These utterances have been to us an inspiration to live a purer and higher life; have given us confidence to think outside the beaten track, not only in theology, but in all departments of thought, and have here given us food for thought, have been a joy to us in times of rejoicing and when sorrow has entered our homes. And dear ones have been born into the higher life, the grand truths and teachings of the spiritual philosophy as given by the angels through your organism, have given us such consolation as can from no other source be obtained, and been to the mourner precious beyond our power to express.

While we regret so much to say farewell, we would not bid you stay when you feel that your health demands the change, but wish that your journey may be pleasant, with your spirit friends for company, to that land where "the snow over the orange blossoms" trusting and hoping that the change will be of so much benefit that many years will thereby be given to your earth life, in which to speak glad tidings of great joy to many people. And we will hope, may we not, that you will cherish a pleasant remembrance of our city and its people; and should the good angels again guide you across the continent, I can assure you, you will find hearts kept warm to welcome you home again.

Mrs. Watson replied in a few remarks of great tenderness and gratitude. She referred in fitting terms to her long experience in this city, to the sorrows she had undergone, to the happiness she had enjoyed and the happy memories of Titusville and its people she would bear with her to her new home in the west. It was a beautiful address, full of feeling and gratefulness.

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